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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A.M.

DECEMBER, 1863, AND MARCH, 1864.

VOL. VIII.

"Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est."

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EDWARD I. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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6. *Mes Prisons, Suivies du Discours sur les Devoirs des Hommes.* Traduction de M. ANTOINE DE LATOUR, Septième Edition, Revue et corrigée avec des Chapitres Inédits, les additions de Maroncelli et des Notices Littéraires ou Biographiques sur plusieurs Prisonniers du Spielberg Ouvrage. Adopte par L'Universite. Paris. 1862.

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THE jurisprudence of all nations contains evidence of the difficulty experienced by their greatest statesmen in establishing a system of punishment which would be best calculated to protect society and reform the criminal. Both the Greeks and Romans failed to solve the problem; nor is it by any means a universally recognized fact that it has been fully solved in modern times. It is pretty generally admitted, however, that the nearest approach yet made to a perfect system of prison discipline practically originated in this country. Those unwilling to give us credit for anything else that is great or good, are constrained to acknowledge that we have succeeded better than any other nation of ancient or modern times, in accomplishing the results which punishment is designed to produce. In order to appreciate this, it is necessary to examine the penal laws of other countries; those of Greece and Rome alone would show that it requires less philosophy and a less familiar acquaintance with the human heart, its motives and its impulses, to legislate on any other subject than on the punishment of crime. Not that there is any difficulty in punishing the criminal after his arrest has been effected and his guilt proved. Nothing is easier than to inflict pain; the most ignorant and most barbarous are those who inflict it most effectually.

It is equally true that society has a right to protect itself from every violent attempt against its safety and peace; this is nothing more than the right of self-preservation, which forms the basis of all human law. The only question then is, as to the means by which this preservation is to be best effected without unnecessary cruelty. And in considering this, we should remember that it is only mob law that punishes in a revengeful spirit. That punishment should not be vindictive, but precautionary or preventive, was the recognized precept among all the enlightened nations of antiquity.*

* "Pœna non irascitor, sed cavet," says Seneca. It is well known that the great Roman orator entertained similar views on the subject of punishment. "What could I desire more ardently," says Cicero, in his defence of Caius Rubrius, "than to see the death penalty abolished under my consulate?" Quid enim optari potest quod ego mallem quam me in consulatu meo carnificem de foro, crucem de campo sustulisse.—*Pro Caio Rubrio*, v. 10.

And are Christians to be less humane or more revengeful than Pagans? Legislators and jurists should bear in mind that there is no truer criterion of the progress which a nation has made in civilization than that afforded by its penal laws; that a despot may frame a code of oppressive and cruel laws does not alter this fact, since despotism cannot exist for any considerable period where the people are enlightened and spirited. But there may be tyranny without a despot, especially in the enactment and administration of penal laws. Every punishment which does not arise from absolute necessity, says Montesquieu, is tyrannical. Beccaria, an authority equally eminent, goes still further, when he affirms that every act of authority of one man over another for which there is not an absolute necessity, is more or less tyrannical. But this necessity exists when a crime has been committed. The perpetrator has no right to be exempt from authority; but he has a right to claim a fair trial, and whatever may be the nature of his crime, he becomes an injured party in proportion as the punishment inflicted on him is unduly severe. Nor does it follow that if greater severity is shown at one period than at another that the criminals are unfairly dealt with. "When offences grow enormous, frequent, and dangerous to a kingdom or state," says Sir Mathew Hale, "destructive or highly pernicious to civil society, and to the great insecurity and danger of the kingdom and its inhabitants, severe punishments, and even death itself, is necessary to be annexed to laws, in many cases, by the prudence of lawgivers."*

But whether this increased severity produces the desired effect is another question, and one on which the greatest minds have differed, and probably will ever continue to differ; although the preponderance of evidence seems to favor the theory that an increase in the severity of punishment is almost universally followed by an increase of crime. This is particularly true of public executions, as we may take occasion to show before we conclude the present article.

Our chief object now is to exhibit the improvement which has taken place in prison discipline within the present century. By this we do not mean, however, that all that is desirable has been accomplished, for there are many barbarous punishments which have been rather concealed from the public of late years than discontinued. It affords us pleasure to say, however, that so far as we have been able to ascertain, (and we have made it our business to visit several prisons on both sides of the Atlantic,) no where has the philanthropist less reason to grieve

* 1 Hal. P. C., 13.

for undue suffering on the part of the criminal than in this country. While it is undoubtedly true that there are prisons in the United States in which the inmates are still cruelly treated, we feel satisfied that in general our prison discipline is at least equal to that of England, Ireland, or Scotland, and vastly superior to any system practised in continental Europe.

In making this comparison, we take into account the quantity and quality of the food furnished to the convicts, as well as the nature and degree of the punishment inflicted upon them, and the efforts made for their reformation. Those in the habit of reading this journal need not be told that we do not shrink from exposing abuses in our institutions wherever we think they exist to any serious extent; but we trust it will be acknowledged that we are not the less willing, on this account, to do justice to what is good and commendable. We confess that when we resolved lately to visit several of our principal prisons and penitentiaries, we had very different impressions as to their character from those which the facts as we have examined them would justify. This is particularly true of the Pennsylvania Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, which we had been led almost from boyhood to regard as the very impersonation of cruelty; for those European writers who have written most elaborately on prison discipline, and professed to have devoted most attention to the subject, have pronounced the Philadelphia prison more severe and cruel than the dungeons of Austria. Thus, in one of the pamphlets placed at the head of this article, the author, in urging the necessity of severity in certain circumstances, warns his readers against thinking him so cruel, whatever his remarks might seem to imply, as to be in favor of the Pennsylvanian system. "Mais n'alles pas pour cela," he says, "me croire un partisan du système pennsylvanien. L'emprisonnement individuel n'est que la substitution barbare des *tortures morales, aux tortures physiques;* c'est l'ulcére phagédenique de la vie, le lit de Procruste du cœur, le vautour de Prométhée, ou la prostration, l'atonie physique complète; quiconque connaît à fond la population prisonnière, quiconque à eu l'occasion de méditer, comporter la reforme pénitentiaire n'hésitera pas à convenir que la discipline tout brutale qu'elle est ne soit préférable à celle de la Philadelphia, et que quelques heures de pitons et mêmes de peines afflictives, sagement, paternellement administrées ne soient pas plus aptes à les corriger, que la solitude exclusive.—Qu'en résulte-t-il? Aux uns elles devient une habitude, et dès lors le but est manqué; aux autres elle leur dessèche le cœur, les rends maniaques, les assassine lentemant, où les abrutit."*

* "But do not, for all that, consider me a partisan of the Pennsylvanian system.

It is some years since this was written, and the discipline of the prison has been greatly improved since, as we may be able to show before we close our remarks. In order to appreciate the improvement in prison discipline made, as we have said, in this country, in general, it is necessary to glance at the systems of other countries. "A criminal may be said in this country," says Macaulay, "to take his degrees by imprisonment. The gaols are the schools, the hulks the universities of crime. The man who has served four or five years at Chatham or Portsmouth, comes out a master of arts; his doctor's degree he gets *per saltum;* that is to say, by a broad leap across the seas to the Antipodes, in the classic land of Australia. A commitment to prison is tantamount to matriculation; innocent or guilty, it matters not—first the horror of a prison is overcome; it is found not to be so bad a thing as it was painted; next come the crowds of companions glorying in their offence, boasting of their dexterity, eloquent in threats for the future, and ingenious in collecting information and devising plots, as pabulum for subsistence as soon as the period of their discharge arrives. The innocent yield to the force of public opinion, as it reigns within the four corners of the gaol, become ashamed of their inexperience, and select a model of imitation among the proudest and most admired of these warriors against the laws of an unjust society. It is thus that *every effort we make to diminish crime only produces or accomplishes a criminal.*" The system of transportation, alluded to in the above passage, no longer exists; it failed, like all other systems that preceded it.* Another system of punishment has been

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Solitary imprisonment is but the barbarous substitution of moral for physical torture; it is the phagedenic ulcer of life; the Procrustean bed of the heart; the Promethean vulture; or prostration complete, physical exhaustion. Whoever is familiar with the character of the prison population, whoever has meditated on penitentiary reform, will not hesitate to admit that almost any discipline, however brutal it may be, is preferable to that of Philadelphia; and that a few hours of *pilon,* or even of afflictive punishment, wisely, paternally administered, are more likely to correct than exclusive solitude. For what results from it? With some it becomes a habit, and then it fails in its object; with others it withers the heart, renders them maniacs, assassinates them slowly, or brutalizes them."—*La Maison de Correction de Nimes avant et après l'installation des Frères,* p. 11.

* The system was fully tested, and found wanting. As it is important that the causes of the failure should be known, since the adoption of a similar system has often been urged in this country, we quote the following extract from a Report by a select committee of the House of Commons—probably the ablest document of its kind extant:

"Exile is least dreaded by the most numerous class of offenders—by those who may be termed habitual criminals, and who compose what is properly called the criminal population of this country—namely, regular thieves, pickpockets, burglars, and all persons who gain their livelihood by the repetition of offences, and who consequently have lost all feelings of moral aversion to crime, and can only be restrained by fear. The apprehension which this class of offenders feel for the punishment of exile amounts merely to an aversion to breaking off their criminal habits and connections in this country; on the other hand, to them the consequences of abstaining from a life of crime would be, that they must equally separate themselves from their friends and associates of the criminal class in this country, and

adopted in its stead; but we cannot refer to it at present more particularly than to remark, in passing, that hitherto it does not seem to prove very successful. We have ourselves seen in different parts of Europe, especially in the British Islands, persons who deliberately broke windows and committed other slight offences of kindred character, in order to force the magistrates to commit them to jail; but seldom, if ever, by those who had not been in prison before.

It may be said that this is evidence that they receive good treatment in prison; let us, therefore, see what this treatment is. Thus Mr. Buxton, in his "Inquiry whether Crime and Misery are Produced or Prevented by our (English) present System of Prison Discipline," says: "The prisoner, after his commitment is made out, is handcuffed to a file of perhaps a dozen wretched persons in a similar situation, and marched through the streets, sometimes a considerable distance, followed by a crowd of impudent and insulting boys, exposed to the gaze and to the stare of every passenger. The moment he enters prison irons are hammered on to him; then he is cast into the midst of a compound of all that is disgusting and depraved. At night he is locked up in a narrow cell, with perhaps half a dozen of the worst thieves in London, or as many vagrants, whose rags are alive or in actual motion with vermin; he may find himself in bed and in bodily contact between a robber and a murderer; or between a man with a foul disease on one side and one with an infectious disorder on the other. . . . Seclusion from the world has been only a *closer intercourse* with its very worst miscreants; his mind has lain waste and barren for every weed to take root in. . . I saw one man lying on a straw bed, as I believed at the point of death, without a shirt, inconceivably dirty, so weak as to be almost unable to articulate, and so offensive as to render remaining with him a minute quite intolerable; close by his side five other untried prisoners had slept the preceding night," &c. The picture is really disgusting to exhibit in full. It is a very common habit with the London journals to say of us that we can

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lead a life of honest industry in a country where wages are low and the price of food is high. To such criminals this course of life must seem almost as disagreeable as, if not more disagreeable than, the chance of exile to Australia, where they understand that wages are high, and that their condition will be a comfortable one; that at all events they will obtain plenty of food and clothing, and that they will meet a number of ancient companions in crime, some of them in the most prosperous circumstances. Consequently, among such individuals, especially among London thieves and the like, the threat of expatriation produces little or no motive to induce them to abstain from criminal acts."

It is worthy of remark, that while England was thus preparing to abolish transportation, France was preparing to adopt the same system as a substitute for the *bagnes*. She did adopt it, accordingly. Her principal penal settlement is now Guiana.

have no uniformity in any of our systems, since each state has its own peculiar laws. From this they infer, plausibly enough, that although a prison may be well-managed in one state, it may be wretchedly managed in the adjoining state, or in the nearest city. It cannot be denied that this is occasionally the case. But is it never so in England? The argument is, that inasmuch as all is under the one jurisdiction, the system of punishment must be uniform, at least in its main features. During our own recent tour we observed many diversities in prison discipline, but we think we will be readily believed when we remark that we have seen none so broadly marked as those described by Mr. Buxton in the following paragraph:

"In Chelmsford, for example, and in Newgate, all *accused*, or convicted of felony, are ironed. At Brury and at Norwich, all are without irons. At Cold-bath-fields none but the *untried* are ironed. At Abingdon the untried are not ironed. At Derby none but the *untried* are ironed. At Chester, those alone of bad character are ironed, whether tried or untried."—Pp. 68–9.

It is, however, proper to say, that these differences exist no longer; and that at present irons of any kind are nearly, if not quite, as little used in British prisons as they are in our own. Our object is, not to convict any nation of undue cruelty to its prison population, but simply to show the progress which reformation has made in most countries. Even in Austria there is no longer such cruelty as that of which Sylvio Pellico and his compatriots were the victims at Speilberg only a few years since.* No where else in Europe, except perhaps in Eng-

* It is generally believed that Sylvio Pellico gives too gentle an account in his Memoirs of his incarceration in the dungeons of Austria, because he is one of the few who became religious in prison; although many of the facts he gives in regard to the treatment experienced by himself and others make one's blood run cold. No work that we have read affords so striking an illustration of the gentle, forgiving spirit of Christianity, and the importance of possessing a cultivated mind in adversity, than his "My Prisons." Speaking, in his preface to this work, of the motives which prompted him to write it, he says: "I wished to contribute to raise the courage of some unfortunate by a recital of the evils I have suffered, and to show what consolation man can find (for I have myself) in the greatest misfortunes. I wish to attest," he adds, "that in the midst of my long torments, no where have I seen humanity so unjust, *or so unworthy of indulgence*, so poor in good souls, as it is the habit to represent it." Startling as Pellico's recital is, there is nothing in it so cruel, but it might be inferred from the written Code of Austria, translated into French by Dalbecq, and published at Vienna in 1805. The grade of punishment next to the death penalty, as prescribed in this Code, consists of solitary confinement, with heavy chains constantly on both hands and feet, and an iron chain round the body, to be fastened to another chain, &c. Dalbecq's version, which received the sanction of the Austrian government, is as follows:

"La peine de prison au troisième degré, qui est la plus rigoureuse, consiste en ce que le condamné sera gardé dans une prison *séparée de toute communication*, ou il n'y aura que le jour et la place nécessaires à la conservation de sa sante; *ayant constamment des fers pesants aux pieds, aux mains*, et à l'entour du corps un cercle de fer, au moyen duquel il sera attaché à une chaine hors du temps du travail; il ne recevra pour toute nourriture, de jour à autre, qu'un mets chaud sans viande, et les autres jours de l'eau et du pain seulement; sa couche sera restreinte aux planches nues, et toute entrevue on abouchement avec qui que ce soit lui seront interdits."—Chap. ii., § 14.

land, have such important improvements been made in prison discipline and the punishment of crime in general as in France, although it is true that in some respects the system in use before the Revolution was superior to the present. Those who have paid any attention to the subject are aware that the present system in that country has many objectionable features; but the worst of them are mild and salutary compared to those of the old system. French testimony will doubtless best satisfy the reader on this point. We have before us a pamphlet on the subject, written by one who was himself a prisoner for five years in the fortress of Nîmes, for no crime, however, further than to entertain political opinions which were not in unison with those of the ruling power. We see no reason why he should exaggerate the abuses of which he was an eye-witness, especially as he bears testimony to the improvement made even during his own captivity. In describing the brutal treatment to which the prisoners were habitually subjected for the first three years of his confinement, he presents us the following revolting picture:

"I have seen keepers, with their faces illuminated with the fire of Bacchus, tie a prisoner to a post, handcuff and gag him, and then amuse themselves with his sufferings; others would satiate their ferocious instincts with the martyrdom of the poor strangers, who were caused to die in detail in their cells, without any doctor being made aware of their condition. I have seen the blood-hounds of these keepers assail the prisoners like hyenas, for drink; their masters shouting to them, 'Strike, cut, I will answer for all;' and not unfrequently, the blood of the victims flowed under the sabres of the assassins. * * I have seen the vilest and most criminal beings protected, distinguished, and pardoned, while decent prisoners were huddled into dungeons to pander to the lubricity of the strongest. I have seen head-keepers who visited these dungeons in the bustle of the night, having the indecency to cry to the convicts, 'Amuse yourselves,' (it is not permitted to use the precise word), 'Amuse yourselves to the full extent of your desires, but at least do not make so much noise;' and these ignominious words led to outrages and atrocities which caused the death of more than one of the unfortunates on whom they were exercised."*

It seems so incredible that conduct like this would be tolerated in so enlightened a country as France, so recently as 1839, that we deem it necessary to transcribe the original of the most revolting part: "J'ai eu des gardiens-chefs amenés à ces cachots par les vacarmes de la nuit, avoir l'impudeur de crier aux condamnes; amusez-vous (il n'est pas permit d'employer le vrai mot) amusez-vous a satiété, mais au moins ne faitez pas tant de bruit; et ces paroles ignominieuses donnaient lieu à des violences, et à des atrocités qui occasione-

* *La Maison de Correction de Nimes avant et après l'installation des Frères*, p. 11.

rènt la mort de plus d'un des infortunas sur lesqueles elles s'exerçaient."—(P. 9.) Had the writer been disposed to attribute all the blame, or even the greater part of it, to the government, it might well be suspected, from the circumstances in which he was placed, that he was actuated by vindictive feeling; but he shows, on the contrary, that the authorities were anxious to reform the whole system. Besides, were he a bad man, he would hardly give the credit of the reform to religious influence. The consequences of the misconduct and bad management of the keepers are thus described:

"The works languished although the dungeons were still filled; the mortality was frightful; corruption became more general from day to day; irreligion more barefaced; insubordination more frequent, and sometimes going as far as insurrection and murder; the rules spit upon, monopoly at its apogee, and disorder endemic. It was finally suggested: 'Let us try to induce the Brothers to take charge.' Their installation takes place; and the exasperation is at once mitigated, and the dark horizon begins to brighten. Application to labor soon dispels indolence, and submission takes the place of revolt, punishments become rare, turpitude disappears, the numbers of deaths and diseases diminish, the spirit of piety progresses through the masses, silence reigns, intercourse is entirely prohibited, order is established, and the most scandalous house in the kingdom a pandemonium, which armed and brutal force failed to keep under restraint, is disciplined, subdued, regenerated, by a few religious men, whose only defence is their chaplet!"

Again, speaking of the treatment the prisoners used to receive under the old system, and of its demoralizing effects upon them. the writer says:

"Foiled in their attempt to escape, the mass of prisoners became excited, shouted, bellowed, threatened, and broke whatever came in their way. Armed force was required; three-fourths of the inmates of the prison are huddled together in dungeons; and the scenes of anarchy and trouble do not cease for a moment except to reappear more formidable and more numerous. It was not under such auspices that reforms were possible, or that the labor of the prison could be otherwise than in a state of languor and paralysis. The Brothers arrived a few days after all the utensils had been broken at the refectory, on account of the bad food furnished the prisoners. Their presence made a profound impression on all the convicts. But Brother Facile, a man of rare courage and superior mind, had already comprehended that, in order to control that frantic crowd, there was no use in making promises without fulfilling them. * * * M. Hello compels the contractors to do their duty; a bill of fare is made out daily; the prisoners get bread that is better baked, and more nourishing, a good supply of well-seasoned soup, a share of wholesome and sweet vegetables, &c."*

It was admitted by all that great improvements were made

* La Maison de Correction de Nimes, &c., p. 11.

under the auspices of the Christian Brothers. But they would take no part in politics; and this proved an insuperable objection to them, so that after a few years their places were gradually filled by others. Many of the fruits of their labors still remain, but the evils of the former system are again reviving. In order to understand this, it is necessary to form some idea of the different classes of French prisons now in use, for they have but little resemblance to those of any other country. But let us first observe, that France was the first country in modern Europe in which any attempt was made to classify prisoners according to the crimes of which they were convicted, and to their subsequent conduct. The truth of history requires that this should be known; for it is generally believed in England, as well as in this country, that the classification system originated in Pennsylvania. Prior to the Revolution, all French convicts were divided into particular classes, distinguished by the difference of their clothing, and the different grades were never permitted to have any communication with each other. We note this fact all the more carefully, because recent French writers have been so very severe and indignant in their denunciations of what they call the Pennsylvanian system of isolation. It was undoubtedly the design of the framers of the present penal system in France that there should be as much classification as possible. This is sufficiently evident from the names and nominal rules of the different prisons.

There are six kinds, namely—*bagnes*, *maisons centrales*, *maisons departmentales*, (or houses of correction,) *maisons d'arrêt*, *maisons d'arrêt* and *de justice*, and *dépôts*. There are, or rather there *were*, four *bagnes*, located respectively at Brest, Toulon, Lorient and Rochefort. Those sentenced for ten years and upwards to perpetuity are sent to Brest and Rochefort; those sentenced to periods varying from five to ten years were sent to the other two *bagnes*.

It should be mentioned, however, to the credit of the present imperial government, that the bagnes were abolished in 1852. That they were a disgrace to France, is known to all who have paid any attention to the subject. When the convicts at the large prisons accumulated so as to make a *chiourme*, (chain-gang,) they were riveted to a long chain and sent off to walk to the bagnes, attended only by a small guard. "Woe," says Vidocq, "to the women whom they met, or the shops which they came near. The women were attacked in the grossest manner; the shops stripped in a twinkling." M. De La Rochefeur tells us, in his History of the Bagnes, that it was common to keep as many as six hundred convicts in one hall. Here they were huddled together after the day's labor. Sentinels guarded the

doors outside, but no attempt was made to maintain any order inside. The latest accounts we have (1850) tell us that "the keepers of the *bagnes* could inflict various cruel and barbarous punishments on the prisoners under their charge, including the terrible bastinade; and whenever they think this is not sufficient, they can have them brought before a court-martial to be disposed of in a manner, if possible, still more summary and cruel."*

All was not sufficient, however. We are told that, however active and vigilant the police were, they frequently failed in their efforts. It seems almost impossible to believe, but it is not the less true, that in a hall where police were incessantly going to and fro; where espionage seemed to have established its home; where the informer was sure of his reward; that in the midst of the most rigorous vigilance, wigs were assumed; the clothing of the prison was colored, to prevent detection; false keys, false passports, and stranger still, false money, were fabricated. In addition to the ordinary surveillance of the halls, the irons of the convicts were sounded—they were examined with the most scrupulous attention before they went out to work. But in spite of all precautions, they succeeded by means of an infinity of contrivances, difficult to describe, and with a patience which the love of liberty alone could sustain, in making themselves wigs, shirts, shoes, complete suits. It is almost impossible to conceive the celerity with which they finally made their escape. Arrived at the point which they deemed the most favorable for their purpose, in less than twenty seconds they broke an iron ring of more than an inch in diameter, discarded their prison dress, put on their disguise, and disappeared from their keepers.†

There are nineteen of the *maisons centrales*. These are designed for criminals sentenced to periods varying from upwards of one year to ten years. The houses of correction number eighty-eight or ninety, and are intended for those convicted of minor offences, for which they are confined for periods not exceeding one year. The *maisons d'arrêt* and *de justice* are designed for

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* Le commissaire du bagne a le droit de retenir un forcat au *banc*, au pain et à l'eau; de lui faire garder les *menottes* pendant plusieurs jours; de le faire mettre au *cachot;* de le traduire, pour des delits caracterises, à la cour martiale; mais de tous les châtiments qu'il peut infliger, le plus terrible est celui qu'on appelle la *bastonnade.* Il consiste à appliquer sur les reins nus du coupable, avec un corde goudronnée, de l'epaisseur d'un fort pouce, un certain nombre de coups. Il est impossible de se faire une idée des souffrances cruelles de ce supplice; en un instant la chair est dechirée; des cloches nombreuses s'elevent, se gonflement, et une rigole sanglante est creusée sous les coups redoublés.- COMTE AL. DE LABORDE in *Encyclopedie Moderne*, art. *Bagne.*

† Le Comte Al. de Laborde.

those who are charged with crime and awaiting their trial; while the *maisons d'arrêt* are designed only for those arrested on suspicion, or who are charged with slight offences. The *dépôts* are intended for the safe keeping of all grades of prisoners, but only for a day or two after their arrest.

If the classification implied by these various prisons, and which, as we have said, was intended by the laws, were fully carried out, the system would be an excellent one. But we have abundant evidence that such is by no means the case. "The inspectors that have lately visited the prisons in question," says a recent report, "have in *no instance* found the legal classification put into practice. *Even the separation of the sexes is not general.* In many prisons the men and women have free intercourse with each other during the day, and in almost all they have opportunities of meeting and communicating together. * * In the houses of arrest it rarely happens that the *prévenus* and the *accusés* are separated either by day or by night, or hindered from associating with those who have already been condemned," &c. Speaking of the *dépôts*, M. Leon Faucher says: "Here (in Paris) are female thieves and prostitutes; there men charged with dreadful crimes, and others only with slight misdemeanors, and an honest man implicated in any unhappy affair implying no moral guilt, or arrested in the streets at the moment of insurrection, would be thrust into one of these rooms, and, to say all in a word, *delivered to the beasts.* He would be instantly plundered even of the clothes on his back, and might consider himself very fortunate if he escaped further *outrageous violence!*" This, be it remembered, corroborates the worst statements of the prisoner of Nîmes, whose pamphlet we have already quoted.

It may be urged that this state of things exists no longer. Not to the same extent, it is true. Yet various recent accounts show that there is still vast room for improvement.

Brief and desultory as the glance is which we have thus taken at the penal jurisprudence of England and France, it will afford us considerable assistance in forming an estimate of what has been done in our own country in the same field. The origin of our system is as creditable to our people as the best results which it has accomplished; for the whole superstructure is founded on a philanthropic desire to find a substitute for capital punishment. Howard had previously written on the subject; so had Bentham. Some think that the idea of solitary confinement was taken from the former, while others claim that distinction for the latter. Be this as it may, it was the Quakers of Pennsylvania who first urged a trial of the

solitary system, with the view of avoiding the painfulness and demoralizing influence of public executions.

The first experiment of the new system was made at what was then known as the Walnut Street prison in Philadelphia. Nor was it long in operation when it attracted such attention in Europe that several distinguished philanthropists came to this country for the express purpose of testing its efficacy. Among the prominent Europeans of the time who wrote upon it was the Duke de la Rochefoucault. It has been our privilege to read the Duke's excellent pamphlet on the subject, published in 1794; although we do not know that there is a single copy of it to be had in this country. Whatever was commended by the good and accomplished Rochefoucault was sure to be treated with consideration; and accordingly the Quaker system, as it was then called, became a general topic of discussion from one end of Europe to the other.

But no work had yet been introduced into the Philadelphia prison, and the want of it soon proved to be a grave error—literally a fatal one. A fearful proportion of those doomed to solitary confinement, without any occupation for mind or body, were seized with mental or physical disease, which resulted in confirmed insanity or death. But before sufficient time had been allowed to test the solitary system, it was adopted by several other states; first by New York, then by Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. It was, however, considerably modified in each state. In New York, for example, solitary confinement was adopted only as a substitute for the death penalty, and accordingly none were subjected to it but those sentenced to that punishment. No change was made in New York in regard to the treatment of other prisoners, who were huddled together promiscuously in large numbers, in accordance with the old plan.

But even in the Philadelphia prison solitary confinement was but partially carried out at the beginning. It was not successful, however, although it was less unsuccessful than any other prison that had tried the new plan. The Quakers were still sanguine of success, and maintained that if there was any failure it was caused, not because some prisoners were subjected to solitary confinement, but because all were not. In accordance with this idea, the new establishments of Cherry Hill and Pittsburg were built on the solitary plan. In short, the people of Philadelphia have never entirely lost faith in their system, save in a single instance; but it is equally evident that almost all others did.

In New York it was thought that a salutary compromise might be made by placing two prisoners instead of one in each

cell. It was in pursuance of this plan that Auburn prison was commenced in 1816. For a time it was thought that the great desideratum was at last found; but scarcely a year had passed before it proved worse than any previous experiment. In 1821 utter solitude was again resorted to, but with the worst possible results—results, however, very different from those obtained at the same time under the same system at Philadelphia—which has naturally led many to believe that none others were so capable of carrying on the solitary plan as the Quakers. New York was not to be foiled, however, in all her attempts. When she was persuaded that to continue the enforcement of solitary confinement was to destroy mind and body, she determined to try yet another experiment. The prisoners were permitted to work together in the daytime, and were shut up in solitary cells at night. This seemed to work very well, but it was soon found that the intercourse between the prisoners put every hope of reformation out of the question.

As a remedy for this state of things, silence was enforced; nor did it fail in its object. We believe that by no other means has so much good been accomplished where the prisoners work together. It may seem a trifling matter, at first sight, to enjoin absolute silence on prisoners working together; but some of the greatest minds of Europe, as well as America, regard the invention as one of the most important of modern times. We believe there is now no prison in this country, where the inmates work together, in which the silent plan has not been adopted; and it has been adopted in most, if not all, the principal penal establishments of Europe. There is some reason, then, why New York should claim a large share of the credit for the great reformation which is universally admitted to have been effected in prison discipline in this country. We think that even those Pennsylvanians, however patriotic they may be, who are acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, would hardly venture to ignore this claim.

This will seem the more likely when we state another fact or two perhaps not generally known either in New York or Pennsylvania. We have already alluded to the commencement of the Pittsburg Penitentiary. In 1827, the new prison began to receive prisoners. Each was shut up day and night, but such was the construction of the building, that whatever passed in one cell could be distinctly heard in the next. This enabled each convict to communicate with his neighbor; as may be easily understood, the consequence was mutual instruction in crime. The rapid and complete demoralization which thus took place was superinduced, in no slight degree, by the total idleness which then formed a part of the Pennsylvania plan.

If the Pennsylvanians ever despaired of their favorite scheme, it was at this crisis; and that they had some misgivings, is placed beyond dispute, by the fact that a commission was appointed in 1827, by the State Legislature, to inquire into the merits of the different systems of imprisonment. The duty of making the required investigation was intrusted to Messrs. Shaler, King and Wharton.* Their Report is universally regarded as one of the best of its kind extant; and it concludes with a recommendation of the Auburn system.

It is hardly necessary to say, that cogent as the arguments of the commissioners were, their plan was strenuously opposed. Finally, however, a compromise was made; a combination of the Walnut Street and Auburn systems was adopted; that is, solitary confinement of the most injurious description was ordained in every case, and the prisoner was allowed to choose some description of work to employ himself at in his cell. This change was made at the beginning of 1828, but it was final; the Pennsylvania system has continued essentially the same to the present day. But whatever claim New York or any other state may have in connection with this subject, let justice be done to Pennsylvania and her philanthropists. We have already said that we visited the famous Cherry Hill Penitentiary, strongly influenced by those gloomy and startling accounts which we had been reading of it from time to time for twenty years past. We had, indeed, read the recent Reports of the Inspectors and Warden, including the following extract from that of the latter:

"As the questions frequently asked by visitors to the penitentiary would seem to indicate much misapprehension in the minds of many, otherwise intelligent persons, in reference to the circumstances in which our prisoners are placed, and the treatment to which they are subjected, they may perhaps be once again briefly alluded to, though well understood by those conversant with our mode of prison discipline.

"Each prisoner occupies a cell about 15 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 12 feet high, lighted by a sky-light 6 inches wide by 30 inches long, with a wooden and iron-grated door opening into the corridor, and two others of a similar character into the exercising yard, which is attached to each lower cell.

"The yard is of the same dimensions as the cell, in which the prisoner is permitted to exercise for the space of one hour each morning in the summer, and for a somewhat diminished period in the winter —the weather being suitable.

"Each cell is furnished with a hydrant, bedstead, and other necessary furniture, together with the implements of trade which may be required for the labor to be performed. Lights are furnished until 9 o'clock throughout the year.

* See MM. de Beaumont and De Tocqueville's *Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis*, p. 125.

"Each prisoner is provided with clean woolen under-clothing every week, which is worn both summer and winter. Clean sheets for the beds are also furnished at the same time.

"The diet consists of bread and coffee for breakfast, coffee sweetened, but without the addition of milk; for dinner, beef three days in the week, mutton three, and salted or smoked pork, one. Soup is made from the beef and mutton, to which vegetables, with rice or barley, is added. Potatoes, beans, hominy and cabbage, are the standard vegetables, though a considerable amount of other descriptions are furnished fresh from our own grounds within the walls, which are under cultivation. The evening meal consists of tea and bread. The tea is sweetened, but without milk.

"The allowance of uncooked meat per day is three-fourths of a pound; all other articles are given to the extent required. The amount of food is not restricted, except as a means of discipline. The bread is a mixture of wheat and rye flour. Each cell also contains its vessels for vinegar, salt and molasses, which form a part of the regular supply.

"The labor is not severe; the cells are well ventilated and warmed, and all these, with a regular supply of books from the library, the weekly reception of the religious press, and frequent interviews with the Inspectors, Physician, Keepers, Moral Instructor, Teachers and other official visitors, form a whole, which may, in no unimportant degree, furnish a solution to the general healthfulness of the establishment."—*Annual Report of* 1863, pp. 46–47.

The Report of the Inspectors seemed fully to corroborate this. We were inclined to think that, at all events, men who would make such suggestions as the following would not be likely to favor a system so bad as this has always been represented; and accordingly we concluded to save ourselves the trouble and expense of a visit to the institution.

"The Inspectors would respectfully ask an appropriation for the purpose of erecting gas-works and *introducing gas into the cells of the prisoners.* The gas now used in the blocks, yards, &c., is obtained from the City Gas Works. It is very expensive, and does not give as much light as, from its cost, would be expected. With an appropriation of $5,000, works could be erected and gas put into the cells, at a yearly saving, it is believed, of fifty per cent. over the annual cost of the present light, per thousand feet.

"The Inspectors invite the liberality of the Legislature to the *library and teachers' department of the Penitentiary.* A small appropriation for this expense, and for books, would be beneficial to those who are learning to read; and copy books and stationery for those who are *being taught writing, would be equally advantageous.*

"This educational influence is doubly useful. *Not only is the mind improved,* the prisoner benefited and made a more useful citizen, but as an agency in reformation it is highly desirable. Among the other advantages, it is a significant and successful element in our system of prison discipline. Many of the prisoners, who in early life were victims of neglect, by the education gained in this Penitentiary, have established the basis of an honest livelihood and a sturdy reformation. Pennsylvania *need never regret the cost of her criminals,* when her penitentiaries are schools, and education and imprisonment are coincident.

"The Inspectors again urge upon the notice of the Legislature the propriety of a law authorizing the ending of the term of imprisonment of minors and those under 25 years of age on first convictions for crime, when in the opinion of the Inspectors their punishment has had a beneficial effect."

Nothing, we thought, could be more humane or more generous than all this; but we had scarcely finished its perusal when the recent Annual Reports of the Massachusetts State Prison reached our table. In one we found a long and able comparison, by the Warden, of the solitary and congregate systems, the purport of which will be sufficiently understood from the following extract:

"It will be observed that the mortality in the Eastern Penitentiary has been overwhelmingly great when compared with ours, but perhaps not larger than those familiar with the two systems would naturally expect. It is the more remarkable when we consider that they have none sentenced for life, while we, on the contrary, have had 96 sent to this prison for life during the above period; this class must, in the common course of events, add to either the pardons or deaths. Their number pardoned is much larger, their suicides over three to one, and the reformation, so far as we can judge by the recommitments, (and this is the only data we have to go by,) has been very much in our favor—over one per cent.; and that their recommitments have not been larger, is owing, I think, not so much to any reformation accomplished, as to the terror (if we can believe the unanimous testimony of those among our numbers who have been confined there) of submitting to a second term of such imprisonment. If their claim for superiority over other systems was based upon the ground that the severity of the punishment inflicted would deter men from committing a second crime, there could be no question as to the perfection of the solitary system; no better plan could be adopted, unless we go back to that more humane period when most of these crimes were capital ones; for to take a man's life under such circumstances would be mercy when compared with robbing him of his reason."—*Report of* 1861, p. 14.

We now felt that we could come to no satisfactory conclusion without visiting the establishment. Although often informed that this could not be done without an order from a magistrate, we had no difficulty whatever. We were introduced to Mr. Vaux, ex-mayor of Philadelphia, and president of the Board of Inspectors of the prison, who was not only perfectly willing to admit us, but had the courtesy to accompany us himself, and to explain to us every peculiar feature of the institution, as we passed from cell to cell in each department, concealing nothing, evading no query; but on the contrary, inviting investigation, opening any cell for us that seemed more remarkable than the rest, and taking similar pains to show us the yards attached to the cells on the ground floor. We felt this to be all the more satisfactory and gratifying when we learned that our polite guide received no pay for his arduous and

often onerous services as president of the Board of Inspectors, and had himself written much and well on the subject of prison discipline; for one of the best pamphlets whose titles are at the head of this article is from the pen of Mr. Vaux, having been written at the request of the British "Association for the Promotion of Social Science."

But no amount of kindness, good intentions and philanthropy could prevent us from shuddering, as one by one the cells opened, exhibiting their solitary inmates as the impersonations of misery, wretchedness, and despair. Never shall we forget the scenes there presented; nor can we ever recur to them without pain. Not that the unfortunate people seem to want for anything that a convict ought to expect. All are comfortably and cleanly clad; they admit themselves that they get plenty of wholesome food; each cell is heated with steam; the ventilation is as good in general as that of any other prison we have seen; and almost every one we saw had one or more books or magazines.

It is the solitude that seems terrible. We remember nothing more painfully interesting than the eagerness with which nine-tenths of the convicts hastened to look out into the corridor as soon as the thick, close door grated sullenly on its hinges. The few who did not thus rush to the door to get even one glance at the outside world, hid their faces in their beds, as if too sensible of their degradation to let any one see them. In order that they might feel at liberty to speak their minds freely, Mr. Vaux withdrew to some distance whenever we desired to ask the prisoners any questions. However much they differed in other respects, all agreed in one point—namely, that they felt they could not live at all without work of some kind. Even those who had never worked when at liberty have this feeling.

A very common remark among them was, "Still we have no heart to work; if we could only work with others we could do ten times as much, and it would fatigue us ten times less than it does now." "I would rather die any death," said one who had served two years and a half, "than to be as long more here; for what is it better than a grave?"

"We never get any harsh treatment," says another; "the authorities, high and low, are kind to us, but to have to stay here from one end of the seven years to the other, Sunday as well as Monday, Christmas and Easter, summer and winter, is punishment enough, Heaven knows! Our worst enemies could hardly wish us a harder fate." The concluding words were hardly audible; the tears trickled down the unfortunate man's cheeks, bedewing a beard that had evidently grown gray before its time. Appearing ashamed of his emotion, he turned about

on a sudden, having rubbed his cuff over his face, adding, "Now you think me a bad man, but there are thousands outside to-day that's loved and respected, that's not half so honest as me, or that hasn't so good a heart either. But I did wrong once when I wasn't thinking. It wasn't much of a thing either; but 'twas better for them hang me at once."

"Have you any hope of getting out before your time?" we asked another. "Oh, if we behave ourselves we may get pardoned." "But how can you do otherwise here?" This seemed to puzzle him; he hesitated for a moment, and then said, "We could shout and make noise." As the door was about to close he begged to have it open only half a minute more. When his request was complied with by permission of Mr. Vaux, he seemed as grateful as if an important service had been rendered him.

The female department being on the upper floors, the women have of course no yards; but in some instances, if not in all, an adjoining cell is allotted to them to serve as a yard; that is, they are permitted to enter it for an hour or less each day. The enlarged space it affords them for the time being is all the benefit they derive from it, since they can no more see the sun from it than they can from their ordinary cell. Fortunately, the number of female prisoners in the institution is comparatively small; and it is but justice to the Inspectors to say that it is not their fault that they have such wretched accommodations. The following extract from the Report of 1862 will explain this:

"It would be desirable if female prisoners were excluded from this Penitentiary. The number of these convicts is small. The cost of their custody is equal to that for a far larger number.

"It is a question of no easy determination, what should be the disposition of these prisoners. If the county prisons are not suitable places, and their crimes, or the proper care of females, require them to be sent to one institution, then all should be sentenced to it. This course would relieve the counties of the cost, and the whole number would enable the Penitentiary to make such arrangements as to secure proper efficiency in a female department. Much inconvenience is produced at present, and the expense of female prisoners is out of reasonable proportion to that of the males, owing to the small number of the former, and the necessary charges directly involved."—P. 32.

We confess we should have liked this much better had the assigned motive for the change been something more than that of saving some money for the state; for no matter what the poor wretches may have done, it is impossible to contemplate them in their solitary dungeons, without a feeling of regret as well as pity. However severely the men suffer in body and mind from being shut up in this manner from one end of the year,

and of the seven years, to the other, the women seem to suffer vastly more. To us their mental condition seemed indescribably sad. All, save those who are in a still more painful condition, wear an aspect of corroding grief and despair.

The first one we saw burst into tears as soon as the door of her cell opened. "You have not been long here?" asked we. "Oh, sir, yes I have; a year and five months; and I have a year and seven months to serve yet. I'll not be alive half the time, and I wish I wouldn't!" The bitter anguish with which these words were uttered would disarm the most cruel resentment.

Another calmly but sadly remarked, "I would rather they'd punish me in any other way than this. I often think I would give all the world to go ten yards into the open air, if only to get a right look at the sun or the stars. But no; I am to suffer on in this way, as if I murdered and robbed half the people of Pennsylvania!"

Another laughed and wept alternately. What grieved this one most was, that her husband had never come to see her. "He must be dead," she says, after a pause. "If he was alive, and to know that I have never been outside the door of this miserable den for two years and four months, I can't think he'd be so hard-hearted, no matter how much I vexed him, as not to come to see me at least once." Here she burst again into tears, and then as suddenly laughed aloud, but in a manner which seemed to prove that if she is not already laboring under incipient insanity, either mind or body must yield before long to the cruel effects of hopeless solitude.*

We might easily add to these instances; but the subject is too painful to dwell upon. That the Inspectors do all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunates placed under their care, we have seen every reason to believe. Mr. Vaux brought us into the library, which we were glad to find quite extensive, and to include many of the best standard works. We have certainly no disposition to criticise anything we saw during our visit. Without being unjust, we could find no fault with the manner in which the institution is managed; all we can say a word against is the solitary system, *per se*. But to us this seems the worst kind of slavery; if there is any other means by which human life can be more embittered, or

* This reminds us that if the prisons of Pennsylvania were equal to her hospitals for the insane—at least to one of them—she might well be proud of the services she had rendered to humanity; for we cheerfully admit that a nobler institution than the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, in West Philadelphia, we have never visited, either in Europe or America. Had those rendered insane by the solitary system the privilege of being transferred to that model establishment, it would be like emerging from the *Inferno* of Dante to enter his *Paradiso*—as we may take occasion to show at a future time.

human suffering aggravated, without instruments of physical torture, we know nothing of it. Therefore, believing that there is as much philanthropy and generosity in Pennsylvania as there is in any other country of equal population, we would earnestly appeal to those who have most influence in the state to have compassion on the wretched female convicts, if not on the male. We do not know a single instance in which the solitary system has been relaxed, or superseded by the congregate, without good results. This is true, for example, of the prisons of Gloucester and Glasgow, in which the solitary plan was duly tried (but found wanting) more than a quarter of a century ago. But we might mention two-thirds of our own prisons in proof of the same fact. We must confine ourselves, however, to one instance. Thus, in the Report of the Chaplain of the Michigan State Prison, dated December, 1861, we find the following paragraph:

"It is a source of gratification to be able to say, so decidedly as the facts warrant, that those convicts who, under the merciful legislation of last winter, have been transferred from the solitary to the common prison, have fully justified your action, by their excellent behavior. They are among the most orderly convicts in the prison; and I am very sure no prejudice to the public good has arisen, or is likely to arise, from the clemency extended to them."*

We have not the least doubt as to what the result would be, if all would see for themselves, as we have done; we are satisfied that nine out of ten of the thinking, humane people of Pennsylvania would pass unqualified condemnation on the solitary system, could they only know the constant unspeakable anguish of which it is productive. None could be more humane or philanthropic, we readily admit, than the Inspectors. Yet they feel persuaded that it is the best system. This is particularly true of the President of the Board, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the solitary plan. We can attribute this only to the force of habit, which in time deprives the worst scenes of their painful features. Before we take leave, however, of this branch of our subject, we will give the friends of the solitary system the benefit of an extract from Mr. Vaux's pamphlet, which contains the best argument that could be advanced in its favor, only premising that we may consider it more in detail on a future occasion:

"The foundation of the Separate System is that of an approved philosophy. It accepts, if it does not announce, its analogy to the principles, discipline and treatment of physical disease, which science has sanctioned by its theories and practical proofs of their truth. By

* Annual Report of the Inspectors of the State Prison of the State of Michigan, p. 61.

this penitentiary discipline, each prisoner is treated individually; separated from convict contact and contamination; freed from the depressing and degrading consequences of association with other co-criminals; strengthened to effort for regaining lost moral and social health; brought within the direct personal influence of reformatory or curative treatment, and its most salutary modifying causes; subject to improvement from earnest effort of instruction in mind and handicrafts; placed in the most accessible relation to those creative forces, which in operation change the moral constitution. Thus each convict is surrounded by reformatory processes, and the effect on his crime and its cause is watched, as physical disease is watched, to test the remedies, and resort to such as best suit the purpose of his punishment. Thus each prisoner is individualized, and the discipline is individualized, and by this system the cause of his crime, the constitutional moral infirmities which exist to produce it, are attempted to be removed. It is sought thus to remove him from under the shadow of those social institutions which have failed to benefit him, and left him behind in their progressive march. If it does not enable him to reach at once their advantages, it at least aids him in the effort to gain them, points the way, furnishes him with some requisites for success, and when at last attained, renders him able to participate in their benefits.

"Such a system has at least a claim of merit, as it rests on a philosophy which elevates it to a position worthy of the name of science." —Pp. 26, 27.

The advocates of the solitary system cannot deny, as we have already seen, that it has been amply tested. In most, if not in all of the states of the Union, it has been tried; but no where have the results been satisfactory to the experimentalists, if we except Pennsylvania. Thus the Maine State prison has rendered itself famous, or rather infamous, by its solitary system, although we believe the congregate plan is that now in use in that institution. We trust that improvements have been made in it lately. That such were necessary, is painfully evident from the following description by Mr. Crawford: "The night-rooms or cells of this prison are literally pits *entered from the top by a ladder through an aperture about two feet square.* The opening is secured by an iron grate used as a trap-door. The only other orifice is one at the bottom, about *an inch and a half in diameter*, for the admission of warm air from underneath. The cells are 8 feet 9 inches long, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 9 feet 8 inches high. Their gloom is indescribable. The diet during confinement was bread and water only. Thus immured, and without any occupation, it will excite no surprise that a man who had been sentenced to pass seventy days in one of these miserable pits, hung himself after four days' imprisonment. Another condemned to sixty days, also committed suicide on the twenty-fourth day. It became necessary to remove four others who were unable to endure this cruelty, from the cell to the hospital repeatedly, before the

expiration of their sentences."* It would be superfluous to designate treatment like this as barbarous; in the darkest pagan times, scarcely could any more cruel system have obtained the sanction of the laws—not even when the Roman tyrant proclaimed that to all who violated his code, life should be a punishment and death a consolation; (*mors salatium vita supplicium*). But far be it from us to compare the Maine prison as thus described. to the Cherry Hill Penitentiary as we have seen it; for the latter is comfortable, pleasant and wholesome compared to the former. We would not have any one imitate its plan, however; we do not, indeed, see that many are disposed to do so. Among twenty Reports of nearly as many different prisons now before us, we only find one in favor of the solitary system; that one is the Report of the Commissioners of the Illinois State Penitentiary, dated January 1, 1863. In this document the following passage occurs:

"The increasing disposition of those having the government of the convicts in charge, to modify their modes of punishment, *from the lash to solitary confinement upon bread and water*, and which has been *sedulously cultivated at all times by the commissioners*, encouraged the latter to undertake the erection of this building. There was no place about the institution where a convict could be so confined.

"Again, there are always more or less dangerous men about a prison, whom it is unsafe to allow to run at large at all times. Some are desperate when they enter, and others become so by long confinement. To allow such men to mingle with their fellows is dangerous to the officers, and exceedingly detrimental to the good order of the institution. To confine them in an ordinary cell adjoining their fellow-convicts, is frequently productive of serious injury. There must be some place where they can be separated from all associations and strictly confined by themselves.

"During the last two years, *seven of the inmates of this institution have become insane. Several of them became raving maniacs.* There was no place to confine them except in the east wing or the prison for females. They were confined in the latter, where for weeks and months, at times, their heart-rending outcries *could be heard at all hours of the day and night.*"—P. 16.

These are melancholy results; but few will be surprised at them. Commissioners who can recognize no gradation of punishment between the lash and solitary confinement on bread and water, can hardly be expected to exercise a very wholesome influence on the health of the prisoners. It seems that a considerable portion of the new prison has already been built. The commissioners admire what is done very much; but they think that so useful and laudable an undertaking should be forwarded with all convenient speed:

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* *Crawford's Report on the United States Penitentiaries*, p. 16.

"The foregoing considerations, among others not necessary here to detail, presented urgent and pressing reasons for the erection of the Separate System Prison.

"This building has been constructed according to the original plan, with the exception that only twenty-four instead of one hundred cells are built. The cells are 7x17 feet in size and 12 feet in height, with double doors of wood and iron. The windows are near the top of the cells, *thus being out of the reach of the inmates.* Each cell is to be heated with a separate coil of pipe, as each cell is ventilated by a separate flue.

"The character of this work is superior to any connected with the entire institution. It is what is technically termed *thorough* work. Each stone composing the outside wall is laid upon its natural bed, and extends through the entire wall from face to face. In addition to this, the building is lined with stone averaging six inches in thickness. The partitions to the cells are composed of large slabs, four feet in width and fourteen inches in thickness, set vertically, with a round rod of iron extending continuously throughout all the joints, which being let equally into the stones composing the joints, adds greatly to the permanency of the structure, and *prevents the possibility of any communication between the cells by the removal of the cement forming the joint.*"

There are few members of any Christian community who would deny that it would be beneficial for the inmates of a prison, as well as for those in the full enjoyment of their liberty, to hear the doctrines, of whatever religious sect they belong to, preached to them at least once a week. But we do not see how this could be done in a prison on the solitary plan. Where there are four or five hundred prisoners it would be impossible for any clergyman, or in fact for a half a dozen, to preach to each separately. As for preaching along the corridor, which we believe is sometimes done, it is more useless than to preach along a public street for the benefit of the inmates of the houses on each side. The latter could open windows and doors, but the former could open nothing; and yet the chief argument on which the solitary system is founded is, that it has a reforming tendency. True, it does not always happen that prisoners treated on the congregate plan are allowed an opportunity of hearing a sermon or lecture on the Sabbath-day, but when they are not the fact is evidence that the convicts are not the only parties connected with the prison who have failed in their duties. It seems that those having charge of the State Prison of New Jersey are to blame in this way; or at least were very recently, and we have not heard that any improvement has been made in this respect. In order that we may not be charged with a fault-finding spirit in regard to New Jersey more than any other place, we will allow the Chaplain of the prison to state the facts in his own words, merely premising that we wish all chaplains had so much

manliness, or were so little afraid to tell the truth on a subject to which no human being capable of a generous emotion can be indifferent:

"Great care is here taken to seclude the convict from society—to confine him in a place where he cannot possibly break out, to feed him and to work him. And for the latter purpose, expressly, buildings have been erected where prisoners assemble in large numbers on each week day, in the workshop, *to earn by hard labor as much as possible for the State.* But I look in vain for any structure or contrivance, however rude, to indicate that these convicts have a moral nature susceptible of improvement, and a soul that must exist for ever in happiness or misery, unless, indeed, we except the heathen hieroglyphics which ornament the front of the edifice. I look in vain for temple or altar, or chapel or Sunday school-room, even, connected with this penal institution, wherein are incarcerated in close confinement nearly five hundred souls of every age and sex, the majority of whom are not *old offenders*, but YOUNG MEN in the morning of life, who, with proper culture, might be reclaimed, to walk in paths of peace and righteousness. Now, when the minister stands up to give instructions out of the holy Scriptures, and reverently to conduct religious worship, *the prisoner is obliged to remain in his narraw cell, behind thick walls and bolted doors, completely out of sight of his teacher; and for the most part he cannot even hear the service, except with difficulty, as the sound enters a small hole in the door of his cell.*"—*Annual Report of the Officers of the New Jersey State Prison, for the year* 1861.

In returning to the Reports of the Massachusetts Prison, we must say that, although the reality of the Cherry Hill Prison did not seem so bad to us as it had been represented by various other writers, as well as by the Warden of the Charlestown institution, we left it fully persuaded that the congregate system, with all its faults, has great advantages over the solitary. When silence is maintained among the convicts working together, as it is at present, the opportunities for mutual instruction in crime, if any exist at all, are but very slight. Mr. Gideon Haynes, the Warden of the Massachusetts Prison, has favored us, not only with a full account of his mode of discipline, but has also furnished us an important extract in manuscript from his forthcoming Annual Report, not yet printed. Speaking of the various means used for the purpose of reformation, the Warden says:

"Much, also, depends upon their treatment while here; with us, no harsh language is ever allowed, under any circumstances. If a convict violates any of the rules during the day, he is left in the hall when they are locked up at night; after the others are disposed of, he is reported to the Warden or Deputy by his officer, (who, by the way, has nothing to do with his punishment.) The convict is then allowed to make any explanation he chooses, and if it is not satisfactory, he is placed in solitary confinement, the only punishment we have had for the last eight years. He is put into a dark cell, fed on bread and water, with a board and blanket for a bed. The length of time that

they are kept there depends entirely upon themselves, they being allowed to come out at any time by promising to obey the rules and behave like men; nothing humiliating is ever required of them. We are assisted in this respect by a state law which takes off of their sentence so many days a month for good conduct, viz.: For less than three years, one day a month; three, and less than seven, two days; seven, and less than ten, four days; ten and upwards, five days a month. Every day that they are in punishment is deducted from the good time that they may have gained; they know, therefore, that every day they are in the solitary cells is adding a day to their sentence, and also that they are liable at any time, by any gross misconduct, to lose all that they may have so gained; consequently, with every month's good behavior they have an additional reason for continuing it, and by so doing they acquire habits of self-control and restraint, which is of great service to them in after-life."

The extract from Mr. Haynes' Report, already alluded to, contains some excellent remarks on the effects of imprisonment on the health of the convicts—remarks which show that the solitary system is not the only one by which the constitution is undermined. "It cannot be denied, however," he says, "that imprisonment, under the most favorable circumstances, has a tendency to undermine the constitution; few men, it matters not how strong or physically developed they may be, *can live through a ten years' sentence.* The necessary restriction, the monotony surrounding them, the deprivatian of almost all social enjoyment, the indulgence in secret vice, the hopes and fears in regard to executive clemency, and the looking forward to long, tedious years of confinement, all have a tendency to depress the spirits, injure the health, and break down the strongest constitution." The warden then asks whether any means can be "devised by which some of the evils named can be obviated or softened without interfering with the great and fundemental object of the prison, viz., the reformation and punishment of its inmates." This is an important inquiry, and we hope it will receive the attention it deserves. Mr. H. attempts to solve the problem as follows; nor do we think he fails in doing so: "My opinion, founded upon experience and a close and careful examination of the subject, is, *that there can.* I may be somewhat in advance of public opinion, or of the views entertained by those wedded to ideas now fast becoming obsolete; but the experiments tried the 4th of July and the late National Thanksgiving day, of allowing the inmates an hour of almost unrestricted recreation and enjoyment together in the yard, has settled the matter conclusively in my mind; whether we view it in the light of enjoyment by the men, the great propriety observed, the good feeling engendered, or subsequent effect upon the discipline in every point of view, *it was a perfect success.* The devoting of an hour occasionally in the

same way, under proper rules and regulations, would, I am certain, be the most important measure, *in a sanitary point of view*, that could be adopted; it would have a tendency to break the monotony of their lives; give them the necessary out-door exercise so requisite to health, furnish them with food for thought and contemplation, and withdraw the mind in a great degree from themselves and the imaginary wrongs over which they brood and mope, until it becomes to them almost a reality, terminating too frequently in insanity or death. Again, it could be made instrumental in *enforcing the discipline of the prison by allowing those only the privilege who behaved well.* I can imagine no evil that could possibly arise from it, but on the contrary much good."

The suggestions made here have been practically acted upon in other parts of the world; and we are glad to add, with the most cheering results. We have ourselves witnessed those results, in part, during visits to Montjoy, Spike Island, and Grange Gorman, in Ireland. The facts would seem incredible were they not attested by several distinguished foreigners—even by those least disposed to do justice to anything Irish. Thus, for example, the Encyclopædia Britannica informs us that "The Irish system of convict discipline has followed the English in general, but *has gone farther in the direction of relaxation, bringing the convicts nearer to the condition of free citizens.* They are entertained with lectures and other intellectual and educational relaxations. They are permitted, too, after an advanced stage and evidence of continued good conduct, *to pursue occupations beyond the bounds of the prison establishments*, and are intrusted with messages and commissions in which they have to account for pecuniary transactions."* These, it will be seen, are much greater liberties than those recommended by Mr. Haynes; and they are but rarely abused, whereas they are productive of incalculable good: first, by lightening the burden on the convict; and secondly, by giving him habits of self-restraint and honesty, to qualify him to return to the outer world from which his previous conduct had excluded him.

Of all the prisons we have visited in this country, that whose system seemed to us to be the best, on the whole, is Sing Sing. We should have thought that the worst feature it has is too much indulgence, had we not seen evidence that physical punishment is still used to some extent, although we failed to obtain any detailed information on this point. We know no person connected with the institution. The warden was absent on the occasion of our visit; but the head keeper cheerfully

* *Encyc. Brit.*, article *Prison Discipline*, p. 585.

sent one of his most intelligent assistants to show us the prison, and the latter as cheerfully complied. We intimated to him that in order to form a correct opinion of the discipline practised, we desired to question some of the convicts on the subject. This he agreed to in regard to those in one or two workshops. We spoke to some of the inmates accordingly; but all seemed rather afraid to give any information. On being assured by us that our object was not to do them any harm, but, on the contrary, to ameliorate their condition as far as publicity could effect that object, they evinced every disposition to tell us all they knew. But, in proportion as the keeper saw this to be the case, he approached those talking so as to overhear what they said. This was, perhaps, purely accidental; it had the effect, however, of restraining them. We learned sufficient, nevertheless, to form a pretty accurate general idea of the discipline used. A large, fat, intelligent man, who had such a good-natured expression of countenance that none seeing him outside would suspect him of any serious criminal act, made the following replies to our queries:

"What do you think of the treatment the prisoners get here?" "Well, I think 'tis a great deal better in general than they deserve; there are some hard fellows here." "Will you tell me something about the punishment?" "I have been here four years and a half, and have never been punished more than you see me." He was engaged in tailoring with some thirty others, and seemed to feel quite at home. He now paused, and looked about to see whether the keeper was so near as that he could hear him. Then he added in an undertone: "All I know about the punishment is, that I sometimes hear them screaming as if they were on the fire." "Is this from the lash?" "No; I think not. I don't believe the 'cat' is used now. But there's the keeper." The keeper turns aside, and the convict adds: "Oh, the terrible spout (shower-bath) is worse than any 'cat;' only the strongest can bear it, when the keeper is mad." Here the keeper came up, but without seeming to take any notice, and the conversation with the fat tailor ended.

In the machine department the following conversation passed between ourselves and another convict, who had evidently seen better days: "Have you ever been in any other prison?" "Yes; but not as a prisoner. I was once employed in the Baltimore prison, and was sent on messages to several others." "Well, comparing those with Sing Sing, which would you prefer, if you got your choice?" "I'd rather be here than any other place, only for two nasty instruments they have. I have never been punished with either; but I'm always in terror of

them from what I hear. There are six instruments in all; but only two strike terror into one." Here he was proceeding to describe them, but the keeper approached, and we passed on.

From this we proceeded to the hat department, but did not see any there whom it seemed at all desirable to have any conversation with. On reaching the shoe department we desired to ask a few questions; but the keeper suggested politely enough, but earnestly, that "It is better not." We then proceeded to the chaplain's office, which is also the room devoted to the library. The chaplain received us very courteously, gave us considerable information, and presented us with a copy of his last Annual Report, a document which we have read with interest. Although much pleased to find so extensive a library in a prison, what interested us most was to see some five or six intelligent men, in the prison costume, engaged in writing at different tables, as contentedly and carefully as if they had been in a banker's office in Wall Street or Broadway.

Our next care was to visit the cells in different parts of the prison, on the upper floors as well as on the ground floor. All were scrupulously clean; so were all the corridors and halls leading to them. But to us the cells seemed very small; scarcely half as large as those of the Philadelphia prison. Indeed, the former are barely wide enough for a single bed; a single bed of more than ordinary width would not fit in one. But here the prisoner has to remain only at night, while in the cell of the Philadelphia prison he has to spend his whole time, night and day.

The keeper evinced no reluctance to show us the different instruments of punishment at present used in the prison, but fully explained the manner in which each is used. The most formidable are the heavy iron, which, when fastened to the culprit, seems not unlike a cross, and the "shower-bath." The former has a sort of ring attached to it, which embraces the neck. The body of the instrument extends across the breast, on which it presses heavily, while the hands are fastened to the ends at the wrists, the arms being extended as if tied to a cross, as intimated. We were informed that the strongest men faint under the infliction of this punishment. The ordinary shower-bath gives no adequate idea of the means of punishment called by that name; for the latter not only brings a water-power to bear on the head of the unfortunate transgressor at a twinkling — almost sufficient to work a mill; but his head is so placed in a sort of dish or can —his neck, hands, and feet being firmly held between slid-

ing boards as if he were in stocks—that, except the party inflicting the punishment is careful, he is liable to be suffocated in a few minutes. It cannot be denied that both these are instruments of torture; and then the question arises whether they ought to be used.* Another instrument is a sort of iron crown, which covers the whole head and face, being so constructed that it fastens on the neck like a collar. It is of considerable weight, and is sometimes worn for a whole week, night and day.

These instruments are all we saw during our visit which we thought in the least objectionable. The probability seems to be that they are used as seldom, and with as little severity, as possible. Were the fact otherwise, there would still be evidence of great improvement in the discipline within the last ten years. A glance at the celebrated Report of Messrs. De Beaumont and De Tocqueville would show this; but these gentlemen were rather in favor of the lash as a reformatory agent, and so we prefer to quote from the Report of Mr. Crawford, which is quite as reliable as theirs, if not altogether so famous. Among other results of brutal treatment, he records the case of a woman who died from the effects of a beating inflicted on her by one of the keepers. The person who administered the flogging gives the following account of it: "Mr. Parks told me to flog her. I then took a cow-skin and went into a room, telling the two blacks to watch, and if she came at me with any dangerous weapon to defend me. She then went and sat upon the bed, appearing to me to be somewhat frightened, and told me if I whipped her to death she would not move. Her convict frock was open and large, *so as to leave her shoulders bare*, it being warm weather, and I struck her about three or four blows on the shoulder, and I think not more, on the naked skin, and then stopped and admonished her as to her conduct." On receiving from her some abusive language, he says: "I then gave her three or four strokes with the cow-skin. She sat

* Some remarks made to us at Sing Sing would seem to imply that those instruments have no slight influence on the mental condition of the convicts; but we were not aware at the time that so large a number become insane annually at that institution. There are some very painful facts in connection with this branch of the subject. Thus the Inspectors tell us in their last Report, that, "The law at present provides that no convict not restored to mental health shall be discharged from the asylum by reason of the expiration of his sentence, *unless his relatives shall give a satisfactory bond that such convict shall not become a charge on any public charity of the State.* Under the provisions of this act, we must of necessity be *steadily accumulating a class of hopeless incurable cases.*"—(Report for 1863, p. 41). Still more significant are the remarks of the Prison Physician on the same subject. "Eleven of our inmates, during the past year," says Dr. Pryne, "were deemed unfit subjects for prison discipline, and justice required their transfer to the asylum for insane convicts. How many of this number will remain hopelessly insane, time alone can determine."—(*Annual Report* for 1863, p. 162.) These are startling facts, to which no philanthropist can be indifferent.

firm, and seemed determined to brave it out, swearing that she would not submit. I ceased again; and observing that the blows *left marks upon her shoulders*, and fearing I might break the skin, and as she continued to rave, *I struck her a few blows above her knees*, and in front, as she sat."* Be it remembered that the woman whom he admits to have struck in this way was pregnant. It need hardly be said that her own account, while under *ante-mortem* examination, was very different from that of her flogger. At all events, she died in a day or two after; and it was certified, on medical authority, that the whipping had caused her death. The most remarkable feature in the whole case is, that the person who was capable of conduct so brutal and cowardly was retained in his situation.

We do not believe that anything of this kind could occur now at Sing Sing. We have never seen a more comfortable prison anywhere than its female department. There are but few private bed-rooms more neatly decorated than the cells, not to mention the handsome quilts on the beds, the nice carpeting on the floors, the snug little stands with books, &c. Having visited "The Tombs" at New York before going to Sing Sing, we could not help contrasting the accommodations for females in the two prisons. If it be true that we never saw better than those at Sing Sing, it is equally true that we never saw worse than those at "The Tombs." At the latter prison we found it extremely difficult to remain ten minutes on the second floor in the female department. Besides being wretchedly ventilated, or not ventilated at all, the cells and halls were anything but clean; and nearly every female prisoner we saw complained of the food. We allude to this state of things parenthetically, with no disposition to blame anybody. We do not know whose fault it is; but, judging from other appearances, we do not believe it is that of the warden. We wish those who have the power to remedy the evil, and allow the women, at least, the benefit of a current of fresh air, would visit the Sing Sing institution, although it is nothing cleaner, nor is it better ventilated, than that of Philadelphia.

When we come to examine the statistics of the different prisons, we find none more complete or more scientific than those of the Philadelphia institution, if, indeed, those of any other prison in this country are equal to them. This is of much greater importance than it might seem at first sight, since statistics of any kind possess value only in proportion as

* Crawford's Report, pp. 18, 19.

they are more or less complete. The first table that attracts our attention is that which exhibits

THE CONVICTIONS AND RE-CONVICTIONS OF 4,730 CONVICTS, AS FOLLOWS:

	No.	per ct.
1st Conviction to any Prison	3,593	75.96
2d " " " 1 here	645	13.64
3d " " " 1 "	15	.32
4th " " " 1 "	3	.06
8th " " " 1 "	1	.02
2d " " " 2 "	374	7.91
3d " " " 2 "	14	.30
3d " " " 3 "	57	1.20
4th " " " 2 "	3	.06
4th " " " 3 "	3	.07
4th " " " 4 "	12	.25
5th " " " 3 "	1	.02
5th " " " 5 "	2	.04
6th " " " 4 "	2	·04
7th " " " 6 "	1	.02
8th " " " 3 "	1	.02
8th " " " 4 "	2	.05
9th " " " 3 "	1	.02
	4,730	100.00

	No.	per ct.
First Conviction to this Institution	4,244	89.72
Whole number of Re-Convictions	486	10.28
	4,730	100.00

Thus it appears that 374 of the above total have been committed twice to the Eastern Penitentiary, 12 four times, 2 five times, &c. If we compare the similar tables of the Sing Sing and Massachusetts prisons with this, it will seem that there are at least one class of criminals for whom the solitary system has as little terror as the congregate. It is due to the advocates of the rival plans that the figures taken from the Reports for 1863 should be thus placed side by side. The Sing Sing record is as follows:

NUMBER OF TIMES COMMITTED.

	M.	F.
First time	839	109
Second time	99	4
Third time	23	0
Fourth time	7	0
Fifth time	1	0
	969	113

The Boston record, which is as follows, exhibits pretty nearly the same results:

RE-COMMITMENTS.

Of 460 Convicts now in Prison, 77 are re-commitments, viz.:	
For the 2d time	56
3d time	16
4th time	3
5th time	1
6th time	1
Total	77

The records of Philadelphia and Sing Sing show that ignorance is the prevailing cause of crime; or at least that nine-tenths of the convicts belong to the uneducated classes. It is proper to say that the same conclusions are to be drawn from each of the various other Reports, both of foreign and domestic prisons, which we have examined, with the sole exception of that of the Massachusetts institution, and this exception is more apparent than real, as we shall presently see. The following presents the Cherry Hill record at a glance:

EDUCATIONAL.

AS INTRODUCED.	No.	per ct.	AS CONFINED.	No.	per ct.
Illiterate	129	22.01	Illiterate	39	6.66
Spell and Read	102	17.41	Spell and Read	50	8.53
Read and Write	350	59.73	Read and Write	306	52.22
Good English Education.	5	.85	Read, Write & Arithemetic	176	30.03
			Good English Education..	15	2.56
	586	100.00		586	100.00

This shows that of 586 convicts only 5 had what could be called a good English education when entering the institution; while nearly half of the whole number could write none. In addition to this information the Report of the Inspectors tells us that of the 135 convicts received during the past year "20 per cent. were illiterate; 20 $\frac{74}{100}$ per cent. could only read, and 59 $\frac{26}{100}$ per cent. could read and write."—(P. 25.) The following extract from the Report of the Warden of Sing Sing will render it needless to give the table in this case:

"I am pained, as I learn the history and character of the prisoners, to find *so much ignorance prevailing amongst them*; many can neither read nor write, many others can read only, and a large majority of those who can read and write a little, are profoundly ignorant of the degree of instruction that is necessary to qualify a man to pursue the most common branches of business; and if I can judge from *the letters they receive from their friends, they, too, are mostly laboring under the same disadvantages.*"—*Annual Report of* 1863, p. 69.

As already observed, this is the almost universal experience of wardens or governors of prisons in Europe as well as America. But it is not the Warden of the Massachusetts prison who has thought proper to bestow flattering encomiums on the intellectual acquirements and talents of the inmates of

that institution, but the Chaplain. The following is the language of the latter gentleman :

"It is not true, as some persons think and say, that criminals are invariably from the lowest dregs of society. That many of them are ignorant, and that some of them have never had any education but street education, and have grown up in sinks of vice and corruption, is painfully evident; but others there are, who have been brought up by kind, respectable, pious parents; who have enjoyed the advantages of Sabbath school instruction, and whose attainments in learning would favorably compare with the average of scholarship in the general community. They are, in fact, of all grades between these extremes. Some are remarkably shrewd and quick-witted. We have among us those who have been *teachers in schools, skilful artisans, physicians, merchants who have done no slight amount of business, writers for our papers and other periodicals, farmers who have owned their farms and tilled them intelligently and profitably, music teachers, and not a few poets*, and although their songs may not rival Longfellow's, they are better than some we have seen in type. Often for Fourth of July, Thanksgiving day, &c,, *hymns and odes written* by them are printed, and sung with great relish and interest by our choir of prisoners."—*Report of* 1863, p. 27.

Exaggerated praise is always in bad taste; but in the present case it is decidedly pernicious. It is an equivocal compliment to the people of Massachusetts to proclaim to the world that all classes of them are represented in their state prison. But the class of crimes committed, as exhibited by the Warden's Report, are not such as men of culture would be likely to perpetrate. Thus the following table gives the

CRIMES OF CONVICTS NOW IN PRISON.

Abduction of a child	1	Having in possession burglarious tools, intending to use	2
Adultery	2	Having forged order, intend'g to pass	1
Arson	18	Incest	1
Attempt at abortion	1	Larceny in shop, depot, dwelling-house and other buildings	34
Attempt at arson	1	Larceny from person	22
Assault with intent to murder	18	Larceny of horse and wagon	1
Assault with intent to maim	1	Manslaughter	26
Assault with intent of rape	18	Mayhem	1
Attempt to rob	9	Murder	12
Breaking from House of Correction	1	Obtaining goods by false pretences	3
Breaking and entering vessel, shop, house, or other building, intending to steal, and stealing	148	Polygamy	2
Burglary	20	Procuring miscarriage	1
Burning barns	13	Rape	11
Common and notorious thieves	8	Robbery	45
Counterfeiting coin or bills	2	Receiving stolen goods	2
Defacing dwelling-house	2	Uttering counterfeit or worthless bank bills or coin	21
Forgery	4	Uttering forged notes or orders	3
Having in possession counterfeit or worthless bank bills or coin, intending to pass the same	4	Woman slaughter	1
		Total	460

It may do very well to say that all these murderers, robbers, thieves, burglars, &c., are "remarkably shrewd and quick-witted;" but it will hardly be believed that they have been teach-

ers, physicians, merchants, &c. If it does, we may as well regard our civilization as something worse than a failure; at least, it must follow that the far-famed public schools of Massachusetts have a tendency to foster vice rather than virtue, a charge which we are sure they do not deserve. Nor will it settle the difficulty to say that all the bad crimes are committed by ignorant foreigners. This sort of logic has often had much effect in such cases; but here it is contradicted too flatly by the statistics. Thus, Table 9, which gives the states and countries of which convicts now in prison are natives, shows that of a total of 460 convicts 315 are natives; the number from all foreign countries being 145. It would be highly interesting to know the class of crimes committed by the educated and uneducated respectively. Any table of this kind that we have ever seen leads to conclusions very different from those of the Chaplain of Massachusetts prison. This reminds us that among the many interesting tables in the Philadelphia Reports, is one which exhibits the relative tendencies of different nationalities to perpetrate particular crimes. The following extract will serve as an example; but this is the last we can make room for on the present occasion :

"Of the 56 prisoners under conviction for the crimes of murder and manslaughter, 27 are natives of the United States, of whom 6 are colored; and 29 are of foreign birth.

Of the 46 for burglary, 35 are natives of the United States; of these 7 are colored, and 11 are of foreign birth.

Of the 26 confined for arson, 20 are natives of the United States; of whom 1 is colored, and 6 are natives of other countries.

Of the 25 for the crime of rape, 20 are natives of the United States, namely, 14 whites and 6 colored; and 5 are foreigners."

In commencing this article we intended to devote a portion of it to juvenile delinquency; but we soon found that the space we had prescribed for the whole would scarcely be sufficient for even a cursory glance at prison discipline as applied to adults alone. But in the course of our researches we have collected a mass of facts and statistics, bearing on the juvenile branch of the subject, which gave us painful surprise. These we shall not fail to use on a future occasion. We can only say now, that if our people were only aware of the deplorable consequences, as exhibited by unerring statistics, of the almost unrestrained liberty they allow their children, until finally they become so disobedient, when scarcely out of their "teens," as to set parental authority altogether at defiance, they would resolve, even at the eleventh hour, to pursue a very different course in the future.

ART. II.—1. *Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon.* RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. By THOMAS MOORE. In 2 vols., 12mo. New York: 1853.

2. *The Dramatic Works of the Rt. Hon.* RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN; *with a Memoir of his Life.* H. G. Bohn. 1861.

3. *The Speeches of the Rt. Hon.* RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by a Constitutional Friend. 3 vols., 8vo. London: H. G. Bohn. 1861.

THE great interest we feel in the lives of eminent men springs not wholly from the mental power displayed in what they wrote, or said, or did, nor wholly from the characters, good or bad, which they bore. Both unite to form in our minds a synthesis of judgment. Just as our knowledge of one or the other of these elements is incomplete so does our interest droop; a distorted image has been presented to us. On the other hand, in proportion as our knowlege of each is full and minute, so does our interest quicken; the image is no longer a distortion, but a symmetrical whole. Yet, let our knowledge be complete as we will, how few shall we find whose lives present those two elements of character and intellect so balanced as to give anything like complete satisfaction! We may, indeed, be interested; but it is too often an interest that calls for tears of pity or shame, and not one that fills our souls with joy. To stumble and fall once has not been enough for men; the same error or the same sin has caught them again and again unawares. In fact, the brightest life, if it were fully known, would reveal many dark scenes. A few successes, one or two victories; all else has often been but disappointment and defeat.

In view of all this, we may say that the life of the man of whom we are about to speak will deeply interest, although it may not satisfy us. He was a man of brilliant intellect, quick in apprehension, powerful in application. His character, on the other hand, we cannot as thoroughly admire; for with the virtues, he possessed also the many vices of a rash and impulsive nature. We shall endeavor to be just to both intellect and character—to give all due praise to the author and the statesman—to speak calmly, though it may be severely, of the *man;* for he is no true biographer who seeks to cover up or hide away the failings of his subject. It may seem a kindness due to the memory of one who has left this scene of strife, but certainly it is not to the world, who should know impartially, if at all, the evil and the good of those who have gone before.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dublin, in Septem-

ber, 1751. As to his ancestry, we know that his grandfather lived on terms of intimacy with Dean Swift; that his father was a man of great integrity of character and respectable literary ability, who, as an actor, was a rival of Garrick; and that his mother, too, was a person of literary attainments as well as tastes, having gained considerable, though transient, reputation as a writer of fiction. At the age of seven, Richard was placed with his elder brother Charles, in the school of a Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin. Here he remained but little more than a year. Soon after, his parents removed to England, and in 1762 he was sent to Harrow, while Charles was retained under the private instruction of their father, who considered the elder son far the more promising of the two. This we may be assured was natural enough, for as yet, in the case of Richard, neither teacher nor parent could assure himself of anything save that he was "a most impenetrable dunce." This prejudice of the father against Richard, thus early commenced and thus originating, followed him for years, increasing to such an extent about the time of his elopement with Miss Linley, as to amount to a separation between them. For a long time all the efforts on the part of the son to secure peace were rejected, and it was not till 1778 that a reconciliation was effected.

Young Sheridan remained at Harrow till near his eighteenth year. Though indolent, studying but just enough to shield himself from disgrace, his genial manners soon made him a favorite, and the occasional flashings of intellect no doubt gave him the rank of a "genius" in the eyes of both teachers and scholars. One of the under-masters at Harrow, at this time, was the renowned Dr. Parr, who has left on record a full account of the impression then made on him by Sheridan. He says that as a scholar he was very deficient, and that his only taste for books seemed to be shown in a liking for reading English poetry; still, that all boys and all masters were pleased with him, in spite of his laziness and fondness for mischief. Dr. Parr's closing sentences are worthy of quotation for the light they throw on his moral character at this period. He says: "Let me assure you that Richard, when a boy, was by no means vicious. The sources of his infirmities were a scanty and precarious allowance from the father, the want of a regular plan for some profession, and, above all, the act of throwing him upon the town, when he ought to have been pursuing his studies at the University. He would have done little among mathematicians at Cambridge; he would have been a rake, or an idler, or a trifler, at Dublin; but I am inclined to think that at Oxford he would have become an excellent scholar." Doubtless Dr. Parr has not overestimated the importance of a right

course at this period, so critical especially to a person of Sheridan's natural disposition. In after years he felt keenly his want of a more liberal education; he himself confessed as much; and that it was so in his Parliamentary career, no other proof need be given than that a man of so confessedly brilliant an intellect should have labored as he did in the preparation of his speeches.

But his being taken thus early from the healthful restraint of study had also a bearing on his moral character. For not long afterwards (1770) we find the Sheridans living in Bath. Does any one say—Well, what then? We reply, that Bath was then one of the most fashionable watering-places in England. The life led by the gay people there was no exception to that usually found at such places. "Bilious East Indians, Irish fortune-hunters, gouty statesmen, ladies of rank 'chiefly remarkable for the delicacy of their reputation,' came here to seek relief from *ennui*." In short, here were wealth, idleness, dissipation. Would such a nature as Sheridan's resist the excitements constantly thrown in his way? We would not by any means imply that he was here given over to idleness or dissipation; but at the same time we have no doubt that here, especially, the foundation was laid of courses and habits which were discreditable to him. However, his life at Bath was in one respect a blessing. For Bath gave him his wife—a woman who truly loved him, and whose life was devoted to his interests. There is, indeed, much of romance about the way in which he won her; but after all, in view of the circumstances, we have not so much fault to find with his conduct; and as for romance, *it* need not surprise us, for Sheridan's was emphatically an eventful life.

We cannot go into the details of this event, but will give a brief outline of the facts as they are stated by his biographers. Among the places of amusement at Bath were the theatre and the concert-rooms. Performances, public and private, over which music and poetry presided, were the order of the day. One of the most charming of the singers at the concerts was a Miss Linley, whose father was also a musician—a composer and a teacher of the art. With this lady Sheridan fell deeply in love. But he was not the only suitor, for her beauty and the sweetness of her voice had brought her many admirers—among them his own brother and one of his intimate friends. At last the rivals were all set aside, and Miss Linley yielded her heart to Richard Sheridan. Still an obstacle was presented, and that, in the person of a certain Matthews, a married man, a man of property, a man favored and respected by her family. This Matthews, contrary to propriety and morality,

had allowed his passion for Miss Linley to run away with him, and though she had rebuffed him again and again, still he forced himself constantly upon her company, knowing that she would feel obliged to treat him with a certain degree of civility, owing to his professed intimacy with her father. At last, finding himself so baffled, he began to threaten her with the ruin of her reputation. Of course she confided the circumstances of her condition to Sheridan as her accepted lover, and after some hesitation, she actually eloped with him to France,* where they were married at a village near Calais. Thence they proceeded to Lisle, where she sought the retirement of a convent, while the lover wrote to her father giving the reason (but not the result) of her flight. Mr. Linley soon found his truant daughter, and as he had previously made some engagements from which it was necessary that she should appear in public, the three returned to England.

Thus ends one chapter of the romance of these young lovers. The substance of what remains is this: that Matthews, enraged at losing his victim, had taken occasion during their absence to publish in the Bath papers most slanderous statements concerning Sheridan and Miss Linley; that on this account two duels took place, in the last of which the antagonists fought most desperately, and Sheridan would probably have been killed had not the seconds parted the combatants. As it was, he was carried fainting with wounds to his home, where he was confined to his bed for several weeks, forbidden to see even the lady for whose sake he had so suffered.

All this took place in 1772. Though Miss Linley (still thus known) had cried out, on the impulse of her affection, when Sheridan was taken home half dead with wounds—"My husband! my husband!" and claimed the privilege of a wife in attending upon him, thus revealing that there had been a secret marriage—still her father would not for a long time consent to own the union. However, he at last yielded, and they were publicly married April 13, 1773.

Setting out together so young, (for Sheridan was but twenty-one and his wife nineteen,) we are naturally led to ask, what were their prospects for a livelihood? Ah! this marriage was emphatically one of "love." He had no money, and his wife but little. Invitations to sing in public pressed upon her, and

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* Moore says (vol. i., p. 49–50,) that Sheridan professed at first that he was going with Miss Linley only as a common friend, to assist in rescuing her from the clutches of Matthews, and that he did not address her as a lover till they reached France. But two other and later biographers say that they were already plighted, and that their leaving together was an elopement, mutually understood. We have followed this opinion.

soon they might have been in circumstances of ease, not to say of luxury. But the concert-room and the applause of the crowd had lost their charm for her, and moreover Sheridan himself positively refused that *his wife* should thus become the public gaze. Poverty was close upon them; still an emphatic No! was returned to the most flattering inducements. Is there not here a touch of nobleness? Well might such conduct gain, as it did, the approval of so stern a moralist as Dr. Johnson. So they commenced life in a very humble style in a cottage at East Burnham; and when, in after years, the wit and the orator had become the centre of a throng of admirers, they used to look back to these days as the happiest of their lives. Indeed, worldly success had not yet come; but, on the other hand, they were just as free from worldly cares. Poor, indeed, they were, but it was good, honest, respectable poverty; as yet no shade of embarrassment or debt. To the practical question—how they were to live?—Sheridan immediately replied by setting himself to work. For some months he continued to write for various periodicals, thus supplying the daily joint of mutton—"the *joint* concern," as he called it, "of which they *jointly* partook;" and in the following year (1774) his circumstances were so much improved that he was enabled, with the aid of his father-in-law, to rent and furnish a house in Orchard Street, London. Here we may leave him, while we speak briefly of the literary productions which he gave to the world during the few years that followed.

In literature, we find him where we might expect, in *Comedy*. As a comic dramatist, he gained in a very short time a reputation so brilliant that it illumined all England; lighting the way, in the hearts of the people, for the more splendid successes which were to follow, when the charms of his oratory were to delight all hearers. Nor has posterity taken much, if anything, from the praise awarded him by his cotemporaries. To this day, in comedy of intrigue or comedy of manners, Sheridan is first spoken of. Not only did his own natural genius guide him to the comic rather than the tragic part of the drama, but the tastes of the age strengthened the dictates of nature. When, at the Restoration, the theatres were reopened, it was not with the tones of stately tragedy that their walls resounded, after that silence of thirteen years, but wild, rollicking, yes, obscene comedy, shouted forth its notes of deliverance from the shackles of what it called Puritan hypocrisy. And, indeed, the Puritans had erred. They had thought to bring immorality under the ban of legislation; nay, even levity and mirth were to be amenable to law. But the whole effort was a failure. The heart of man has remained by nature

the same through all the ages; nor at that time, any more than now or ever, could legislation make saints of sinners. The fire of corruption was only smothered and secretly gaining strength; and when at the Restoration it was set free, it burst forth and burned with such violence that its blighting effects were felt for years. The words of Macaulay are pertinent: "A period of wild and desperate dissoluteness followed. Even in remote manor houses and hamlets the change was in some degree felt; but in London the outbreak of debauchery was appalling. And the places most deeply infected were the palace, the quarters inhabited by the aristocracy, and the Inns of the Court. It was on the support of these parts of the town that the play-houses depended. The character of the drama became conformed to the character of its patrons. The comic poet was the mouth-piece of the most deeply corrupted part of a corrupted society." This was the age which produced a Wycherley, a Vanbrugh, a Congreve, a Farquhar—men whose writings, however much their wit and pleasantry may lure us, we can only regard as a blemish on the literature of the English language. For we cannot, with Charles Lamb, look upon this world of comedy as only an ideal world, "altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is." No! you cannot thus easily remove man from the necessities of his nature. You cannot transfer a living, acting, tempted, sinning being, into any realm of thought or fancy even, where there shall come to him no sense of "right or wrong, gratitude or its opposite, claim or duty, paternity or sonship." We are willing to own that "we have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment." We do "cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame."*

When Sheridan commenced his dramatic career the age of Congreve and Wycherley was indeed gone; yet the influence of that school of writers had remained, and comedy was then, as it had been ever since the Restoration, the ruling form of the drama. That Sheridan was himself deeply influenced by the study of Congreve and his compeer there is no room to doubt; that his writings are purer than theirs may have been owing partly to his own purer character, and partly to an age less licentious in its tastes and demands.

The Rivals, Sheridan's first comedy, was written during the autumn of 1774, and was brought out at Covent Garden on the 17th of January of the following year. The clumsy performance of one of the chief actors is said to have been the

* *Vid.* Lamb's Essay on *The Artificial Comedy of the Last Century.*

cause of its failure on its first appearance. However, on the next night it was pronounced a success. Nor was its popularity confined to London; it was immediately presented at one place after another throughout England, while his friends were in ecstasies, and the author himself was doubtless much pleased with a popularity which at the same time replenished his purse.

Though for so young an author *The Rivals* is a remarkable production, we can by no means agree with Moore in saying that without the aid of *The School for Scandal* it would have placed Sheridan in the first rank of comic writers. Still, many of the characters are well drawn; the fault is that they are so often overdrawn. There is much of humor running through it, and though we are so continually disturbed by the unnaturalness of the situation, we find ourselves smiling—yes, many times laughing outright. The same false taste—a love for elaborate conceits and mere rhetorical display, to which Sheridan was afterwards so much given—may be seen in the somewhat didactic close of this comedy. Says one of the characters:

"Our happiness is now as unalloyed as general."

Says the other, (in conclusion):

"Then let us study to preserve it so; and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colors which are too bright to be lasting. When hearts deserving happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest, hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them when its leaves are dropped!"

We shall make no lengthy extracts from *The Rivals*. There are no scenes sufficiently marked to require it, and moreover, to any one at all acquainted with modern comedy such a course would be needless. The imperious Sir Anthony Absolute and his son, the Captain—the laughable word-blunderer, Mrs. Malaprop, with her endless talk of what "don't become a young woman"—the morbid lover, Faulkland, always looking on the dark side, so much so that his friend exclaims, "You never hear anything that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately damn it with a *but*"—the capricious Lydia Languish, whose chief aim is to create a sensation, and to get up the "prettiest distress imaginable," and who is so disappointed when she finds her lover is not poor and unknown, but rich and noted—the would-be brave, yet timid Acres, "determined to fight," but who doesn't "feel quite so bold somehow" when he comes to the field—all these are characters familiar to readers of comedy.

Sheridan's next production of any note was *The Duenna*, a comic opera in three acts, which was presented at Covent Garden, November 21, 1775, and afterwards enjoyed the unwonted popularity of a run of seventy-five nights. The intrigue of this piece is said to have been borrowed from Wycherley's *Country Wife*, which was itself a plagiarism of Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes*, and but a poor imitation of its original. As for the dialogue of *The Duenna*, we may remark that it is sprightly and pleasing, brightened by occasional flashes of that wit which was afterwards seen in such profusion in *The School for Scandal*. But far the happier parts are found in the snatches of song scattered through it, two or three of which we shall give. In moments of anxious waiting for her lover, which seem to her like hours, Donna Louisa sings:

"What bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure it was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
What bard, &c."

Again, poor Isaac, about to be introduced, as he supposes, to the charming presence of the daughter of Don Jerome, exclaims—

"Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty. Now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness;" and he sings—

"Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humor to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat.
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

"Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing if fair;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

"Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any color but green;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

"'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I'll own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin, too, 's a beauty, I've heard;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard."

We can but remark, in passing, with what good dramatic effect this song is brought in, at just the proper place; for the rascally Jew, who deems himself so cunning, and who thinks he is about to secure both beauty and wealth, is soon shown to be the victim of a deeper plot, and elopes, all unwittingly, with

the old Duenna, whose ugliness well corresponds with that he now so half seriously praises.

As a lively bit of a drinking-song, we have these few lines in the second act:

"A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good-humor pass.

"But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, etc."

But we must hasten to speak of *The School for Scandal*, Sheridan's best comedy, which was presented at Drury Lane, on the night of May 8th, 1777.* Among the most interesting of all curiosities of literature are those which tell us of the literary habits of authors, letting us behind the scenes, and showing us the peculiarities of the work of composition as seen in the hands of different masters. Now in the case of Sheridan we have a strange commingling of opposites. He was careless, indolent, procrastinating; yet whatever he produced was written with the greatest toil and care. A very Balzac in the work of correcting, his constant effort seems to have been one of *elaboration*.† His manner has been fully unfolded to us by Moore, in his chapter on *The School for Scandal*. It seems that neither the plot nor the characters of this drama originally suggested themselves to the author in anything like the form in which they now appear. Two distinct plots of two unfinished plays—some scenes of which had been written years before—were brought together, and after being moulded and remoulded, came forth as one production. To do this at all skilfully would be a difficult task; to do it successfully, so as to work in all, or nearly all, the pre-existing elements, and show no inconsistencies nor superfluities, were well-nigh impossible. Accordingly, it is not difficult to account for the apparent uselessness of some of the scenes and characters in their relation to the plot, and also for the super-

* *The Trip to Scarborough*, a comedy, which bore Sheridan's name, was brought out earlier in this year, but it is only worthy of mention as being his first piece which was brought upon the boards of Drury Lane. It was only an alteration of Vanbrugh's licentious comedy, *The Relapse;* and the dissatisfaction which attended its presentation may have had much to do with the success which so soon followed, in the form of *The School for Scandal*.

† Long after, when Sheridan had sold the copyright of *The School for Scandal*, and was applied to again and again for the manuscript, he excused himself for so great delay by saying that for nineteen years he had been endeavoring to satisfy himself with its style, but had not succeeded.

abundance of wit in the production as it now stands. Every sparkling witticism which had suggested itself while writing either of the two originals he seems to have labored to bring in here; as his manuscripts bore witness—the margin being studded with the brightest of the jokes, crossed out or not, just as he had succeeded or not in bringing them into some part of the text. Moore calls it "hypercriticism" to point out this excess of wit as a fault. So, too, Moore very easily slips over the morality of the play, which makes the rake and the spendthrift so kind-hearted and generous, and withal so fascinating, that we cannot withhold our admiration; but which makes the man who is outwardly good the basest hypocrite at heart.

One-half of the delineation, indeed, we would cordially accept. The outwardly good, but really bad man, as we have said, is one of the characters. Comedy takes up this character, carries it through scene after scene, involving it in more and more danger, and at last with the scourge of ridicule drives it from society, its hypocrisy all disclosed and disgraced. This is what Sheridan has done, in the character of Joseph Surface. And the moral effect is as it should be. But the character of the counterpart, Charles Surface, as it is drawn, is by no menns necessary to complete the disgrace of hypocrisy. He, the spendthrift, the gambler, the drunkard, in return for the virtues of generosity and family respect, is brought off successful. Some may say that in contrast to the disgrace of his brother's hypocrisy, *he* is rewarded for sincerity; but it is a reward given in spite of all his bad traits, which any moral man must condemn.

It is not easy, by means of quotation, to give any adequate representation of the merits of *The School for Scandal.* As for its wit, it is all so brilliant that we can find no particularly marked passage; and to be interested in the characters, it is necessary in comedy far more than in tragedy that one should see and know them, not from any single scene, but from the whole. For our own part, we think the scene in the 3d Act, between Sir Oliver and Charles, one of the richest of the play. Sir Oliver Surface, who has been away many years in the East Indies, has suddenly returned, and hearing conflicting accounts of his nephews, Charles and Joseph, he wishes to put them to an impartial test before deciding which is the more worthy of his benevolence. So he obtains the services of Moses, the usurer, who knows that Charles wants to borrow money, and is introduced by him as a Mr. Premium, a man who can furnish money to the young spendthrift on good security, or who would be willing to purchase anything he may have to sell.

At length Premium asks if he has anything he can dispose of, but finds that even the family plate and the library have long since gone to support this promising nephew's extravagance. Nothing is left but the old family pictures, which (much to Sir Oliver's disgust) he offers at a bargain. So they adjourn to an upper room, and Careless, one of his cronies, is made auctioneer.

We have space for no more than a mere mention of *The Critic*, a farce, brought out in 1779, Sheridan's last attempt in the line of the drama. Its chief design was to satirize Cumberland, a sensitive critic and pseudo poet of his day, who is reproduced in the character of Sir Fretful Plagiary. The author's power as a comic writer is well sustained in this piece, though from its nature and design it could not add much to his previous reputation.

Sheridan was now about to enter on another field of effort, and one which already for years seems to have had charms for him—politics. However, before introducing him in his new character, let us go back a little, and look at affairs of a more private nature. In 1776, Garrick, now sixty years old, who had owned one-half the Drury Lane property, retired from the stage, and gave up his interest in the theatre. Sheridan became manager. The saleable property was taken partly by himself and partly by Mr. Linley and a Mr. Ford; while two years after, by a purchase of the remaining half from Lacy, and some readjustment with Linley and Ford, he became owner of about two-thirds of the establishment. The whole affair of his purchase of this property is, in our opinion, left completely in the mist by his biographers. We shall not attempt to clear it up; for with such conflicting statements we own that we could not satisfy even ourselves. That he made the purchases we have named is certain; that for this purpose a sum of not less than £50,000 was required is as certain. How extensively he borrowed from Garrick no one pretends to say; but however great may have been the advances from this source, we are glad to be assured that all was in time repaid, to the last farthing.

However obvious it may seem to some, we do not think the origin of Sheridan's pecuniary embarrassments can be rightly found in the mere fact of this enormous speculation. It was at about this time that these embarrassments began to be felt, and they continued to thicken upon him till death. But it was the nature of the man, working out in his every-day life, which was at fault. He seems to have had no notion at all of the value of money. He never kept any account, nor even retained his receipts; so if he had money the first creditor that

dunned him was paid, no matter whether he had been paid before or not. If he was hard pressed, why for many years all he had to do was to send another order to Drury Lane, little conscious of the ruin he was bringing on himself by drawing thus easily from what seemed so inexhaustible a source of supply. When the management of the theatre fell on so young a man, there was naturally much envious, as well as friendly, solicitude on the part of the public. For a long time Garrick showed a lively interest in the success of the young manager, praising him directly and indirectly; while both the literary and pecuniary success of *The School for Scandal* cheered the author's spirits and silenced the clamor of enemies. But this was only for a time; for soon Sheridan's carelessness so increased that even Garrick was obliged to exclaim, "Poor old Drury! I feel that it will very soon be in the hands of the Philistines." His way of treating his letters showed what a thorough unconcern he had in everything that related to business. He would throw them all, unopened—no matter whether duns or remittances—into a bag. Occasionally he would read one, but oftener, when the collection had grown so large as to alarm him, he would cast them all into the fire. No wonder that authors who had expected to see their new plays presented at his theatre were enraged at this summary disposal of manuscripts; no wonder that, on hearing of such conduct, the friends who had furnished him with money were rather reluctant to feed any longer the carelessness of this overcareless man.

In October, 1780, Sheridan took his seat in Parliament, as member for the borough of Stafford. A man of the people, boasting none of the insignia of high birth, we might have expected he would take the stand he did in politics. When we remember, too, that he entered Parliament already somewhat moulded by an acquaintance with such men as Burke and Fox, we are not at all surprised at finding him immediately in the ranks of the Opposition. However, looking at his whole parliamentary career of thirty-two years, no one would venture to call Sheridan a partisan; for, though generally with the Whig party, he was by no means a slave to that party. That mighty weapon of power, when well wielded—a liberal education—Sheridan did not possess. Burke, or Fox, or Pitt (who entered Parliament the next year) might boast of culture and a well-stored mind; but he could not. His half-jesting reply to some of his friends in after years, when urged to take part in some question requiring accurate information—"You know I'm an ignoramus, but here I am; instruct me, and I'll do my best"—was none the less true for all that. The close rea-

soning and terse style of Fox, the strength and dignity of Pitt, the classic elegance of Burke—none of these marked the eloquence of Sheridan. He was not a master in argumentation; he had no more dignity than we should expect from a comic dramatist; his appeals to the imagination and his attempts at rhetorical display often proved failures. His "*good sense* and *wit* were the great weapons of his oratory—shrewdness in detecting the weak point of an adversary, and infinite powers of raillery in exposing it." When to these qualities we add that in the midst of uttering his most stinging satire he always seemed to keep his temper, rarely, if ever, raising his voice above its ordinary pitch—we do not wonder that he was listened to so eagerly, while Fox grew wearisome, and often when Burke rose to speak it was a signal for many to leave the house. However, Sheridan's first attempt in the House of Commons gave no promise at all of the power which he so soon afterwards obtained. This first speech, made in November, 1780, was a defence of himself and his constituents against the charge of corruption —a means which some of his enemies maliciously affirmed had been made use of in his recent election. His previous reputation as a dramatist would, of course, secure attention to this, his maiden speech; but very likely it was this alone; for we are assured that his speaking was very far from showing that nature meant him for an orator, being characterized by such a thickness of enunciation as seemed almost to disqualify him for such a sphere. This physical difficulty he afterwards almost wholly corrected. The story is told, that after this speech, meeting Woodfall in the gallery, Sheridan asked what he thought of it. Woodfall was honest enough to tell him, "I am sorry to say I do not think this is your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits." Sheridan remained silent for a few moments, resting his head on his hand; then starting up, he exclaimed, "*But it is in me, and by G— it shall come out!*"

Sheridan spoke but little during his first few years in Parliament. Most of the occasions presented were, indeed, of inferior importance. His most marked efforts, for some time, were in behalf of the rights of Ireland, his native country. This by no means surprises us; but it does seem strange that a man of so strong democratic sympathies, and who afterwards spoke out so boldly concerning the French Revolution, should have made only a few passing allusions to the American war, a subject which so much engrossed Parliament during the years 1780, '81, and '82. The popularity of the new member with his party was shown in 1782, when, at the resignation of Lord North, he was appointed one of the under secretaries of

state of the Rockingham ministry. This honor, however, was of but short duration, as Rockingham died before the close of the year; and when Lord Shelburne came into power, Sheridan resigned. Under the coalition ministry of North and Fox he was again called to office, as Secretary of the Treasury,* and again, almost as soon as before, resigned, when this coalition met the usual fate of political compromises, and Pitt became Premier, (1783,) being the fifth in order during the space of twenty-one months.

The impeachment of Warren Hastings was, as all know, the occasion of Sheridan's chief oratorical triumph. Burke, having for several years been engaged in investigating the subject of the English cruelties in India, at last, in 1786, was ready to move the impeachment of the late Governor-General.† To Sheridan was assigned the charge relating to the Begums or Princesses of Oude. This charge he brought forward in the House of Commons, February 7th, 1787. It is worthy of remark how poorly reported were the speeches of the times of which we are writing. The reporters seem to have given their accounts more according to their own fancy, than from any idea of accuracy. Moreover, Sheridan was more guilty than some of his brother orators. For during all these thirty-two years in Parliament, only one‡ speech received his revision before it appeared in print. Of this speech of 1787 we have only the merest outline preserved in the Parliamentary Debates. So we are left to judge of its merits from what is, after all, the best test of genuine eloquence, its effect upon the hearers. This was most wonderful. For five hours and a half did he hold the attention of his audience; and when he concluded, so great was the excitement that the House was obliged to adjourn. Surely nothing but genuine eloquence could have called forth such extravagant praise as followed, and that from the lips of such men. Fox declared that "all he had ever heard, all he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing;" Burke's remark was, that it was "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition;" Pitt owned that "it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and pos-

* As may be imagined from what we have already said of Sheridan's business capacities, this was the very last place to which we should think of his being appointed. Out of ridicule of his way of doing business, some one is said to have affixed this placard to the doors of the Treasury: "No applications can be received here on Sunday, nor any business done here during the remainder of the week."

† Lord Cornwallis had just been appointed Governor-General (Feb., 1786,) in place of Hastings, who had returned to England.

‡ A reply to Lord Mornington, on affairs in France, delivered in 1794.

sessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind." The motion to impeach being carried, May 10th, 1788, Sheridan brought forward the same charge as before in the House of Lords, his speech occupying parts of four successive days. Attracted by the fame of the previous speech, the eager crowds thronged to hear him; the hall was filled almost to suffocation, and many paid high prices for seats. This effort of Sheridan was also highly applauded, though it was generally allowed to be somewhat inferior to the speech of the year before. Its chief fault was undoubtedly a sort of straining for theatrical effect, more evident of course to the hearer, though even in reading it the same thing may be detected from the wild extravagances of language which pervade it.* Burke seems to have been thoroughly fascinated with parts of its style. "There," he exclaimed, as it was being delivered, "that is the true style; something between poetry and prose, and better than either."

To the reputation of having written the best comedy in the language, Sheridan had now added that of having delivered the best oration ever heard in the land. The poet, the orator, the bright light of his party—made the confidential adviser of the Prince Regent, as he soon afterwards was—surely, we may think, this must be the culmination of his fame. And so, indeed, it was. These were, as the world would call them, his best days. Besides the more public estimation gained from his extraordinary successes, his social position as "the wittiest man in England," was at the centre of a circle of those who were ardent admirers of his wit and good-nature; while it seems needless to tell what a charm the beauty and the musical talents of Mrs. Sheridan must have added to every festive occasion. And no matter if it were not Sheridan's way to keep up a constant blaze of wit throughout the evening; no matter if his wit were studied beforehand, and carefully brought in at just the right time for effect; these facts were not so much thought of by the rest of the company; the flash was all the more brilliant when it did come; they thought not of the scrupulous care in preserving it till the right moment; they were in the presence of the master-wit, and criticism was left for other lips than theirs. But while some were fawning or admiring, and all wondering at this power amongst them, the clouds were rising and thickening, unseen, indeed, to them,

* The following incident is characteristic of Sheridan: It seems that Gibbon, being present while this speech was being delivered, Sheridan took occasion, in the shape of an illustration, to compliment the celebrated historian, speaking of the "luminous page of Gibbon," etc. Some one asked him, afterwards, how he could call Gibbon "luminous." "Ah!" he replied, in a half whisper, "I said 'voluminous.'"

but known to himself, which were soon to darken these bright days. His pecuniary affairs were becoming more and more embarrassed; he was getting deeper and deeper in debt, and he knew it. He was growing gradually more and more dissipated, till soon the social entertainments at his own house were exchanged for the midnight revellings at some "club;" the life of a glass or two of claret, for the dead-drunkenness of a downright spree!

As to politics, Fox and Sheridan were still agreed; but the triple cord which had so bound together their party was broken, as soon as those dread influences of the French Revolution, which sundered so many ties, public and private, began to be felt in the councils of the English nation. Fox and Sheridan, from the first, hailed the Revolution with joy, as a triumph of the rights of the people; while they seemed not to care for, or not to observe, the turbulent spirit arising among the English people, in sympathy with the movement in France. Burke, on the other hand, looked with alarm on all the innovations and excesses of the Revolution. Fearing for the safety of good government at home, his own words were: "Better be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security." He affirmed, he announced, he foretold, he stormed; gaining for himself the title of the "splendid madman." Even Fox was obliged to own that, whether mad or inspired, all must agree that he was a "*prophet;*" and, as the event proved, a prophet whose predictions were nearly all fulfilled. It seems that for some time previous Sheridan had been losing favor with Burke, no doubt partly from the increasing bad habits of the former; for Burke was a man of character, though Moore charges the trouble entirely to Burke's jealousy of the growing power of Sheridan, and quotes in proof a letter of Dr. Parr.* When, at last, in 1790, Sheridan charged Burke before the House with being a deserter, a libeller of liberty, attacking the principles of freedom itself, etc., Burke rose, and said with indignation, that "such language ought to have been spared, were it only a sacrifice to the ghost of departed friendship. The language itself was not new to him; it was but a repetition of what was to be perpetually heard at the reforming clubs and societies with which the honorable gentleman had lately become entangled, and for whose plaudits he had chosen to sacrifice his friends, though

* These are Dr. Parr's words: "I am most fixedly and most indignantly on the side of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox, against Mr. Burke. It is not merely French politics that produced this dispute; they might have been settled privately. No, no—there is jealousy lurking underneath—jealousy of Mr. Sheridan's eloquence—jealousy of his popularity—jealousy of his influence with Mr. Fox—jealousy, perhaps, of his connection with the Prince."—Moore, vol. ii., p. 117.

he might find in time that the value of such praise was not worth the price at which it was purchased. *Henceforward they were separated in politics for ever.*" Such was the issue between Burke and Sheridan; in the following year came the break between Burke and Fox, and the denouncer of the Revolution stood aloof from the Whig party.

Undoubtedly Sheridan's political views at this time gained for him golden opinions from the masses; but with those with whom he was brought chiefly in contact, the opinions of his party were less popular. The withdrawal of Burke was a great loss; and now all the force of the Opposition could offer no successful resistance to Pitt and his ministry. War was soon declared between France and England; there was indeed a lull of peace in 1802, when Pitt had given way for a brief time to the Addington ministry; but the next year found Pitt again Premier, and that war again raging which was to end only with the victory on the field of Waterloo—still many years distant. After the death of Pitt in 1806, the Whigs again came into power, with Fox as Prime Minister; but their hopes were soon blasted, for he too was on his death-bed before the year closed. Although, from the change in his views on French affairs as early as 1798, and from his subsequent support, together with several of the Whigs, of the Addington ministry, Sheridan could no longer claim to be an adherent of Fox, he still continued to be his firm friend, and even expected a place in his cabinet in 1806. Here, however, he was disappointed, receiving only the place of Treasurer of the Navy. But this was not much of a loss; for had he gained the position so much desired, its honors would have been as short-lived as was the ascendency of the party. The death of Fox having made vacant the representation of the city of Westminster, Sheridan much wished to be elected his successor, and began taking the necessary steps to secure this result; but finding that, owing to some misunderstanding, the support of the government was to be given to Lord Percy in preference to himself, he announced his intention of retiring from the field,* and would have done so, had not Percy for some reason, when Parliament dissolved, de-

* It was at this time, in an oration in which he declined offers of support still pressing upon him, that he uttered some most touching words concerning his past friendship with Fox. The very occasion gives sufficient proof of the disinterestedness of what he said. We offer no apology for quoting words which throw so much light on the personal relations of two so eminent men. "It is true there have been occasions on which I have differed with him—painful recollections of the most painful moments of my political life! Nor were there wanting those who endeavored to represent these differences as a departure from the homage which, though unclaimed by him, his superior mind was entitled to, and from the allegiance of friendship which our hearts all swore to him. But never was the genuine and confiding texture of his soul more manifest than on such occasions; he knew that nothing on earth could detach me from him; and he resented insinuations against

clined offering himself. So Sheridan was again brought forward, and after a severe contest was declared elected.

Having thus spoken of the main points of his public career, up to 1806, we resume the record of his private life, which we left at 1787. These intervening years were sadly eventful;—father and sister, wife and child,—all were taken from him. His father died in 1788. Ten years previously they had been reconciled to each other; and now the son proved the sincerity of his affection by the kindest attention to the last wants of his dying father,—being present for several days before his death, and staying with him to the last. But the chief affliction of these years was the loss of his wife in 1792. Literary men of all times are said to have been, as a class, particularly unhappy in their domestic relations; and especially has this been the case with such sensitive natures as that of Sheridan. But *his* domestic life had been eminently peaceful and happy. We have already spoken of Mrs. Sheridan's musical powers, of her beauty, and of the grace with which she would preside at entertainments given at their house. But all this tells nothing of her as a *wife*. In this capacity she had been all that her husband could desire. She had felt, and ever shown, the most ardent affection for him. Her words in one of her letters to him came from her very soul:—"I think of nothing all day long, but how to do good somehow or other for you;"—and she had proved it again and again. Was he about preparing a speech for the House? She was constantly busy,—now reading or suggesting to him; now copying out page after page, in her neat hand, of the authorities which he would need to refer to. Did a nation's applause greet his eloquence? She felt the keenest joy in his success, and the sweet voice of her love was worth more than the praises of the crowd. And now she was gone! We cannot wonder that one should say, "her death determined his future for evil, nearly as much as her life had influenced his past for good." The shock was in-

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the sincerity and integrity of a friend, which he would not have noticed had they been pointed against himself. With such a man to have battled in the cause of genuine liberty—with such a man to have struggled against the inroads of oppression and corruption—with such an example before me, to have to boast that I never in my life gave one vote in Parliament that was not on the side of freedom, is the congratulation that attends the retrospect of my public life. His friendship was the pride and honor of my days. I never, for one moment, regretted to share with him the difficulties, the calumnies, and sometimes even the dangers, that attended an honorable course. And now, reviewing my past political life, were the option possible that I should retread the path, I solemnly and deliberately declare that I would prefer to pursue the same course, to bear up under the same pressure, to abide by the same principles, and remain by his side an exile from power, distinction, and emolument,—rather than be at this moment a splendid example of successful servility or prosperous apostasy, though clothed with power, honor, titles, —gorged with sinecures, and lord of hoards obtained from the plunder of the people."

deed a terrible one. For a time, however, it seemed as if he would recover from it. He still had two children on whom to lavish his affection—Tom, now grown to be quite a large boy, and a little daughter, in whose face he delighted to trace a resemblance to the features of his departed wife. But she, too, was soon snatched away, and the poor man was left almost alone.

His biographers say very little of his private life during the time which elapsed between his first wife's death and his second marriage in 1795. It is left for us to conjecture how his habits of dissipation must have gained on him during these few years. We only know that when Miss Ogle, his future wife, first saw him, she was very far from being fascinated by his personal appearance. And very naturally, for the red nose and bloated face of the dram-drinker are not apt to charm any woman. In his best days, Sheridan had been handsome; but now the ravages of intemperance had left no trace of beauty save those bright eyes, which had before been wont to shed such light over his whole countenance. So he won his lady's heart by the attractions of his mind, in spite of his sensual appearance. As another describes it, "His first advances produced some slight civility; the next meeting, a little attention; another, a declaration from her that though he was a monster, he was very clever; though he was very ugly, he was very agreeable. Gradually there was a little emotion experienced at his presence; at length her heart was irresistibly attracted, and then altogether lost." Now a man in the position of Miss Ogle's father (for he was Dean of Winchester) could not be expected to look very favorably on her union with such a man as Sheridan. Yet, it seems he did not care to give the real reason for his opposition, so he told Sheridan that no one could have his daughter unless he could furnish £15,000 in addition to £5,000, which he himself proposed to give as a settlement for his daughter; thinking that he would be utterly unable to meet the condition. But he was mistaken; the money was soon forthcoming,* the father was obliged to yield, and the two were married soon after.

But the new wife could not take the place of the one that was gone. She seems never to have had that affection for him which the first Mrs. Sheridan had, and, as a consequence, failed to exert upon him that restraining influence which he so much needed. Perhaps too much is implied in this last statement; for Sheridan's habits were now so fixed that, as far as all human wisdom can go, he might almost be called "irrecoverable."

* This money he obtained by selling shares in Drury Lane.

Debts were increasing, creditors growing importunate, as well they might. Not even his son's tutor, Mr. Smyth, was paid his salary. This gentleman, at last thinking he could endure it no longer, had written an angry letter to Sheridan, and as this was not noticed, he followed it up with a personal interview. He tells us how angry he was when he entered the room, and how Sheridan, after hearing all his complaint, replied so calmly and with such tact, that pleasantness was restored, and he was only too willing to concede to his debtor's request for more time. He even went so far as to apologize: "I wrote you a letter—it was but an angry one; you will be so good as to think no more of it." "Oh, certainly not, my dear Smyth! *I shall never think of what you have said in it, be assured,*" answered the self-possessed Sheridan. "Here it is," he continued, taking it from his pocket, and handing it to him. "*Lo, and behold,*" Smyth tells us, "*it had never been opened!*" We may laugh at such incidents, but in another point of view there is a certain sadness about them. But more saddening than the darkest picture of neglect or carelessness, is that of genius led on the chained victim of intemperance! It is pitiful to know that poor Sheridan used to come home at midnight from his revels deeply intoxicated, nor can we smile as we read of his taking bank-notes from his pockets at such times to stuff up the chinks in his window-casements, to keep them from rattling with the wind; it is pitiful to read of his going to the funeral of Richardson; how, arriving too late, he made the clergyman perform the service over again; and afterwards went with some friends to an adjoining inn, where, as Moore very quietly tells us, "he drained the cup of memory to his friend *till he found oblivion at the bottom!*" In Moore's own words, applied elsewhere and otherwise, we would say,

——— "never hath this earth
Seen mourning half so mournful as their mirth."*

The rest of Sheridan's life may be soon told. In 1809 came the master-stroke of all his pecuniary misfortune. On the evening of the 24th of February, of that year, it so happened that there was no performance at Drury Lane, and Sheridan was in attendance at the House of Commons. Suddenly there came an alarm of fire, and a blaze of light illumined the assembly. Drury Lane Theatre was burning! A motion was soon made to adjourn, but Sheridan calmly said that "whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." According to most accounts, he then left the House, and proceeding to the

* *Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

scene of the fire, sought to drown his sorrows in the wine-cup. A friend finding him thus occupied, sitting in an adjoining coffee-house, expressed surprise at his indifference. The only reply was, "Surely a man may take a glass of wine *at his own fireside!*"

When the bill was passed for the re-erection of the theatre, a sum of about £40,000 was secured to Sheridan and his son Thomas, who had of late had much to do with the management, to remunerate them for their loss. And we are truly glad as we read of such a kind provision for the misfortunes of the poor man. But let us suspend our judgment for a moment. Look at the conditions. He was obliged to stipulate that he should have "no concern or connection of any kind whatever with the new undertaking." Moreover, he was not to receive the sum named till the new theatre was finished. It seems that he little thought the committee would attempt to enforce either of these conditions; he supposed that the tide of his former influence would soon return; that the new management would speedily find itself at a loss how to proceed; that his advice would be asked, and, of course, given; that thus he would be reinstated in his old place among them. He thought that at least they would not refuse him so slight a favor as to advance a trifling part of the assignment if he should need it. But never were wilder dreams. Undoubtedly for a long time they had been wishing to be rid of a man whose pecuniary mismanagement had done more than anything else to sink them in such deep debt; and now that this cruel fire and his wretched want had given him into their hand, they were determined that this condition, which he had signed, of having no connection whatever with the new undertaking, should be kept to the letter. Yes! whether he deserved it or not, he was an outcast from the theatre!* Soon, too, he was driven from Parliament, and, if we may trust his own words, chiefly because he had no money to secure his election, having tried in vain to induce Whitbread to grant him in advance a small part of the £40,000. He had several times been returned from Stafford, and now, in 1811, in view of an approaching dissolution of Parliament, he again looked thither, sanguine of success, "determined," as he said, "to return to the old goal whence I started thirty-one years since!" In September of the next year Parliament was dissolved; the new election took place; Sheridan was defeated.

* He seems never to have entered the new theatre but once, when, some years after it was built, Lord Essex persuaded him to go with him one evening, to see Kean. It seems as if for the time the thoughts of other days were bright to him, for between the acts he was found in the green-room with the actors—all drinking to the health of him who was once a king among them.

Let us hear his own explanation of the cause of this reverse. He writes to Whitbread soon after: "On the subject of your refusing to advance to me the £2,000 I applied for to take with me to Stafford, out of the large sum confessedly due to me, (unless I signed some paper containing I know not what, and which you presented to my breast like a cocked pistol on the last day I saw you,) I will not dwell. *This, and this alone, lost me my election.* You deceive yourself if you give credit to any other causes, to which the pride of my friends chose to attribute our failure, rather than confess our poverty. I do not mean now to expostulate with you, much less to reproach you, but sure I am that when you contemplate the positive injustice of refusing me the accommodation I required, and the irreparable injury that refusal has cast on me, overturning, probably, all the honor and independence of what remains of my political life, you will deeply reproach yourself."

Amid the hopes and fears which a view of the future must have brought to his mind, the last days of his political career were much saddened. Perhaps his opinions had been too changeable; perhaps he had veered with every wind of political policy; perhaps, in not being a partisan, he had become a crafty schemer; perhaps he had tried too much to keep the favor of the people and the favor of the Prince, and in receiving so many attentions* and gaining so much influence with the one, had alienated the feelings of the other. It is not for us to say. Such, at least, was the manifestation towards him on the part of many of the younger members, and also even of those who had been his friends; and when, one evening, in a sort of doleful strain he exclaimed, "I am now run over by these young ones; I am like an old clock thrust behind the door;" quickly came a retort, as mean as witty, from Dudley North, "*Very true; it's all tick, tick, tick with you now.*" Much of the fire of his former eloquence burned in his last speech, which was on the French overtures for peace, and in which he is said to have thrown brightest light on the character of the first Napoleon, that "rapacious, insatiable, treacherous" man, as he called him.

Lord Byron's compliment to Sheridan is known to almost every one. It was some time in the course of the year 1813 that the words were first spoken. "Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, has been *par excellence;* always the *best*

* One of the marked favors which the Prince bestowed on him was in appointing him, in 1804, to the office of Receiver of the Duchy of Cornwall. When he failed of being returned from Stafford, the Prince, who had then become Regent, offered to bring him into Parliament; but, as Moore says, "the thought of returning to that scene of his triumphs and his freedom, with the Royal owner's mark, as it were, upon him, was more than he could bear, and he declined the offer."

of its kind. He has written the *best* comedy, (*School for Scandal,*) the *best* opera, (*The Duenna*—in my mind far before that St. Giles's lampoon, *The Beggar's Opera,*) the *best* farce, (*The Critic*—it is only too good for an after-piece,) the *best* address, (*Monologue on Garrick,*) and to crown all, delivered the very *best* oration, (the famous Begum Speech,) ever conceived or heard in this country." Is it strange that when some one told this to Sheridan the next day, he should have burst into tears at the remembrance of his former greatness? Now all was sadness, misery, disgrace. His pictures, his books, (which were mostly the gifts of friends,) and even his Stafford cup, of which he had been so proud, were gone to the pawn-broker's. Nor were his creditors yet content. He was himself arrested and dragged away to a spunging-house! a reproach whose personal power stung him more deeply than anything that had yet happened to him. Again he lays the blame on Whitbread, (whether justly or not, we can hardly say,)—writes him an indignant letter from his new quarters, "Tooke's Court, Cursitor Street," is visited by him, and through his efforts is released. That "long and passionate fit of weeping," when he was once more home again, "at the profanation of his person," was almost the last outburst of that lofty pride, which, now buffeted so many times, was well-nigh crushed within him.

These oppressing anxieties, together with his irregular habits, brought him down in the spring of 1816. But what cared his persecutors? They would hardly give him peace even to lie down and die. Nor did most of those who were once his friends any longer remember him. A few exceptions we gladly name, among them Samuel Rogers, who, with Lord Holland, paid a kind visit to the sick man one evening early in May, and, as they parted from him, promised him their assistance in warding off his dangers from creditors. It was not many hours before he was obliged to avail himself of this kindness. £150 were needed to put off some impatient man; of this fact he informs Rogers in a note, and adds:

> "They are going to put the carpets out of the window, and break into Mrs. S's room *and take me;* for God's sake let me see you.
>
> "R. B. S."

Of course this request was immediately met, and the amount furnished. At length, in June, when public notice was directed to him by an article in the *Morning Post*, closing with the memorable words, "I say *life* and *succor* against *Westminster Abbey* and a *funeral*," a sensation was aroused in his favor, and men of rank and wealth, who had so long neglected him, began to call upon him. But such attentions at this late hour

could do him no good; they very likely even hastened his death. Just before, the sheriff's officer had arrested him in his bed, and was about carrying him off in his blankets to a spunging-house, when Dr. Bain warned him that he must assume the responsibility, if his prisoner should die on the way. But he had not many more days to live in any way; soon he was taken from every trial that this world could bring, and his enemies were so very kind as to let him breathe his last in his own house, where he died on Sunday, July 7th.

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5. *Histoire des républiques Italiennes du moyen age.* Par J. C. L. SISMONDI (DE SIMONDE.) 10 vols., 8vo. Paris. 1840.

6. *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* Second Edition. 6 vols., 8vo. London. 1846.

"WE are what we are because Plato wrote and Homer sung," exclaims a generalizing preacher, in view of the unceasing agencies of a great thought once propagated. In such a view of influences mingling and commingling interminably, the mind seizes with avidity upon points in which they centre; and though innumerable, may, ere they diverge, be held by one grasp of thought. Such a point is the Palace of the Medici at Florence, the home, at different times, of Cosmo and Lorenzo; men of a forecast so great, of a wisdom so practical, and of a policy so extended, that they seemed stamped by Nature as executives; and, placed under a government where freedom allowed men to gravitate to their true level, they found themselves, though sprung from a plebeian stock, at the head of the Florentine Republic, when Florence was unrivalled throughout Europe in the number of its thinking and able men. "No other country in Europe had so elevated itself by noble development as Tuscany," says Sismondi, speaking of the year 1436, (the time of Cosmo.) "The ancient spirit of liberty

animated them." Accordingly, in studying the history of the thought of that time, in whatever form expressed, it is a marked fact, that one must go to Florence for first dates.

The "frugal, loquacious Florentine" is spoken of at Rome, amid the mixed population attracted there by Leo X.; he was a conspicuous element in that heterogeneous mass made up of the "courteous, docile Lombard; the Genoese, who thought to carry all before him with his money," (there was a proverb then current, that six Jews made one Genoese, six Genoese one Florentine;) "the Venetian, alert to discover the secrets of others; the Romagnese, with his instinctive staunchness in the chase of his own interests; the assuming and ceremonious Neapolitan; the German, with his too substantial breakfasts; and the Spaniard, strutting about in his sottana and cloak, and despising all the rest."* Agostino Chigi, the great banker of Rome, whose patronage of Raphael, so liberal as to rival that of Leo X., has left us some of the most poetical conceptions of that genius, that seemed to flash into perceptions of highest truth and deepest significance, was a Tuscan. His banquet at the christening of one of his children, in which dishes of parrots' tongues were served, and the silver plate when used at once cast into the Tiber, rivals Cleopatra's drink of liquid pearls. The Pitti Palace still illustrates the prodigal expenditure of the private families of the republic; and the sumptuary laws that were still earlier enacted imply that there was a profuseness to restrain; while the general frugality and keenness of intellect are accounted for in the advice given to the young Perugius, when, a shop drudge in the studio of an inferior artist in Perugia, between the attractions of fame and the impellings of poverty, he resolved to become an artist, and was deliberating whether to go to Florence. "The air of that city," said his adviser, "gives a quickness and freedom to the perceptions of men; criticism is freely given, and that in accordance with the real merit of the work, rather than the name of the artist; the cost of living there, too, is so great that it develops industry and economy; and the ambition of the people such, that all strive to be foremost, and thus great excellence is attained. Go to Florence, my lad, if you wish to excel;" and the future master of Raphael went.†

The fickle, excitable populace, at one time eager to destroy the feeble Pietro dè Medici because he had committed an impolitic, though strictly just, act; the calling in of the vast sums lent during the life of his father, Cosmo; at another, when his son Lorenzo was attacked, roused to a resentment that strewed

* Ranke's History of the Popes. † Vasari, vol. ii., p. 307.

the streets with the pieces of the mangled bodies of the would-be assassins; at one time in a joyful enthusiasm at the elevation of Giovanni dè Medici to the Papal See, raising the Medicean arms almost above the Virgin in church, and in public and private building, on banners and transparencies;—and again later, when Lorenzo was dead, springing to arms to thrust out any whose veins unfortunately allowed the flow of Medicean blood, or whose hearts admitted a feeling of affection for those who bore the name of him whom their history records as the father of his country.

As there were not opportunities for great wealth in Florence, and possessions were insecure from the frequency of wars and banishments, the rivalry of its great men was not a rivalry of wealth. The intellect put forth in every direction: the arts, literature, every form of thought, leaped to high attainment. This had developed, early in her history, one great glory of Florence, that most prominent of all Italians, as the shifting pageantry of time turns them before us, whose face, looking hopefully to his Beatrice, has become a familiar object of our households, who (when Chaucer was shedding his light through the medium of an English that we now scarcely recognize as such) gave permanency to the Italian language, and yet whom, ungrateful, they banished. The intellect and culture of Dante must have been the product of a high condition of surrounding influence, the blossom of his period undoubtedly, but the blossom comes not before the full growth of stalk and leaves. This sharp working of intellect created among the Florentines opinions founded upon reason, and hence *positive;* developed strongly-marked individualities, and, in their limited territory, close proximities struck these harshly upon each other; the *éclat* of success was dimmed by familiarity with the whole course towards its attainment, and these, united with the undeveloped idea of justice at this period, which could see no result of ascendency but the utter banishment of the opposite party, made Florence the constant scene of internal broils.

The Medici were a fruit of the Florentine Republic; their material wealth had accumulated, their intellectual vigor developed under its auspices, and though our purpose here is to consider them as a cause, it is not irrelevant to note that whatever benefit they rendered the republic or the world, they were first indebted to its favoring protection. It is by a common injustice of history that Maso degli Abbizzi, who administered the government for forty years previous, so that the unparalleled prosperity of Florence created the material with which Cosmo dè Medici wrought, created Cosmo himself,

should be comparatively forgotten, while Cosmo's politic use of that material has rendered him revered by posterity.*

Medici, the plural of Medico, (physician,) would indicate an acquaintance of the family, in their early origin, with the pill-box; and "the envious," says Litta, "explain the six red palle or balls that form with a gold ground the basis of their coat of arms, as alluding to that fact."

No more brilliant effects have republican institutions ever evolved, if we except the vista of our own broad land, than the Medici and the Medicean influence; for, though the selfish principle that is seldom wanting to human nature when the opportunity offers—the same that led that overturner of empires, Napoleon, to seek alliance with the most absolute of monarchies, when he stood where he might—led them to aggrandize themselves by assuming ducal honors, we must remember that it was by the inferior members of the family it was done; and the basis upon which they had power to do it was the noble characters of their founders, and these were the direct products of the republic.

As Napoleon, by his desire to give his offspring imperial descent, confessed himself skeptical concerning what it was so important for him to prove—that the prestige of royal ancestry was of no value—and also showed that the taunts of the magnates of Europe, to whose level he had raised himself, had not found him impervious, so it is a strange fact of history that its pages have seldom offered a character so much above the common-place, unreasoning method of guaging the amount of manhood in one, that it was not sensitive to being the founder of a dynasty rather than an hereditary prince; the head of a family, rather than a part of the dragging trail. There are some that assert this in calm, reasoning moments, but feeling will at times in some form make its confession of veneration for glory of ancestry. This universal action of the principle proves it implanted of Heaven, and hence it has its purpose. Is it not a hedge about us, to aid us in guarding ourselves for the sake of posterity? But alas! in its action do we not too often forget that it is more blessed to *give* than to *receive?*

Cosmo and Lorenzo dè Medici were in this sense the *givers* of their family, and how amply they gave is proved by the power of the name they bore, to inspire respect in Florence for a long line of weak Grand Dukes, until there were no more Medici to rule, is shown by the frequent mingling of the blood of those Dukes when rulers of a territory of 150

* *Vide* Sismondi's (unabridged) History of Italian Republics.

miles by 100 in extent only, with that of the sovereigns of Europe; as France and Spain also attest, by receiving to their fastidious arms queens who derived their claim to the position from being of the Medici family.

The Palace of the Medici, in the time of Lorenzo, from the influences descending to him and those emanating from him, becomes a focal point to the speculative historian, to which the great ideas of the present civilization may be traced, and which, from its relations to the ancient Grecian and the present thought, may be considered the great hostelrie of the historical route.

The acorn of the wayside, which but imperfectly serves the children in their play as cup and saucer, becomes great as we regard it with a thought of the oak comprehended within it, and follow out the possibilities of that oak; the ship, hence commerce; the house, hence home; the blazing hearth, and hence its dearest cheer. Let us with the same true estimate scrutinize the embryo influences in the palace of Lorenzo, as we sit under the shadow of their full growth; nor need we hesitate to point out a crooked branch that might have been differently inclined had it been differently bent in the twig.

A group of figures, each distinct from its strong individuality, presents itself. Somewhat in the background, not immediately apparent, like great causes in nature, but the mover of all, sits Lorenzo. But one step removed from the democracy, and even yet the leader of the popular party, and yet whom the kings of the time address in correspondence as "Magnifice Vir."*

He is thoughtful, but his eye lights occasionally at the sallies of wit that flash around him, and a reply, racy and pointed, drops from his lips, but seemingly a mere chance bubble from the deeper flow of thought beneath. His black hair flows long at the sides of his face; his deep forehead has crowded the lower features into so small a space, that they look diminutive, and seem to express the entire subserviency of his other nature to the workings of his reasoning brain.

Just behind him hangs the portrait of Cosmo, his grandfather.† It is that of an enfeebled old man with a turban on his head, his face as full of troubled anxiety as if he were indeed the "father of his country," and anxious for this offspring of his power. Lorenzo's friend Politiano sits near, and while he discourses learnedly of the reading of some Greek

* "Magnifice Vir, amice noster carissime," repeatedly begins Ferdinand, king of Sicily, to Lorenzo. *Vide* Letters of Lorenzo, in Appendix to his Life, by William Roscoe.

† See Litta's copy of Vasari's portrait.

phrase, his preponderance of nasal organ, his swelling eye, and an expression of irascibility, and a certain greatness of scholarship that implies a lack of the little perceptions of daily life, recall that he competed with the Greek Narulli unsuccessfully in Cupid's lists for the favor of the learned and charming Alessandra di Scala.*

He is also the tutor of Lorenzo's children, and historical grouping gathers them around him and their father. There is the dark-haired, dark-visaged, weak Pietro, (a fatal name in the family, it would seem,) who made his mark upon posterity only in forming the link connecting with Catherine, and thus with the evils she bore into France. Young Giovanni, the boy Cardinal, with his round, laughing face, is amusing himself by looking over the shoulder of a youth with a flushed cheek and flattened nose, who, as he reads from a folio copy of Dante, with a nervous, impatient action, strikes out on the broad margin the scenes depicted by the poet.† That round-faced boy afterwards performs High Mass in view of those same figures enlarged in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, for it is the future Leo X. and Michael Angelo that we see, each foreshadowing their future characteristics; the one his fondness for art, the other his power of representing it. The children collect about the youth, a pensioner upon their father's bounty, and attractive in spite of the flattened nose, a lasting memorial of the caustic wit that provoked the blow from Torregiano,‡ and he pictures for them, in terrible vividness, the writhing victims of Dante's Inferno. There is a girl of rare beauty, Maddalena, afterwards the mother of the Cardinal Francesco Cibo; her sisters Lucretia, afterwards Madonna Salviati, and Contesima, both mothers of Cardinals of Leo X., and their cousin Giulian, the son of Lorenzo's brother Guliano, who fell a victim to the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and whose son the generous Lorenzo has received to be educated with his children.

Other noble youths enter for the benefit of the unequalled instruction given here, among them Alexander Farnese,§ and in him, the third who afterwards wielded the spiritual

* See medals of the time; also, Litta's Famiglie celebri di Italia.

† Harford's Life of Michael Angelo, chap. iv., vol. 1.

‡ "In the literary contests between Politiano and Bartolomeo di Scala, there was attached to the side of Scala a young lady in the flower of youth and beauty's pride; his learned daughter Alessandra." "She was not only deeply read in the Greek and Latin classics; but wrote fluently the Latin, and replied to an epigram which Politiano (her devoted admirer) addressed to her in Greek in the same language. Hapless Politiano * * * * * * she married the Greek Michael Marulli." Politiano also speaks in his letters of her able performance of the Electra of Sophocles, in a representation at Florence.

§ Vasari's Life of Michael Angelo.

sceptre of the world in the Vatican, that imbibed his early ideas among these influences, supervised by Lorenzo. Perhaps this common course of ideas, and the familiarity of their boyhood, rendered more bitter the rivalries of Giulian dè Medici and Alexander Farnese in their two close contests for the pontificate: one, after the death of Leo X., also a playmate of their youth; one, after the death of Adrian VI., whose extreme age had commended him to Giulian for nomination as a means of a short postponement of the decision.*

These are some of the minds that formed the leverage with which Lorenzo influenced the whole course of civilization. With the Greek thought as a fulcrum, he seemed to have solved the problem of Archimedes, and found a place from which to move the world. But Lorenzo had able aids. The learned Greek Marsiglio Ficino; his tutor, the accomplished scholar and politician, Poggio; the erudite and positive Politiano; the miller's son, who, through his attainments in scholarship, became entitled to nobility and obtained the golden spur. Bartolomeo di Scala, and the brilliant Pici di Mirandola, who challenged the world in scholarship at twenty-three,† now, softened by the bitterness that the shafts of envy had produced, drawn by his love of letters and love of Lorenzo to settle at Florence; and whose broad nature could sympathize with both the elegance of Lorenzo's classic tastes and studies, and with the Christianity of the forceful, earnest preacher, Savanarola; the Greeks Agyropylus and Chalcondyles, and Landino, of a culture so broad, as to be able to follow Dante in his erudition, and explain his fulness to his wondering admirers, suggest the tone of the circle that surrounded him. It is difficult to select among the numerous results of the great thoughts merged into the present civilization, which the zeal of these great men evolved in their studies and discussions in the Medicean palace. But the alluring smile of the beauty that hovered over the dawn of the sixteenth century irresistibly invites a first attention. It took birth from the Medicean palace; all its features betray its parentage. The perception of the probable influence of the "*epos* of the ancient world" upon civilization, that led Cosmo to have Marsilio Frano educated and an income supplied to him, that, relieved from the *cura vivendi*, he might devote himself wholly to propagating the theories of Plato; that led him to keep agents out in search of the manu-

* Ranke's History of the Popes.

† In 1486, when he was but twenty-three, he astonished the learned world by putting forth nine hundred propositions upon points of dialectics, physics, mathematics, metaphysics, theology, and morals, with a challenge to discuss them publicly with any opponent. None took up the gauntlet, * * * but he was assailed by the shafts of calumny and envy.—*Harford.*

scripts of the early authors, and to purchase them at any price; that led Lorenzo to institute his gardens, to found the Platonic Academy, and to bring under its influence youths, of whatever nation or rank, in whom his keen perceptions detected talent—had revealed to the age the Platonic idea of beauty. Through the Phædrus and Banquet, they had become fascinated with his theories; that the divine is the beautiful; its perception, a remembrance of a perfection long before known, and lost, alas! that love was a desire for the beautiful, till they clothed every expression of Grecian æsthetic thought with something of Plato's fascination for them, and the Greek antique became the glory of the art of the time.

That the Medici's influence upon art did not rest in these general teachings is at once apparent when we remember that Michael Angelo,* both as artist and scholar, was their creation. The condescension with which Lorenzo conciliated the pride of the father, Buonarotti, who indignantly retorted to Lorenzo's proposal, that his son should study sculpture from the Grecian models in the Medicean gardens: "Shall one in whose veins flows the blood of the Counts of Canossa become a stone-mason?"† shows at once his appreciation of the youth and one secret of Lorenzo's universal success. Once admitted as a member of that household, he was fired with the enthusiasm for Plato—imbued with the spirit of letters—and became the learned Michael Angelo. The admiration for Dante, whose great poem, forming so suggestive a link between the old world and the new, was well fitted to fix the attention of those Grecists, amounted to almost a passion in the mind of the artist, who, from his nature, could but delight in the character of those distinct word-pictures of the poet.

In it we recognize the early suggestion of the Last Judgment, and hence the rise of the period which that picture marked‡ in art. All Italy made pilgrimage to Rome to see it—"I went from Venice," says Vasari—"while we regard it now as little more than a mass of well-exercised muscle, with little or no sentiment, the figures of the saints looking as if they had indeed saved themselves by works, the powerful physical development of the angels suggesting a greater exertion of muscle from their lack of wings," (only in his annunciation has Michael Angelo given wings to his angels.) Yet we may read in it a pleasant record of that early love for Dante which the conversation in the house of the Medici excited in the youth, a result of his

* His taste for both music and poetry was fostered beneath his patron's roof.—Ginquéne, cap. 20.

† Mrs. Jemison's Life of Michael Angelo.

‡ It introduced the anatomical style of painting.

frequent companionship with that folio edition, with Landino's commentary, on whose broad margins he left speaking comments of his own in an artist's handwriting. He painted it, too, in his old age, when his early memories would come thronging back upon him. Perhaps to these early memories of the time when he and Alexander Farnese drew instruction from the same source, it is due that when Time had swept most of that coterie away, and left these—one the wary, politic Paul III., and one the proud, irritable, but far-famed Michael Angelo—that the stubborn artist yielded his consent to execute this work, rather than to the honor of the suit of the Pope, tendered in person, with his retinue of cardinals. Is there not within it, too, an expression parallel with that of his later sonnets, when his beautiful friendship for Vittoria Colonna turned him from his wanderings with the Grecian sage to the lowly manger of Bethlehem?

While painting the Mother of Christ he always knelt in deep reverence. He sought inspiration in the prayer which preceded his work. Hence he never changed anything, saying it would be sacrilege, as it had been prompted of God. The beauty of the Greek inspiration now superseded this direct communication with God. The perfect acceptance which we yield to Michael Angelo's sonnet, while we look upon the other practice as that of a superstitious mind, beautiful though it be in its pureness and simplicity, testifies that we are still under the influence of the change then wrought by the Medici; that, however dear we may hold the Christ in our feeling and reason, it is not the age that confesses him as did Fra Angelico and his times. Then the simplest business transaction, from the buying of the daily garlic to the purchase of an estate, implied such confession in the image and superscription upon the coin returned for value received. Not only the blessing asked at the baptismal font, but the name bestowed, (not sacrilegiously, as reverence was intended, as Salvatore and Maria, given even to males, and Maddalene, so much had His forgiveness and love raised the outcast, that to bear the name of her whom the Pharisee would have cast out had become an honor,) avowed the point to which all thought turned. Even their amusements seemed to have no significance unless they alluded to the great event to which ages before had turned prospectively, and ages now were turning retrospectively; and as life previous to it had been filled with prefiguring types, so was that succeeding filled with multiplied reflexes of it. Since the Almighty had shown his approval of the types by requiring them and condescending to direct them in minutest detail, must we not infer that these voluntary memorials of that wonderful

birth and life could not have been displeasing to him? As late as when Lorenzo entertained the Duke of Milan, during his visit to Florence, they might have lacked the reverential spirit, perhaps; and when it is recorded that Santa Croce took fire upon this occasion from the flames used to represent the descent of the Holy Spirit, the feeling of the present age exclaims, "A righteous judgment." But in how devout a spirit these mysteries had been performed we know, since the earnest, humble and loving St. Francis of Assise superintended the representation of an Adoration of the Magi;* and it was now, by the means of such spectacles, that the reforming Savanarola sought to stay, and did stay, the onward tendency of the Pagan feeling produced by the revival of the classic thoughts. Our form-rejecting Protestant ideas do not shrink from those pic-nics for which he planned generally a celebration of some scene in Christ's life, or in that of a saint, by which he might infuse a holiness into the thoughts of the youth. "When they walked into the country," says Burlamacchi, "they reposed in some shady place in the strong heat of the day, and after a slight repast the father prior read a little to them from the sacred Scriptures, and then they would all gather around him and beg of him an explanation of what had been read. Sometimes a circle would be formed by his directions, and one of them would be placed in the midst and made to represent some saint of pure and holy life, and *Laude* would be sung in praise of the child Jesus."

Where now have we such confessions of the faith that is in us? In our fear that we may put the sign for the thing signified, (should it be greater than the fear that from no sign we might infer no signification?) there are left to us barely the spires, that point us heavenward. There is little expression in our daily outward life of the remembrance of the incarnation of the *Great Forgiveness* of God. The mind inclined to glance at causes may often thrill with deepest thankfulness in the sense that the entire structure of things is due to that; man may stop, and with a quick, tremulous praise, think that to that he owes the dear exchange of free, equal friendship with woman; that to that, woman, respected, loved, revered, owes her existence; but it has dropped away from the naming of our household jewels, (unless it lingers in the perpetual charm of the word Mary), dropped out of our amusements; business and judicial transactions scarcely recognize it. Reason has jostled faith, and the timid maiden has shrunk away. That this reasoning age might have come, must have come

* Life of St. Francis, by Mrs. Jemison, also by Allan Butler.

without the agency of the Medici, is undoubtedly true, but perhaps not when it did. Resuscitation of the ancient civilization had been attempted in the fourteenth century, and failed. There was lacking in that movement both the material and moral sinews, which the Medici now supplied. Certain it is, that without them it would not have been so rapid, as general, or have occurred under the same combination of influences. They did not wholly create the tendency towards it, but they strained to the utmost their full-nerved power to develop that tendency, and, required a result, and given a capacity to attain it; the issue lies in the development, or stifling of that capacity.

It was not alone by Michael Angelo that this great artistic movement was made at that period, or by the other artists that flocked to the gardens of Lorenzo, filled with Pagan deities and expression of Pagan thought. A deeper cause of change was reached; the *judges* of art were imbued; the general taste was paganized, as infected with the reasoning tendency; the patrons of art demanded such art; the demand created the supply,* and the pure Christian art, so long before developed and preserved by the Church, was changed.

The antique alone had charms; so great were these, that looking over what had become to the Christian nation the symbolism of love, beautiful motherhood, and beautiful motherhood under the highest condition; these of the humble life at Nazareth, they, those that were gliding away from the church influence, again adopted the Venus and Cupid of the Greek as its expression. The gods came back to rule the realm of taste, at least. Savanarola's reproachful sermons show how sacrilegiously this burst upon the Christian mind that was wholly turned towards the light in Bethlehem, and also how powerful a counteracting influence this tendency overcame in its onward sweep. Savanarola, as he came from his devout contemplation of Fra Anglico's pure pictures, in the Convent of San Marco, "the sweet wild-flowers of Italian religion and poetry," they have been called—records of prayer, we might consider them—was shocked at the substitution of the Pagan element, and their regular practices that crept in when once the barrier of reverence for the previous forms of art had been removed by the reasoning element.

The grand *auto da fé* made of their studies of the nude, by a large portion of the artists of Florence, Lorenzo de Crede, Bartolomeo della Porta and others, upon the next Carnival, shows that his power averted for a time the tendency, although Lorenzo himself composed mythologico-burlesque songs for

that very carnival.* The regard for Savanarola was "like a delirium" among artists, says Vasari. It was, however, but the effort of one against the age. His loving converse with the youths of Florence, that left them in a spiritual exaltation; the feeling that caused the exclamations, "Let others celebrate in song the charms of all the neighboring Venuses; for us the task is to devote the solemn strains of psalmody to the severe doctrine of truth;" and the more devotional ones, "Giesu doke!" "Signor di Signori!" "Virgine bella!" could not withstand the tendency.

The revival of classical learning, combined with the greater technical skill developed, and the greater patronage of art, formed the pivot upon which the character of art swung from the Medieval, based on spiritual exaltation, and all typical of heaven, to the Modern, based on self-knowledge, intellect, and sensuous with Pagan beauty, yet occasionally touched into higher lights by a lingering of the gentle spirit of the earlier Christian art. Knowledge of form, grace of outline, perception of material beauty, or at most working of intellect, at the expense of religious art, which dealt with emotions and thoughts, the highest of which the human mind is capable, was the result; a result brought about by the influence of Cosmo and Lorenzo dè Medici; especially the latter, in upholding the classic influence, and developing the reasoning, in opposition to the scriptural subjects of thought, and the unquestioning faith taught by the church in the previous centuries.

It would seem that in the plan of divine wisdom, the sixteen centuries during which the world had remained in that state of grateful wonder into which it had been led by the appearance of the Deity, had so imbued it with the Christian element, that it was ready for the intermingling of the old civilization; that Greece might now perform the "mission of beauty" which philosophical historians have assigned as her work in the perfection of the human race; that now that historical stratum, the Platonic thought and philosophy, over which the growth of centuries had accumulated, was to perform its office in forwarding the onward course of civilization. The undue avidity with which it was seized upon was perhaps necessary, in man's imperfect nature; the result, the broad daylight in which we stand, shows that God worked not imperfectly. None seemed to escape its influence; not even the gentle-minded pupil of Perugino, though deeply imbued with the spirit that had linked in the hills of Umbria, since the birth of St. Francis there had rendered it a moral Orient, as Dante says,

* Brown's Life of Savanarola.

" Between Tupino and the wave that falls
From blest Ubaldo's chosen hill, there hangs
Rich slope of mountain high, whence heat and cold
Are wafted through Perugia's eastern gate:
* * * * * *
* * * * Upon that side
Where it doth break its steepness most, arose
A sun upon the world, as duly this
From Ganges doth; therefore let none, who speak
Of that place, say Assisi; for its name
Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled."
CARY'S *Trans. Par.*, Can. xi.

Or, as Dante has it in the original,

" Ma oriente se proprio dir vuole."

A spiritualism which came legitimately to him in his descent as an artist from Fra Angelico and Gentile da Fabriano, whose names, *Il Beato* and *Gentile*,* each equally appropriate, the one to the monk, the other to the knight, perpetuate the odor of sanctity which surrounded them in the hearts of the emotional Italians. Raphael, through the influence of his most constant patron, a Medici, Leo X., and thus, we might say, while expressing the artistic thought of the Christian Church, caught the infection. He, whose first years had been filled with a predilection for the Christian symbolism of love, as the gentle Madonnas of his early creation suggest, was now dazzled by a glimpse of the Grecian Aphrodite beyond, and he was pleased to tell the tale over and over, (as in the Farnesina,) of Cupid's mastery of the gods, and the Capella Chigrana of Santa Maria del Popolo, shows how he mingled thoughts of the Gods of Greece in the great fiat of the creation. Perhaps his subtile perceptive powers kept always before him the prophetic thought of the Madonna, which was implied in the Aphrodite, as it had been in the Egyptian Isis and Horus, the Astarte of the Assyrians, and the Scythian Frega. Perhaps in that impressive form of the creation (in old style, though on the verge of the Copernican system,) he deemed it sufficient reverence, that all the gods await in awe the command of the Almighty, enthroned in the Grand Empyrean above, ere they impel their crystal orbs, each by a separate impulse, and at the same time by his quick sense of beauty and truth relieved the awkwardness in which the Eudoxian theory would involve

* In tracing the lives of the artists of Italy, the quickness with which the Italians embodied some characteristic of the artist in the name which became generally applied to him, is a striking feature. Thus, the Gentile Fabriano; nor can all the gentle courtesy and refined chivalry which the epithet has in the original be fully rendered. Perhaps courteous, in its fullest meaning, expresses it best. There was, too, *Masaccio*, the uncouth Thomas, Il Beato, another *sobriquet* for Fra Angelico, and later, Parmagianino, the diminutive added to the name of his birthplace, to express the general favor with which that artist was regarded.

him, by making all impulses spring from one.* At least let us accept the suggestions of his last artistic thought, the Transfiguration, in which, amid the troubles of earth, symbolized by the maniac and the sorrow of the Father and the inability of the disciples to aid, we are, by the prominent figure pointing thither, directed to the calm serene on the mount above, where the glory of Christ, and of those whom his favor rendered like him, is seen, as a confession of the artist that he, like Michael Angelo, learned at last that the purity Christ gives it the highest beauty.

The more reasoning tendency of the age, also an element of Raphael's development, the Grecian beauty and the early imbuing of spirituality when he was practising the art of the church, united to make him pre-eminently the artist of *thought* and *grace*. The deep significance and beauty of his meanings will oblige all ages to concede this to him, if we all become pre-Raphaelites.

But not only is the tendency of Raphael's works due to the thoughts developed in the quaint high-walled home of the Medici at the crossing of two streets in Florence,† but is it not equally to the elegant tastes and liberal patronage of merit which the young Giovanni learned in that home that we owe Raphael himself? Would not his poetic soul have missed its constant flow of inspirition had he lacked the golden opportunity offered by Leo's patronage? Would he have wielded the influence he did had not the walls of the Vatican been assigned to him, that he might thereon first make and ever after publish his fame? Not only was his talent developed by that patronage, but he was placed in a position to exert great power upon the succeeding period.‡

* Lewis Grüner has given with most delicate and accurate colorings this conception of the Creation by Raphael, in a folio volume. The Capella Chigrana of Santa Maria del Popula is to be seen at Astor Library. It impresses us under the Copernican system, as coming from a different historical strata. The Eudoxian theory of the transposed spheres for each planet, and another for the fixed stars, and the tutelary divinity to guide each in its movement through space, are represented in great beauty of conception. Each is watching for the fiat of the Almighty who is enthroned above, and all with such animation and earnestness of expression, that one instinctively holds the thought suspended waiting for the command to be given and the wheels of creation to move on. His introduction with each planet of the heathen divinity of that name, while it illustrates the point under consideration, is also another element of the poetry of the conception. When one sees the planet Jupiter supreme of the Olympian Mount, grand with the majesty of his bearing—his grand thunder-bolts grasped convulsively—one reads, whether the artist intended it or not, an angry discontent at being subordinate to the Christian's God.

One more instance will sufficiently illustrate the poetry of the Greek. On the planet Mars, that fiery god of war is represented with characteristic impetuosity. The tutelary divinity of that orb, waiting upon the outside of the crystalline sphere for the command to move, bends over to curb the impatience of the whilom god, and restrain him from bringing discord into the harmony of the spheres.

† See Life of Lorenzo, by Roscoe, chap. viii.

‡ See Passvant's Life of Raphael; also Roscoe's Life of Leo X., *passim;* also Dr. Hughe's Italian Schools of Art, 1 vol., chap. ii.

The Medici thus, by the power of their wealth and influence of their intellect, lifted the world till it commanded a view of that far-off speck, the Greece of Plato; white with its marbleized conceptions of the gods; noble with its realizations of human beauty; beautiful in all human attainments of liberty, art and reason; but cold, for it lacked the lightnings of the divine love; and this, too, was touching with its radiance all the landscape that lay between. But the colder beauty charmed nevertheless. That glimpse gave character to the art of the sixteenth century, directing its aim to the ideal beauty which the pre-Raphaelites now combat. It changed, also, the nature of the subjects represented by art. It created the Raphaelesque period; and how continued, and how great an influence it has wielded through that, the necessity for the lengthy defence by John Ruskin of the first pre-Raphaelites attests.

An epitome of illustration and proof of this is furnished in the one act of rebuilding St. Peter's. The ancient pile, hallowed by the religious associations of the world, around which the veneration of ages had accumulated, was now demolished; and for what? That there might be a place of sufficient size to hold the sarcophagus of Julius II., that Michael Angelo had planned; but also to gratify the ambition of the architect to "hang the Pantheon in the air." The metropolitan church of Christendom was to be remodelled after the plan of the temples of antiquity: the grave of St. Peter was to be surmounted by an imitation of the temple to all gods.

Since the art of a people is an expression of their highest culture, the blossom of their civilization, as it is the feeling evolved from their knowledge put into form, showing that the tendencies of the art of that period arose through the agency of the Medici, implies their influence in all other departments. And when, in accordance, we see how modern literature received its impress, no less than art, from the comprehensive plans whose wise development and liberal execution occupied their leisure from the cares of government, from the tastes engendered and the rivalries entered upon by that literary circle, the wave of influence seems to buffet us in its strength, rather than to grow less perceptible in its widening circle.

When we take pleasure in the elegant classicism of our favorite authors, or follow them in suggestive allusion, sipping honey from the fragrant thyme-flowers of the past, or stand strong in a thought because we see it rooted in the early strata of humanity, imagination interposes on arrival at the shores of the Arno. The Orient has consigned a cargo of her spicy yieldings and brilliant hues to the Medici merchants. But from amid the myrrh and frankincense a more delicate aroma

floats out, and as it pervades the air we perceive that it is allied to that which has settled down upon our library shelves, and rises so gratefully oftentimes when we disturb them. Securely stowed away in the stronghold of the ship is the morsel from which it emanates. Lorenzo waits not for the unlading, but seizes upon it eagerly, and the "crooked-beaked, full-eyed" Politiano* peers into it, his keen sense of delight betraying the significance of every character to him as he appropriates it for a first examination. The courteous† Pico of Mirandola steps gracefully forward, and cordially shaking the hand of Lorenzo, congratulates him upon his acquisition. Let us accept with Lorenzo the congratulation, as we cast again an affectionate glance at our friends on the library shelves, for it is a representative one of the many manuscripts preserved to us by the care of Lorenzo and his agents.

It suggests Cosmo's private library, grown into the Laurentian by such arrivals, the San Marco adding a sweeping circlet of rays to the nucleus left by Nicholas Nicoli.‡ Ah! dignitaries of the great past, to whose intimacy we are thus vouchsafed an approach, as we pass an arm through that of your revered Cicero, and in pleasant converse contemplate the joys that old age may yield, nay, follow with reverent steps to the immortality which a human reason evolves in the kaleidoscope that rapid thought turns before us one of the most distinct of its groupings is that of Poggio, Lorenzo, Ficino, Scala, Politiano, and the amateur Pico of Mirandola, collecting manuscripts, reasoning with each other, consulting authorities with regard to the genuineness of a line, the accuracy of a word. As we follow in awe and "non equis passibus," Virgil disappearing into Hades, and are enabled thus to look through Dante's thought to its suggestion, we remember that in the Medicean Palace grew the golden bough that secured a passage to that Plutonian shore. When with Horace we sip the Falernian, after wandering "integer" over Mt. Lucretiti's; or perceive, in a journey to Brundusium, that canal-drivers were as passionate, profane a species of the *genus homo* when they swore by the many gods, as they are now when they swear by the great Triune; or that the denarius was as almighty then as the dollar is now, as the hope of it could energize even Italian mendicant muscle to keep equal pace with the chariot; or that

* See the medals of the period.

† "A striking example of profound learning, in union with the high bearing and ease of a perfect gentleman, was daily before the young artist in the person of Giovanni Pico, Prince of Mirandola."

‡ It is well known that Cosmo di Medici paid the debts for which the books of Nicholas Nicoli were to be seized, and making additions to them, formed the library of San Marco.—Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, by Roscoe, chap. i.

the lover then sang to his mistress's eyebrow, whereas when once united to her by the bonds of law he might sell her, soul and body, for a song; or wish that over-exercised politicians might now, as then, find a recreation (with a difference) under the influences of Pan, we are conveyed by association to the villas on the slopes of Fiesole, or to Lorenzo's more distant one of Poggio-Cajano, (whose name has an aroma of respect to learning in it,) with those who resuscitated Horace to his modern life. Politiano writes to Ficino: "Wandering beyond the limits of his own plantation, Pico sometimes steals unexpectedly upon my retirement, and draws me from my shade to partake of his supper. What kind of supper that is, you know; sparing indeed, but neat, and rendered grateful by the charms of his conversation."* A symposism indeed! The frugal repast was undoubtedly a feast worthy of the gods. If that which filled their minds was here discussed, they must have revelled in the beauties of Plato, sported with the highest result of human thought, unaided by revelation. If Lorenzo dropped in upon them, as was his wont, we can easily see how their rural surroundings would have led in the blind Homer to discourse of the "corn-giving land,"† which Ulysses kissed after long absence at sea; of the test of identity which made the old Laertes faint upon his neck, as he spoke of the fifty rows of vines, and the corn growing between, which he had given him as his own when a boy; for notwithstanding Lorenzo's artistic eye, his deep practical sense made the lands beautiful in his eyes for their vine-growing, and corn-giving, and wood-yielding, and general subserviency to the uses of humanity, as they were in those of the imagination of the old blind poet, beauty-loving Grecian though he was. But it was the perfection of human beauty that the Greek loved, and other things as they contributed to this end. Their artistic expression is that of human perfection of beauty. Lorenzo's showed perceptions of the highest good attainable in any measure, and direct aim for it would have rendered him deeply sympathetic with the Greek thought in this respect, the subserviency of all to human advancement. It did. He became the great head of the modern period characterized by the prominence given to man and man's reason. He appropriately renewed at these villas‡ the observance of Plato's birthdays. He, the "Magnificent" Lorenzo, by adopting him, made Plato the fashion, and, through him, the cognate authors of the old civilization. We see this running a *furor* through Italy, coming directly through the

* Pol. Ep., lib. x., Ep. 14. † Od., v. 398. ‡ Roscoe.

scholars of his gardens (Sinacre, Grocyn and Collet)* to England, and renewing there the war of the Greeks and Trojans,† as Sir Thomas More termed them, and their opposers, and lighting an enthusiasm in Germany till even the names, and that of the most serious men of the age, must be Grecized or Latinized to be sufficiently elegant for the new taste, and the Schwarzherd becomes the Melanethon of the Reformation. Gerard first Desiderius, and then the Greek Erasmus, Colomb, became Colombus; and this in men whose piety would have led them to respect the Scripture naming which had preceded. Colombus, indeed, named the two portions of land first discovered for the Saviour and Virgin. As if the researches made by Lorenzo's and Cosmo's agency were too important for the slow process of the old era, printing stepped in, and, with Briarian arms, scattered the results to the world. In this, as in many other instances, the most fortunate combination of circumstances seemed to favor them. This is common to the earnest worker. It would seem as if Lorenzo had had a prescience of that instrumentality to be introduced, and had worked with reference to it. It was a result of these labors, at least, that located some of the earliest publications at Florence. Printing naturally went where there was matter to be published.

So the influence spread until almost every university of Italy had attached to it a professorship of the Platonic philosophy; and the language of the Bible was too harsh until it was changed to the classic phraseology, and the gentle words *forgiveness of sin* were rendered more acceptable under the form, "the bending of the Manes." But Lorenzo built better than he knew, when he founded that Greek Academy, at Florence, and imbued his household, and, through it, the age with that philosophy. He introduced the three agencies that wrought well at last; but in religion, poisoned first, to heal afterwards.

The sympathy with Pagan mythology, the insidious corruption of the religious belief by the similar, yet differing, Platonic tenets, and the reasoning spirit introduced thereby, wrought issues of which he never dreamed. When Cosmo died listening to the Summum Bonum of Plato,‡ "that he might know how to attain to man's highest good," as he said, he had no view of the *summum bonum* that his influence was working out for the race.

While suggestions of the influences still circling from

* Giraboschi, vol. vi., part ii., page 332; edit. Roma, 4to, 1784.

† "Cave a Græcis ne Hereticus fias," was the watchword of the "Trojans," or good Catholics, who withstood the influence of the Pagan classics.

‡ The De Partu Virginis.

that palace might content, civil law, with its train of attending benefits, clamors loudly to be heard—and the Pandects of Justinian, still in the Laurentian Library, attest the justice of their claim. They had suggested the study and practice of law, that had fallen into disuse since the ravages of the barbarians, and thus, it is true, become the foundation of the present civil law, long before Lorenzo possessed them, when first discovered at Smalfi; but through his care, this connecting link with the old Roman jurisprudence is preserved to us. We have the proof that we still hear echoing in the security of our streets, and in the quiet of our homes, the old Roman idea of order and justice, and we add our respect. After the manner of our times, invisible, intangible, spiritual, as we hear it related that the magistrates of Pisa, where these were once deposited, respectful after the manner of their times, visited them monthly, and stood in their presence, holding lighted tapers, and with bare feet and uncovered heads. The artist could find no more suggestive picture of history, than the white-haired Christern of Denmark, fresh from the glitter and show of his reception at Milan, holding reverently in one hand this transmission of the perception of human right, from one historical stratum to another, and in the other, the mission of Divine love to all historical eras. "These," exclaimed he to Lorenzo, after requesting to see the Pandects of Justinian, and the Greek manuscript of the Evangelists, "These are the true riches of a sovereign."*

The brilliant period of the sixteenth century, when foreign diplomacy became the distinguishing feature of governments, when Charles V. and Francis I. played against each other on the great chess-board of Europe, and Henry VIII. occasionally interposed a pawn, or the insidious leap of a knight to preserve in a measure the balance of power, had had its prototype in the Italian peninsula of the previous century, and the origin of preserving the balance of power is ascribed to the comprehensive mind of Lorenzo.†

The rival sovereignties of Italy he managed as others manage individuals. But he wielded this power for securing the best interests to each, and peace to all. He seemed a grand curator of nations. Lorenzo was on a level with our own age, in his perceptions of the relations of peace to the attainments of the race. He took no part in developing a martial spirit or the arts of war, nor had he the ambition of a conqueror; but seemed to have the modern idea, that governments which maintain that relation of power which keeps active a whole-

* Roscoe. † *Vide* Guicciardini and Roscoe.

some fear towards each other, and thus preserves a unity of the constituent elements of each, and at the same time develops its activities, are conducive to the highest attainments. The fearlessness of predominating power, and the fearfulness of weakness, alike work their evils. The first we are ourselves sadly proving now.

The sovereigns of France and Naples acknowledged his power, and implied their faith in his use of it, by appealing to him as mediator in their affairs. The Sultan had such respect for his name, that he sent back to him, unasked, those who had attempted his life in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and had thus fled for security beyond the limits of Christendom.* When, in the war resulting from this, it was openly avowed that it was against him individually, and not against Florence that they warred; and in the defence of him which Florence maintained, and that, too, during the prevalence of pestilence and famine, he takes the prominent position of being contested for by nations, a rare instance of history; is it not the only one where no national rights or privileges were involved?

His bold and novel policy when the result proved unfortunate to the Florentines, places him, at the early age of thirty, among the first of statesmen, (as he was already among the first of scholars,) in the three characteristics—the power to touch at once the hinge upon which results turn, ability to devise means of turning them as he wished, and the attainment of so high a stand-point, that in the broad sweep of the views he took, his individual good was lost in that of the State. Whatever he might have done afterwards, he did this when he betook himself secretly from Florence, and threw himself into the power of the King of Naples. The Senate wept when too late to prevent the step; they heard his letter, announcing his intention, recited in their presence. He wrote, "Should the result be favorable to my wishes, I shall rejoice in having obtained peace to my country, and security to myself. Should it prove otherwise, my misfortunes will be alleviated by the idea that they were requisite for my country's welfare; for if our adversaries aim only at my destruction, I shall be in their power; and if their views extend further, they will then be fully understood."† Though of such importance, he had no title; he styles himself in this letter a private citizen of Florence. But it was only a natural result that control should fall where Nature had so amply bestowed ability to wield it.

But alas! while the control was inherited, the capacity was not. While the Florentines could recognize in Lorenzo the

* Sismondi, History of Italian Republics.
† Letters of Lorenzo.

natural sovereign of them all, Pietro was not to the manor born. Nature had not marked him with the insignia of sovereignty. There rests the dark spot on the memory of Lorenzo, that he should place the bit upon the republic, and so gather the reins that they must fall into the hands of his son. Florence's struggles finally yielded to the prestige of Lorenzo's name, and submitted to Grand Dukes because of that name, so strongly contrasted to him, that one Cosmo III., avaricious and ignorant, had, for his convenience, a mechanism so constructed as to bring the saint of each day of the year before him. Another's indolence prevented his rising or being dressed for the last thirteen years of his life.* The Count de Litta has collected the faces of them all from various sources, and given them to us in his folio volumes, with all the exquisite coloring of miniature. All are true, from the "father of his country" to the last degenerate duke. It is a gallery of infinite suggestion. The faces of Cosmo and Lorenzo, thoughtful and anxious, well befit the *builders*. We dwell upon that of Lorenzo, in whom, as midway between the two, the great-grandson of the one, and great-grandfather of the other, the strong contrasts of the democratic ancestor Giovanni, and the descendant, the arbitrary Queen Catherine, the daughter-in-law of France's most brilliant king, mother of the favorite queen of Philip II.; and these relations of choice speak far more than those of necessity; besides being the wife of one, and mother of three kings, and herself regent during their long minorities. The echo of the acclamations of the populace, that the aristocratic party of Florence had condescended to elect Giovanni, the father of Cosmo, the democratic leader, gonfaloniere of justice, seem here to mingle with the revelries of that gay court of France; the hum of the business of the tradesman's life of the ancestor, with the tramp of the twenty sumpter mules that bore the wedding presents of a queen from a pope, both the descendants of the family. How broad a nature it must have created, had one life compassed these extremes; the wider gamut of experience over which it stretched would have rendered it more ample than the fullest life limited to one sphere. Lorenzo's was perhaps an approximation to this, as similar contrasts were brought within his knowledge and sympathy. Raphael's Leo X. succeeds.

The face also speaks the good-natured patron, quickly perceptive of good in others. The faces of the weak, wicked and unfortunate pass, and the eye falls upon Catherine. As her career in France rises before us, with it again recurs the

* Memoirs of the House of Medici, 8vo. London.

question, "Is this the inheritance of Florence democracy? This the result of republican efforts?" Inquiry also demands the cause. No where does the theory of Buckle, that a compromising spirit has always been the successful element in history, find better illustration. Cosmo's and Lorenzo's first practice of it was the means of giving Catherine her vantage-ground; and she inherited all the astute policy of Lorenzo, and, like him, accomplished her objects not by the exactions of a high-handed power on the combats of an opposing force, but by gentle adaptings, compromisings, and waitings. When we think of her, a girl of thirteen, thrown into the intriguing Court of Francis I., surpassing in astuteness the most experienced of those courtiers, showing no wounded love or pride to an open rival in the affections of her husband, Diana de Poictiers, respectful to the neglected Queen Eleanora, obsequious to the royal favorite D'Etampes, guiding her course among the conflicting interests so as to offend none, but always making herself certain of the central power, the favor of the King, we may think that she shows her feminity only by the intensity with which she reproduces the diplomacy of Lorenzo. Remembering that she was accused of the poisining of the Dauphin, who stood between her and the throne, while yet in her teens, without following the deeds of her after-life, we again turn to the face of the young girl. She has not the black hair and flashing eye of the passionate Italian, but sunny hair and eyes of gentle blue,* and the face soft and fair; but it is in just such eyes and hair that the unflinching purpose lurks. The darker may flash into passion and perhaps annihilate one by a glance, but it is the lighter ones that see, and wait, and conquer in the end. The darker hues are emotional, but change and yield; the lighter colder, but persevering. The races show this. The great conquerors prove it—Alaric, Charlemagne; the female bearer of the shield and spear wound with the serpent symbol of wisdom. Minerva herself was cerulean-eyed. True she was ideal, but it proves what was the ideal of the Greek. Charles V. and Philip II., as they evolved their far-reaching schemes, twisted a yellow mustache upon the upper lip. This fair-haired girl wove a hue of black in the Medicean fame.

We pass on. Margaret of Parma, governess of the Netherlands, (masculine, because stamped with the likeness of her father, Charles V.,) appears with her royal lineage to grace the annals of the Medici. Then the beautiful and chaste Bianca Capello, suggesting constancy in adversity. Then

* "It is a singular fact," say the late papers of England, "that the winners of the prizes in the matches are blue-eyed."

meaningless faces, and we are left alone with Florence in the Val d'Arno, with its inheritance of beauty and thought, its Palazzo Buonarotti, its home of Americus Vespucius, its art and its *graves;* that of Cosmo marked by a simple slab, trodden by every passing foot; that of Lorenzo appropriately near, "Died in 1492"—without then knowing of the New World, whose civilization his agencies were to influence so greatly—without perceiving the beauty of the simple mechanism of the heavens as it exists in truth! He reached, however, the verge of these discoveries in the earth and the heavens. He had entered the penumbra towards the light. Toscanelli sent the chart and suggestions from Florence to Columbus in 1474, to which the admiral constantly referred in his voyage. And in a book printed at Paris in 1516, in Gothic characters, entitled "The New World and Voyages made by Americus Vespucius," there is a letter from him to Lorenzo. An idea, then, of our beautiful land, where republicanism was to take refuge, and build at its own sweet will long, and broad, and deep, after it had been startled three times from its nests in Europe, Athens, Rome and Florence, which it had softly and beautifully lined, had entered into his speculations, and no doubt the showy, boastful Americo was often a wonder-relating guest, and Tascanelli a delighted listener at his palace.

As we think, while lingering at his grave, of the wise policy and comprehensiveness of his plans, his generous action, and the grandeur of the result, the encomium we drop upon it forms itself into an echo of the title applied to him by the kings of his time, "*Magnifice Vir.*"

ART. IV.—1. *Fifteenth Annual Report of the Board of Directors of the Girard College for Orphans, for the Year* 1862.

2. *Ceremonies on the Inauguration of Richard Somers Smith as President of Girard College,* June 4, 1863.

3. *The Will and Biography of the late Stephen Girard.*

"HOLD no man to be a miser," says Confucius, "merely because he is anxious to accumulate wealth." The truth of this precept is strikingly illustrated by the life and character of Stephen Girard, who, although now justly ranked among the greatest benefactors of our race, was regarded in the midst of his prosperity, even by those who seemed to know him best, as

a cold, selfish man. It seems to have been the almost universal opinion that he loved money for its own sake; and it must be admitted that his conduct, however unimpeachable in a moral point of view, afforded some grounds for that impression. We have made it our business to learn all we could about his character and habits; but have failed to discover any instances in which he took any active part in works of charity or benevolence to individuals. We are assured, on the contrary, that those who exerted themselves most in behalf of the poor were timid in approaching him to solicit his contribution. His own kindred and connexions are said to have applied to him in vain for assistance, when his wealth knew no bounds. None knew his feelings or his sympathies. Even those engaged in business with him regarded him as inscrutable; but all bear testimony to his scrupulous honesty.

We are told that he refused a near relative for five dollars; and that in a few days after he contributed a large sum to save the credit of the national government, which had become much depressed during the war of 1812 with Great Britain.* In a similar spirit he advanced large sums to encourage internal improvements in his own state; and did so when others were afraid or unable to give assistance. But his motives were misinterpreted. Few, if any, would believe that the man who would not lose a dollar by his nearest relatives was actuated by no selfish feeling in advancing such large sums for the public good. In short, it was regarded as a matter of course that his object was merely to invest his money where he thought he could make most by it, and that he would have been equally ready to assist in replenishing the coffers of Austria or Russia, had he expected as large a per centage of gain from either.

A man of whom such an impression is entertained is seldom liked, even when sociable in his habits or agreeable in his manners. Nor can we blame those who disliked Girard. Appearances were entirely against him; nor did he take any pains to remove the suspicion—not to call it by a worse name—which they cast upon him. Conscious of his own rectitude, and satisfied that his conduct would one day vindicate itself, he was content to give the censorious their own way. It is not strange that a will like that of Girard, made under such circumstances, should have excited universal surprise, or that those who disliked him most when they regarded him as a selfish speculator, were now his most enthusiastic admirers. All acknowledged that there was a moral in the life of the great

* It seems that of a loan of $5,000,000, of which there was urgent need to carry on the war, only $20,000 could be negotiated; but when Girard was called upon to contribute, he subscribed the whole amount.

millionaire which should never be forgotten; and who will deny that however much they were mistaken in everything else, they were right in this. At the same time, it is true that there are still many who, on "second thought," incline to the opinion that even his great bequest for the benefit of orphans, incalculable good as it has already accomplished, was based upon selfishness—a morbid desire for pothumous fame, rather than any real solicitude for the fate of the destitute orphan. But this only shows that there is nothing so great, noble, and good, but it may be attributed by the evil-minded to the most unworthy motives. It should be borne in mind that there was scarcely a charitable institution in Philadelphia in his time to which he did not bequeath more or less. Thus: to the Pennsylvania Hospital he left $30,000; to the Orphan Asylum, $10,000; to the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, $20,000; to the public schools, $10,000; to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Masters of Ships, $10,000; to the City of Philadelphia, for the distribution of fuel to the poor every winter, $10,000; to the same, for improvement of its streets, buildings, &c., $500,000, &c., &c. If it be replied that all these sums were given not to individuals, but to the public, the same remark will scarcely apply to his humane conduct during the years 1797–8, when the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia with greater violence than it ever had before, or has since. We are told by his biographers that he not only gave liberal donations in money for the relief of the sufferers, but often preformed in person the duties of physician and nurse. For two months he superintended the hospital on Bush Hill, frequently performing for the patients the most disagreeable duties.

Probably in no other country in the world could such enormous wealth have been accumulated under similar circumstances as was that of Stephen Girard. It seems that he came to the United States from France, his native country, as a cabin-boy, in a merchant vessel. Whatever truth there may be in this, there is no question that he was very poor, if not entirely penniless, when he landed on our shores. For nearly a year he worked on the Delaware River as a fresh-water sailor. The money earned during this time was carefully laid up. Combined with the good character he had already acquired, it enabled him to become "first officer" of a vessel trading with New Orleans, of which, as he tells us himself, he subsequently became "master and part owner."

This enterprise does not seem to have proved very profitable, for it was soon abandoned; and the next position in which we find him is that of a grocer and liquor dealer in a small way. We are assured that the whole contents of his first grocery store were not worth twenty dollars, including

fixtures. But it is not the less true that he made not a little money as a grocer; so much, that in a few years he was enabled to engage pretty extensively in the business of a shipping merchant. That he was still more prosperous in this, is sufficiently evident from the fact that he was not long at it when he purchased a ship for himself, and in a few years became the most extensive ship-owner in Philadelphia, if not in this country.

Some believe that the largest portion of his immense wealth was made in this way;* although the more general opinion seems to be that he made it by banking. Be this as it may, as soon as he thought he had sufficient money to carry on the business, he lost no time in purchasing for his own private use the building that had been erected and used as the national banking-house during the continuance of the public charter of the first bank of the United States. During banking hours he would be sedulously at work; never speaking a word to an assistant or customer, except when it was absolutely necessary. Then as soon as the bank closed he hastened to his farm in the immediate neighborhood of Philadelphia, where, we are told, he worked until night as if his daily bread depended on the amount of labor he performed.

Although opinions differ as to some facts stated in this sketch, it is undoubtedly correct in the main, and as such it will aid the reader, hitherto unacquainted with the history of Stephen Girard, in appreciating the magnitude of the service which he has rendered, not only to those most in need of it, but to the public at large. The will by which Girard College has been founded is a remarkable document in itself; more so than any similar paper now extant, not excepting the will of Thomas Sutton, the famous London banker, who founded the Charter House; or that of George Heriot, the jeweller of King James the First, who founded the "Hospital for the Poor Fatherless Boyes" of Edinburgh.

After making bequests more or less liberal to several charitable institutions, to the cities of New Orleans and Philadelphia, amounting in all to some millions of dollars, Girard bequeaths, in trust to the common and select councils of Philadelphia, two millions for the erection and endowment of a

* It is believed by those who knew him best that he profited largely by the negro insurrection at St. Domingo. Two of his ships happened to be at one of the ports in the island when the disturbances first occurred, and several planters who were afraid of being robbed intrusted their treasures to the care of the captains; but there were several of them who never returned. A large amount of money which cost him nothing was thus brought to the coffers of Girard. He acknowledged himself that $30,000 remained in his hands; whether the sum was larger than this may well be doubted; although it is alleged that it amounted to upwards of two millions.

college for "Poor white male orphan children." He carefully tells us himself how he had been led to this conclusion. "I have been for a long time," he says, "impressed with the importance of educating the poor, and of placing them, by the early cultivation of their minds and the development of their moral principles, above the many temptations to which, through poverty and ignorance, they are exposed; and I am particularly desirous to provide for such a number of poor, male, white orphan children as can be trained in one institution, a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance, than they usually receive from the application of the public funds."

This noble resolution was all the more creditable to Girard from the fact that his own education was very limited, scarcely extending beyond the mere rudiments. Here, however, we have the secret of his having rather an objection to the study of the ancient languages, although he did not expressly prohibit them. At the same time it must be admitted that he prescribed quite an extensive course of study, when he directed that the orphans admitted into the college "shall be instructed in the various branches of a sound education, comprehending reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy, natural, chemical and experimental philosophy, the French and Spanish languages—(I do not forbid, but I do not recommend the Greek and Latin languages)—and such other learning and science as the capacities of the several scholars may merit or warrant. I would have them taught *facts* rather than *words* or *signs*." The common error with those who have not themselves studied the classic languages is, that they are but signs and words; and they undertake to prove the fact by reminding those of a different opinion that they are speaking of *dead* languages.

It is said that soon after Girard came to this country he began to study branches of education to which he had never paid any attention in his youth; but that he always confined himself, for the time being, to the study which his present business rendered most useful. In this manner, we are told, he studied navigation, astronomy, land surveying, geography, &c.; and we are further informed that he has recommended the study of no branch of which he did not know something himself, however little. There is no evidence that he knew anything of astronomy or "chemical and experimental philosophy," although it seems that he could read and speak, though but very imperfectly, both Spanish and Portuguese. As a reply to these objections, we are reminded that even in prescribing the form of the building for the college, he took care that almost every part of it should bear more or less resemblance to some

house of his own that he had either erected or purchased. Nor can it be denied that there is good foundation for this statement, since he gives all particulars in his will, even as to the materials, the dimensions, the staircases, the measure of the steps, both "in the rise" and "in the tread," generally referring to some favorite house or place of resort as the model by which he wished the architects to be guided. Thus he says:

"The windows of the second and third stories I recommend to be made *in the style of those in the first and second stories of my present dwelling-house*, North Water Street, on the eastern front thereof; and outside each window I recommend that a substantial and neat iron balcony be placed, &c., &c., *as is the case in the lower story of my house at my place in Passyank Township.*" Again: "At each place of entrance there shall be two gates, one opening inward and the other outward; those opening inward to be iron, *and in the style of the gates north and south of my banking-house*," &c., &c.

But whatever peculiar notions he entertained in regard to the materials and style of the College edifice, all who see it at the present day will admit that his plan was by no means a crude one. Those who have not had an opportunity of visiting the institution may be able to form some idea of the fact, when they understand that the main building, including the roof, is of white marble, and is one of the most graceful modern specimens of Greek architecture. Its outline is that of a Corinthian temple of the time of Pericles; its portico is one of the finest of the kind we have seen in Europe or America, ornamented as it is with thirty-four columns, each fifty-five feet high, and six feet in diameter. The large hall devoted to the library would remind the traveller of the spacious and magnificent saloons of the Louvre. The remains of the founder are deposited in a vault beneath the lower vestibule, surmounted by a marble statue, which is no mean specimen of modern sculpture. All the buildings belonging to the College are surrounded by a wall ten feet high. Within this inclosure there is an area of forty-one acres of good land, laid out in playgrounds, gardens, shrubberies, &c.

Another remarkable peculiarity in the will is, that it expressly excludes from the college clergymen of all denominations. "I enjoin and require," he says, "that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; *nor shall any such person be ever admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the said college.*" It has been inferred from this that Girard was an infidel, although he expressly disclaims all intention of "casting any reflection upon any sect or any person whatsoever;" and adds

the further explanation, that his sole object was to "keep the tender minds of the orphans free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce." This, however, did not satisfy the religious public when the will was first published. Many friends of orphans were unwilling to intrust them to the care of an institution from which the professional teachers of Christianity were excluded. It soon proved to be a groundless fear, however; and we believe that there are more pains taken at the present time than ever were before to have the great truths of the Christian religion fully impressed on every inmate of the college; a fact to which we may refer more particularly when we come to consider the practical working of the institution. The most charitable view that can be taken of the passage just quoted is, that it resulted from the fact that if Mr. Girard was in the habit of associating with clergymen of any denomination, either they were very bad specimens of what Christian ministers ought to be, or he formed a very incorrect opinion of them.

We do not mean, however, that this would justify the prohibition he has left on record against the ministers of religion. But we must remember that although Girard was undoubtedly a great philanthropist, he was human, and, as such, liable to error. This was a grave error, yet we must not condemn him for it. Let us rather hope that he did not mean what his words would naturally imply. That he was in favor of inculcating morality, at all events, admits of no question, since he reminds his executors that it is his "desire that all the instructors in the college shall *take pains to instil* into the minds of the scholars *the purest principles of morality*, so that on their entrance into active life they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry." Thus Girard enjoins the principles of Christianity while he excludes Christian ministers, which would seem to prove that he was opposed not to the Christian religion itself and the blessings which it confers, but to some *persons* who were its ministers only in name.

Having thus glanced briefly at the life and character of Stephen Girard, we now proceed to see to what extent has his princely and noble bequest for the benefit of "poor, white, male orphan children" been carried into practical effect. To the two millions for the erection and endowment of the college, already referred to, the testator adds the right of claiming the income of residuary funds, should it become necessary, amounting, even when the will was made, to within a small fraction of four millions, but now probably to over five millions. This renders it the wealthiest of all similar establishments in the world, with,

perhaps, the sole exception of the London Blue Coat School, which is not the gift of any one individual, but consists of the combined contributions of several of the wealthiest and most munificent of the British monarchs.

Although we have always entertained a high opinion of Girard College, and have visited it several times within the last seven years, we found we could not until recently form any adequate idea of the amount of good annually accomplished by the institution. While visiting Philadelphia a week or two since, it was our good fortune to be introduced to the President of the Board of Directors, (Hon. Richard Vaux,) who, in his own courteous and persuasive way, insisted on our visiting the College. It was in vain we urged that our time in the city was limited, that we had seen the institution before at different times, &c. Mr. Vaux, satisfied that great improvements had been made within the last two or three years, was anxious that all who take an interest in the cause of education should have the satisfaction of seeing those improvements for themselves. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the institution, and, it being the visiting day of the select and common councils, we had the unexpected honor of being introduced to some of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia, and to the principal professors of the college, including the recently-appointed President.

Having seen sufficient to satisfy us that the President of the Board of Directors exaggerated nothing in regard to the improvements lately made, we wished to take our leave, but Mr. Vaux insisted on our waiting to take "a cup of coffee." Coffee there was, indeed, on the table; but there were besides all the luxuries of the season—a dinner which it would puzzle the Continental or the Fifth Avenue Hotel to surpass. We refer to this fact principally because it afforded us an opportunity of seeing that if clergymen are excluded from the college, Christian piety is not, for no where have we heard grace said in a more Christian spirit; and it is due to the politicians present to say that even they joined with becoming deference in the appropriate prayer offered up to the Giver of all good. Dinner having been duly discussed, and some political questions after it, as a sort of condiment, all the visitors proceeded to the different large halls in which the students were taking their dinners. The sights here presented were truly gratifying. There is but one other educational institution in this country in which it has been our pleasure to see the best and most wholesome food provided for the body as well as the mind—we allude to Manhattan College, which is under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

We think it proper to make this comparison, because there are many institutions in which, to our own knowledge, the students are sadly neglected in this respect. It needs no argument to show that those who get a sufficient quantity of good, wholesome food will be much better disposed to learn, and better able to bear the toil of study, than those whose food is both scanty and inferior in quality. But is it not to be inferred that those who would stint the body of its fair and necessary allowance would also stint the mind? In our opinion, those who would purchase inferior cabbages, potatoes, or beef, because they are cheap, would pursue a similar course in regard to the various kinds of mental pabulum. But, so far as we can judge from the various opportunities we have had, nothing is purchased for the use of the students of Girard College merely because it is cheap, and yet there is no sign of lavishness or unnecessary expenditure.

The Annual Report for 1862 contains agreeable evidence of this, and embraces a large variety of other facts, most of which will be interesting to all who are friendly to the cause of education. The statistics show that since the college was first opened, on the first of January, 1848—a period of fifteen years—nine hundred and seventy-three (973) pupils have been admitted—an average for each year of sixty-four and a half (64½). Of this total number only twenty have died; ninety-six were dismissed, and sixty had their indentures cancelled. In commenting on these and other facts, the Report says:

"If nine hundred and seventy-three gives the maximum number, nine hundred and seventy-three, less one hundred and seventy-six, or seven hundred and ninety-seven is the minimum number of pupils, from whom those who have been educated to be 'apprenticed' must be taken, after deducting the four hundred now in the institution.

"During these fifteen years, one hundred and fifty-six pupils have become of age who were *apprenticed* as required by the will of Mr. Girard. Of these one hundred and fifty-six apprentices, twenty-three absolutely absconded from their masters, thirteen left their masters owing to various causes, and one hundred and twenty served out with credit their term of apprenticeship. Thus we have one hundred and twenty pupils as the ascertained successful result of fifteen years of experimental effort under this undetermined course of administrative policy; or, one hundred and twenty pupils *educated, apprenticed and of age*, and thus creditably and successfully prepared by the College for the practical duties of life.

"It must be observed that the term successful results of the operations of the College is here used to express the terminated course of its control over these one hundred and twenty pupils. It comprises the term and tuition, which begins on admission of a pupil, and ends with the creditable completion of his apprenticeship and attainment of his legal majority.

"If the nine hundred and seventy-three pupils admitted are to be taken as the basis of this expenditure, then each of these nine hundred

and seventy-three has cost $1,108.89 for the time each was in the institution; they came and left at different periods.

"The proportion of the annual disbursements for education to that of the whole annual expenditure is about one-fifth. Take the year 1861 as an example. The sum expended for the year 1861, by the Department of Instruction, was $15,631.56. The whole appropriation was $93,930.00, of which $82,547.49 was expended; thus the average proportion for fourteen years will be, say one-fifth of the whole expenditure for the Collegiate Department.

"The average number each year under instruction for, say twelve years, has been three hundred and twenty-three, and of these an average of say seventy-five pupils have been, during this period, receiving their education in the higher or principal department. Five-fourteenths of this instruction is imparted to seventy-three three hundred and twenty-thirds, or say one-third of the teachers to one-fourth of the pupils. It may be more clearly stated thus: the collegiate character of the institution has been extended to an average of seventy-five out of three hundred and twenty-three pupils."—Pp. 12–14.

Until very recently the institution was by no means so successful as might naturally be supposed from the boundless resources at the command of the trustees. But the cause of the failure is sufficiently apparent—even the members of the Board of Directors were divided in their opinions until lately as to what the institution was designed to be by the testator. As might be expected, the annual expenditure increased in proportion as these differences of opinion existed to a great or less extent, and *vice versa:*

"On an average of two hundred and ninety-five pupils in the years 1852, '53, '57, the per annum per capita was for the year 1852, $205 46; for 1853, $214 60; for 1857, $298 89. *During the year* 1862, *with the average number of pupils at four hundred, the per annum per capita was only* $123 12."

"Directing attention singly to the conclusions which are here attempted to be deduced, though not claimed to be oracular, it will not be unwarrantable to assume that the former policy of the administration of the College has not realized results which were attainable. As an institution of learning, having a University character to establish, *it has not been successful.* As an 'orphan establishment,' with the distinctive features of an educational institution, it has failed of its largest usefulness. This want of success is attributable to the fact that the concurrence of all its means to this object was impossible of reconciliation. So from their character, so by reason of divergence of the theory and practice which the will permits to exist. Thus, so, necessarily. The failure of largest usefulness has resulted *because of the conflict of opinion as to what the College ought to be.*"—Pp. 18, 19.

It is a remarkable fact that it has taken the directors fifteen years to discover, with the aid of the best lawyers of Philadelphia, what Girard meant by founding an institution that would afford its inmates "a better education than they usually receive by an application of the public funds." But, as the Report justly observes, "To change every year a portion of the Board

is to render any system of administration unstable. It is not, therefore, surprising that as yet no determined and settled policy, as between the extremes here noticed, was agreed upon, when the record shows that *seventy-two* gentlemen have, during the fifteen years of the life of the Girard College, been appointed directors." The fact will be still less likely to excite surprise when it is known that a large proportion of these seventy-two directors, probably two-thirds, obtained their positions through political influence, if indeed that proportion were not politicians themselves. They are not to blame, however, for this; but it may be doubted whether Mr. Girard acted in accordance with his characteristic shrewdness when he delegated so important a trust to a city corporation, the members of which are constantly changing. It seems to us that George Heriot, the jeweller of James I., adopted a wiser course when he intrusted the duty of drawing up the statutes for the organization and government of the institution which he founded to one of his executors, whom he knew to be possessed of all the necessary qualifications for so responsible and important a task. Thus far, however, it does not seem that much harm has resulted from the plan adopted by Girard; nay, it is but justice to add that the large majority, if not the whole, of those who have been intrusted with the position of directors of the college have discharged their duties according to the best of their abilities. The following table is interesting, as showing how the annual expenditure has fluctuated from year to year, much more on account of the changes in the Board of Directors than on account of any rise or fall in the price of provisions, or any increase or decrease in the number of pupils:

	Income.	Pupils.	Sum Expended.		Income.	Pupils.	Sum Expended.
1848	$158,992 58	300	$55,054 46	1856	$194,487 09	300	$82,963 33
1849	147,786 03	300	44,100 00	1857	191,420 96	295	88,173 42
1850	176,960 39	300	60,431 81	1858	190,774 31	350	81,949 38
1851	144,756 18	300	61,794 14	1859	186,492 10	325	85,762 25
1852	156,308 30	295	60,512 37	1860	186,833 05	340	80,943 53
1853	177,013 37	295	63,309 76	1861	172,581 60	375	81,547 49
1854	191,396 85	300	71,402 37	1862	131,552 74	400	73,247 72
1855	188,754 96	300	81,754 84				—P. 30.

This shows that 295 pupils cost more in 1857 than 400 cost in 1862. It will be seen that there are several similar disparities which are not to be accounted for by differences in the prices of provisions. The increased number of pupils during the past year is sufficiently explained by the fact that every application for admission from the "old city" on behalf of those qualified, according to the provisions of the will, was complied with; and be it remembered that the war has caused a considerable increase in those applications—so large an increase, that notwithstanding the large number admitted during the year,

there were one hundred and forty-one new applicants for admission on the 31st of December last.

In the second pamphlet at the head of our article we have a full and interesting report of the ceremonies which took place in June last, on the inauguration of Prof. Richard Somers Smith as President of Girard College. The previous President, Prof. Wm. H. Allen, who retired at the close of 1862, had filled that position for fourteen years. The Board of Directors having passed a series of resolutions complimenting him in the highest terms for "the valuable services which he had rendered to the interests and success of the College, &c.," announces that it "desires to elect a gentleman as President who can bring to the position the highest character, admitted qualifications, energy, activity, administrative ability, moral and intellectual capacities, zeal and worth." It seems that the only man believed to combine all the necessary qualifications was at the time a major in the United States army. As soon as Major Somers Smith was induced to assent to his being nominated for the position, he was unanimously elected. The President of the Board of Directors introduced him to the audience on the occasion of his inauguration in an appropriate and impressive address, from which we take the following extract:

"The occasion which assembles us to-day points for its consequences to the future. Its outgrowths will bear their sweet or bitter fruit for coming decades and generations. Impressive and interesting to-day's ceremonies are for us, as they clothe themselves with the drapery of prophetic solemnity. The voices of the past come to us with the language of experience. Those from the future call on us in the living, ringing cadence of Hope and Triumph. Our duties, like the columns before us, which ancient art has consecrated, are ennobled by the stoical sternness with which they are dedicated to their fulfilled purpose. We are to direct the accomplishment of a testamentary trust, imposed by confiding benevolence, resting on the faith of our honor and integrity. This is a double responsibility. One is to the purpose. The other, for the justification of this confidence reposed. Let us now, and here, consider these responsibilities. It is fitting these ceremonies. It is the inner-life of this demonstration of effort and object. The present policy, the one which to-day's ceremonies will inaugurate for the future of this College, is to increase the number of pupils to the *largest limit, to give all the advantages of a practical, and also a polytechnic education*, fitting each for his part among the social, industrial, and educated necessities of his day and generation. Thus a positive, active administration in all its instrumentalities which constitute the ideal and the actual characteristics of this College, will be attained. The 500 pupils who are, and those who will be, the recipients of the advantages which are embraced in this improved system, will find the realization of their value in coming years, if they zealously seek to secure all that is necessary now. For you and for us, hope and triumph should be strength and justification. We expect the pupils

to be willing, obedient, studious and zealous. It is for you our efforts are to be exhausted; if so be they result in truly educating you; not a showy, tawdry, unsubstantial education, but a sound, practical, useful instruction for the realities of your manhood. We have entered on the trial of this reformed policy. We are now to establish it. We trust in the cordial co-operation of all united with this institution for this end. It will be secured, for earnest conviction nerves us for success, and enlightened progress sanctions our determined efforts.

"Taking this opportunity thus to explain what only needs to be presented to impartial, intelligent, candid criticism, to secure at least a fair and full trial, my present official act is now to be most cheerfully performed. Invoking for the President of the College, who is now to be formally presented to you in that capacity, the blessing of God, the kind consideration of the citizens of Philadelphia, the affectionate regards of the pupils, the sincere co-operation of all connected with this College, I have the pleasure of presenting Professor RICHARD SOMERS SMITH, President of the Girard College."

After some introductory remarks, the new President replied in the following pertinent and judicious language:

"Called by your voice, gentlemen, from an active participation in those great passing events which are stirring the hearts of all Americans; called from a position of no small responsibility in the nation's service, and one to which I cordially gave all my might and skill; you will, perhaps, not wonder that I should at first have felt a kind of divided duty. But in consenting to relinquish the profession of arms, under the approval of the Chief Executive, and once more accept the academic gown, I have the full consciousness that I have been guided by the single, pure, and unselfish motive of bringing all that I am, and all that I have learned, and devoting it to that calling in which I think I can most effectually set forward the salvation of men and the glory of God. And I do, here and now, give my entire self, and my best efforts, to that sacred cause, of which this magnificent charity is a fitting exponent.

"Nothing has more worthily engaged the deepest solicitude of statesmen and philanthropists than the subject of education—the training of those who, in their turn, are to play their parts upon life's stage—each one the centre of his own circle of influence, and in so far responsible to his country and his Maker—each one contributing in some degree to give form and character to the national life. I think it impossible to over-estimate the importance of this fundamental idea. It underlies the well-being of *every human organization, political and social.*"

We would gladly copy the whole inaugural address, but the limited space prescribed for our article precludes us from reproducing more than a brief extract or two. Addressing himself to those to be associated with him in the important duties to which he has thus been called, the President says:

"We then, ladies and gentlemen of the household and Faculty, have the honor of being co-laborers with those who are clothed with the great public responsibility of making operative the large benevolence of a true patriot. It is our part to give substance to the great design. We are to shape a monument more enduring than even these

grand marbles, than that affecting statue. Our work is not of stone or brass; our memorial of Stephen Girard will not be like many unfinished products of a generation's enthusiasm, of which posterity will, with cold curiosity, inquire the significance. No; the widow's thanksgiving for her rescued orphan; her grateful prayers, ineffaceably recorded on high; the diffusive influence for good that ever radiates from this centre; the honest pride that will yet prompt from aged lips the boast, 'I, too, was a pupil of Girard College'—these are the things that outlive pyramids."

We can only make room for one brief extract more. This we take from that truly excellent passage in which the President addresses the pupils of the institution.

"To you, my pupils, in beginning a relationship to you which ought to be, and is, one of the very nearest and dearest, next to family ties—I mean that of your teacher and guide—to you I would say, take pattern from him whose name will ever be to you the most familiar and beloved word—I mean the name of Stephen Girard. Listen to his voice, asking you, in return for all that he has given you, to learn the lessons of *benevolence towards your fellow-creatures*, a love of *truth*, *sobriety*, and *industry*. Look at his benevolence. Would you not, each of you, like to be able to give freely so much comfort and happiness to thousands who would never know you except by your name and a marble likeness? You will probably never be able to do so much as that, but you can copy his benevolence by your daily and hourly acts of kindness and brotherly feeling towards each other, thereby forming those habits of love to your fellow-creatures which he so much desired you to possess. You can learn to love the truth by manfully resisting every temptation to falsity in words, deeds, and even in thought. When we say of any one that he is a *true man*, what higher praise can we give? The man that we trust, that man we love and honor. Listen to him again, asking you to learn to love sobriety and industry. Think how he lived. Everything within his reach that money could procure, yet always living soberly and temperately; under no obligation to work, yet always doing, always industrious. And why did he live thus? Because he knew, and he wanted you, his boys, to know it—you who are getting the benefits of his life of hard work and self-mastery—that there is no true happiness or health of mind or body without benevolence, truth, sobriety and industry."—Pp. 23–4.

There is every reason to believe that the general efficiency of the institution will be greatly increased under the auspices of Prof. Smith. He has already inaugurated the polytechnic system, and he is eminently qualified to secure its practical development. As all regard him as a reformer, we hope he will also introduce the study of the Latin language. The study of the Greek we should not urge, because Girard was not in favor of the classics, although he did not go so far as to exclude them. The most he has said on the subject is, that he would not recommend them; and be it remembered that he has said this only because he was unacquainted with them himself. We feel satisfied that a man of his shrewdness and sound, practical common sense would readily have appreciated the utility, es-

pecially of the Latin, had he been qualified to do so even by a slight acquaintance with that language. The great mistake with those who have not studied it is, that the Latin is merely ornamental as a branch of education, or at best that it is useful only in proportion as we possess more or less ability to translate it. But we are not afraid of being contradicted by any competent authority when we say that no other study whatever is so well calculated to invigorate the mind and develop the intellectaal faculties. But independently of all this, had Mr. Girard known how much our own language is indebted to the Latin, not to mention the French and Spanish, which are little more than dialects of that noble tongue, he would have come to a very different conclusion in that part of his will which refers to the study of languages, since he would also have been aware that a good Latin scholar could read French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, with little difficulty, without having ever paid any attention to those languages *per se*. Both Prof. Smith and Mr. Vaux understand this, and we hope they will act upon it accordingly.

ART. V.—1. *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. 2 vols. London.

2. *The Civilization of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, and its Effect on the Anglo-Saxon Race.* A Prize Essay. By WILLIAM B. HUET, A.M., Barrister at Law. London.

3. *Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress.* By E. L. MAGOON. New York.

IN placing these volumes at the head of our article, we by no means design writing a review of either the authors or their labors. It is simply our object at the present time to present such thoughts and reflections as have occurred to us on the subject of civilization. We start with the question, What is our modern civilization? What are its tendencies and destinies, its dangers and hopes? Has it done all it might; achieved all demanded of it, or possible to it; and is it preparing for final repose? Shall its record

> "Be but the same rehearsal of the past,
> First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption—barbarism at last?"

It is important that we solve these problems, if solved they are to be; that we learn to read the inscriptions upon the tombs of the past; that we be able, in some manner, at least,

to prophesy the coming future. We propose, therefore, to put upon record some of the considerations which have led us to the belief that these questions must receive different and more cheering answers than the skeptical and desponding tones in which they are often asked would seem to indicate. Perhaps it will hardly be necessary to inform the reader that we do not propose using the term civilization in any narrow or restricted sense. We do not mean by it simply the culture and refinement of the few,—but much more than this; namely, the culture, education, training, and condition of the many. There are two classes of the skeptical in regard to civilization: one made up of those who believe the world rotten to the core—indeed, wholly unsound; that its proclivities are not only wrong, and that, too, in part through the influence of Christianity, but that humanity in its entireness is past help and incurable, and that no medicine can reach its wound with healing power. Such doubters, or worse, naturally enough make fast in the harbor of old abuses, defending all human wrongs, individual and national, as institutions founded in religion, both natural and revealed. The other class is composed of those who, whilst satisfied that civilization has achieved all possible good for mankind; that it has therefore reached the summit of its power, and is surely and rapidly reaching its end, nevertheless maintain that an entire remodelling of society is possible—a reconstruction of it in formation, spirit, and style. Now if modern civilization has indeed passed its point of culmination, there are, it may be, reasons enough for us to examine the speculations of those who still believe in the future and possible because they despair of gathering useful fruit from the tree of the present and the actual. But is it indeed true, as they allege, that the power of civilization is exhausted? They must show that it is, (for the burden of proof rests with themselves,) before they can call upon the world to give up what it has, to forego past and present resources, and especially to ignore what has already done so much and so well for mankind. Have they who oppose our view a better title by which to enter and possess the estate? And if they have this, surely it devolves upon them to show it before they undertake to dispossess the tenant.

The wisdom of the wise would teach us to cling to what we have, and to make the most of that—to do the best with it till we can obtain more. Let us strive to shape, control, and guide human life in its present estate, and to do so as well as we can; let us ascertain its capabilities, develop its resources, and thus bring our civilization up to the highest conceivable point—unless we are satisfied, nay, *sure*, that its vitality and

power are gone. The questions, then, that stand at the door asking for admission are—Are we really prepared for the new, satisfied to cast away the old? Is it certain that what we call civilization can go no farther? And if it has passed its meridian of glory and worth, when? Let us find out, if we may. Did the eighteenth century witness its culmination and decline? Was it at the commencement of that? Or, going back to a more remote period in history, shall we say that it was at the midde of the seventeenth century? Wars were more frequent than they are now at both of those periods; the masses were in a far inferior condition; in no respect were they circumstanced as they are at present. In regard to personal liberty and safety, in respect to food, to houses and raiment, the comparison would be vastly in our favor. Look, too, at their condition in other things. We find they were not so well educated; their advantages for religious and moral culture were not to be compared to those of later times. So, too, as a result of this, crimes were not only more frequent, but were also more severely punished. May we not also say,—facts certainly bear us out in the assertion,—that there was a coarseness in the manners and in the literature of the times, to which our age, thanks to something, is a stranger? In view of all this, is it true that civilization has been at a standstill—nay, worse—since the age of Charles II. and Louis XIV.?

Was it at the beginning of the nineteenth century? Think what wonders have been witnessed since then. Reflect upon the progress which has been made since that period, not only in the physical, but also in the intellectual, moral, and religious worlds. "No steamboats ascending rivers against wind and tide—braving, too, the perils of old Ocean, and, indeed, bridging the same, so as to bring the most remote climes into near neighborhood; no railroads, 'modern "acts of the apostles" of civilization,' as they have been denominated; no telegraph speeding words around the earth 'in less than forty seconds;' no daguerreotype staying the light, and constraining the sun in a new service of art; no way to procure a comfortable wardrobe for a month's labor." No period in the past has borne witness to such a time as this when there were such munificent returns for the toil of the laborer. The means of living, of improvement, of education—when were they so great as at this moment? Behold, too, the advance in medicine, the progress in the healing art. The doctors both of our bodies and our souls have found out many inventions, have learned many things valuable for the relief and cure of the many "ills to which flesh is heir." Religion in its broader relations and with its deeper meanings, not in conventicle,

formula nor in creed, but embracing the welfare of the race, and looking to the improvement of mankind—where, if not in our own era, may it be thus found in daily life? Now it comes in wholesome and needed reforms—temperance reforms, prison reforms; in institutions of charity and of benevolence; in asylums, in reform schools, retreats for the wicked and the unfortunate. And then come our legal rights—when had these such scope and play as now? Has modern civilization done nothing for our rights and our purses? "Call from their dusty alcoves the largest hearts that beat in the eighteenth century—the Marquis Becarria and Montesquieu—and ask them if our jurisprudence, the spirit of our laws, shows civilization to be on the decline. And if not satisfied with their response, speak to England's Somers, France's D'Augesseau. Now and fifty years ago, not one capital offence where there were ten, not a sentence to the dungeon where there were twenty; yet life is safer, property more secure, and crime less common. What has brought this change, we ask, but *our* civilization? Is not this the fair fruit and consummate flower of *modern* civilization?

We do not believe the frequent assertion that crime is on the increase. It is mere assertion without proof. We do not doubt that there is more crime now in the United States than there was fifty years ago. This we grant; but compare the population of the States during those respective periods. Then there were from five to seven millions of people; now there are twenty-five—an essential difference! Yet, in examining the statistics of crime, and in noting the standards of right and wrong, at diverse periods, we are persuaded that a most considerable and encouraging improvement will be found to appear both in public and in private morals.

What is the judgment of our age, to-day, concerning war, duelling, slavery, intemperance, and the long and awful catalogue of crimes and of vices? What does it think of truth, of honor, of justice, and of right, compared with former epochs? We hear of great, learned, and accomplished men of other days, and there were such. We hear, too, of great lawyers, and of world-renowned speeches which carried our grandfathers by storm, and bent them at their will. But look at the matter in its right relations; consider a moment. Let us ask, Would Parsons have been the giant unapproached and unapproachable had Shaw been his contemporary? Suppose a half century ago Choate or Curtis had flourished, would not many another light have "paled its ineffectual fires?" We may say, without exaggeration, that we have hundreds now, in

all the professions, all undistinguished, who would doubtless have been famous men, but, alas, they were born "too late!"

Fifty to sixty years since a greater part of the talent of the country was embraced in what were then known as the learned professions. Then to be a minister, a lawyer, or a doctor was to be a great man—nay, *the* great man. We all know that this is not so now, either as a fact, or in the public esteem. Now-a-days men are more respected for what they are in themselves—for their essential manhood—than for their calling or their profession. A man is not taller by a single inch because he is a physician, a lawyer, or a minister. "The strong man at the bench and the weak one on it are both finding their own place. Indeed, the times are greatly changed in these respects, since talent, culture, erudition, intellectual power, do not rush to the professions as once they did. We have liberally educated men in the marts of trade, engaged in manufactures, in commerce, and also in all the mechanical pursuits.

It may be doubted whether any age has produced more really great men than our own. No age is able to perceive and acknowledge its greatest minds. He who can master all his resources, who can make the best use of what the world has furnished—namely, its history, discoveries, its experience, its intellect—he who can enter undismayed the broadest fields of facts, and gather out of these the most abundant and assured harvests—he is the greatest genius, the most illustrious mind of his age. Neither Shakespeare nor Bacon was known and appreciated by their cotemporaries as they are by ourselves; and for our knowledge and recognition of their genius we are indebted to the impulse they alike gave to the world. We have been raised to a position where we receive the full and unbroken beams which fell only as scattered rays of light upon our predecessors. Bacon, as we know, committed his reputation not to his own, but to "after ages." Think of the estimate put upon Milton's Paradise Lost. Once that immortal production was considered none too cheap at *five pounds!* May there not be among us greater intellects than those of the past? Who shall say that there are no men among us greater, indeed, than Shakespeare or Bacon—men holding a like relation in point of superiority to our age which they did to theirs—not as poets like the former, nor as philosophers like the latter—wherever they may be, whether in closet, pulpit, shop, field or counting-room—thinking, writing, talking, doing—poets, therefore, and philosophers higher and wiser than any who have preceded them?

But to go back again:—we ask—Is the world at a stand-

still, or in course of retrogression, now—as late as in this century? Is there to be no improvement in the power-loom, the printing-press, the railway, the steamboat, the telegraph, the daguerreotype; in the arts of production in general? Is there to be none, also, in our modes of thought, in our systems, in our theories, in our dealings with crime and the criminal, in our treatment of the insane, in the things which are our glory and our pride? Most and worst of all,—Are our moral and spiritual acquisitions to cease? We are aware that when we speak of our civilization, when the progress of modern civilization comes up, and we express our confidence in it, the skeptical at once call our attention to those civilizations which have been either removed or superseded. Such say to us, in these is the probability, if not the ground for belief that all the benefits of our civilization must in turn pass away. But from the old we do not infer the decadence of the new—of ours—but since this is of a different origin, living in another element, and sustained from other sources, we cannot think our civilization will share a kindred destiny. True, Egypt may have possessed arts unknown to us; Greece, too, may have had philosophers, orators, poets, artists, captains, statesmen, for aught we know, superior to any of modern times. Yes, we will allow the names of Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, Pericles, Phidias, Prosceteles, Alexander, Aristotle, to be unrivalled—and what then? Not at the beginning of Grecian civilization did the most illustrious of these names flourish. Long before its decline,—the Grecian sun was far from its setting,—when they flooded the world with their more than material light. It was not at meridian, therefore, nor yet at the culmination of the ancient civilizations, that those great geniuses appeared whose names the "ages will not willingly let die." History here, indeed, is philosophy teaching by example, and her records may be consulted as showing the existence as well as movements, not of a retrogressive, but of a progressive, of an advancing, increasing civilization. The works of consummate genius, the master-pieces of art whose praise historians have celebrated and poets sung, confront us here, and we bow in their majestic presence; but they are not, after all, sufficient arguments to show that the past civilizations were superior to the present. The Parthenon, the Temple of the Winds, the Pantheon, the splendid squares, noble aqueducts, massive archways, none of the artistic and mechanical wonders of former ages; nor yet their grandest contributions to the literature of the world—unexampled in philosophy, art, poetry and song—all these put together do not settle the question. Far from a final and satisfactory answer do all these give.

To know what we desire, we must visit not temples nor palaces, not royal mansions where superiors hold their courts, but humbler places of abode. *We must visit the homes of the people.* It is the condition of the many, not that of the few, we must learn. We want to know what we may of the rights of persons and of things; and only as we know of these, can we talk of the superior or inferior civilization.

Nay, the old civilization we shall find to have been Paganism, instead of Christianity, and its laws much like those taken from the *Twelve Tables* of Roman jurisprudence. Remember, too, that these laws were a reflex of the standard of public opinion among the peoples. We quote:—"A father shall have the right of life and death over all his lawful children, and also of selling them." "If the parties do not come to any agreement, the creditor may keep the debtor sixty days in chains, and in the course of that time, shall present him for three successive fair days, at intervals of nine days, and publicly notify the debt. If there be more creditors than one, they may, after three days, divide the debtor and sell him beyond the Tiber." "Let there be no marriage between the Patricians and the Plebeians."

Considering the old civilization, and viewing as we may its composition, its essential properties and forms, we plainly perceive that it was subject to decay from causes which cannot and do not affect our own. Under it, there were great culture and refinement for the few, marked progress in literature and in art, but after all, dissolution was inevitable. All it could boast, its every conquest, its glory, wealth, freedom, were but "funeral marches to its grave." Its civilization was unlike our own; not an end, but a means; doubtless designed to prepare the way for a higher and better—a John the Baptist crying in the wilderness, and preparing for the coming of its Messiah. How different from ours were its principles; built as it was upon the foundation not of love, but of force; and looking more to mastery over the many, than to the help and service of all. We see this in the distinctions which were made in social position, and as determined by caste and law. There were the upper and the lower classes—the Patricians and the Plebeians. In laws, in customs, in institutions, in religion, in manners, the spirit of force, the oppressive spirit, reigned. The old civilization was in tone and temper warlike. Conquest and subjugation were the rule instead of the exception. Wealth came by conquest, and luxury followed wealth; then came wastefulness, extravagance and corruption. Labor was shorn of its power, its productions reduced by the vast numbers required for the field of war. The natural result

was, that the higher classes in society became effeminate, whilst the lower became brutal. But all this was making way for something nobler and better. Another type of civilization was about to be exhibited.

When, therefore, the old order of things had done its work, or rather performed its mission, those countries which had witnessed its culmination and realized its formative influence were overrun by the Goths and Vandals of the North. And here we begin to discover changes which could not, till now, have taken place. Here begin the assimilation of elements unlike anything that had entered into the past of the world. This was the new civilization. "Old things had passed away; behold, all things had been made new." There had, indeed, been manifestations of the final good of the race. The faculties and powers of mankind had at times grasped, with a tenacity of desire and of purpose which could not be broken, the results of a higher and broader style of life. The love of liberty, "the undying love of liberty," as the earlier patriots of our Revolution pronounced it, the indomitable will, the strength to labor and endure—these had already been embodied in numberless examples. The civilizations of Greece and Rome had glorified and beautified as well as strengthened the world. But the elements which were now to assume another form were to be combined. The most stupendous work of man, the noblest monument which might lift its front to the skies, was to be commenced; or rather its foundations laid on the primitive rock of right and truth; the structure was to ascend, till "the earliest beams of the morning should laugh and play upon its summit."

The scaffolding of the past had been taken away, and the building, whose majestic proportions had not been seen till now, stood revealed. To this end, contributions had been levied on every side. *The* Religion, among the religions of the world, contributed her best—Christianity; the old civilization brought its offering, and no mean offering it was—literature and the arts. Then, assimilating these, and hardening them into the bone and gristle of a new force—mingling, meanwhile, with them—was the Teutonic element. Now shall the fact that a work, in which were found but a part of those elements, was not final nor complete, be cited to prove that where all appliances of good meet, there can be no better, no different results?

Advancing as we have seen the new civilization from age to age, gathering fresh strength and stores of good in its onward and resistless career—and that, too, with greater or with less force of movement in proportion to the aid it has accepted

from Christianity—we can plainly trace its course and its current as it flows along. Tracing the direction which it takes, we shall see war become unpopular; the laws improve, the rights of man gaining in respect. Tracing it in its course, we have noticed progress in science and in the arts, great improvement in the condition of the poor, a more universal diffusion of knowledge, different standards of morality, nobler and juster ideas of duty.

If we have studied civilization aright, such is its present development, such is its character. And now let us consider as briefly as we can some of those circumstances both of danger and of hope which attend it. In this discussion we need not be surprised if the powers above have so ordered it, that whilst some of its obstacles look very much like aids, some of its aids might well be taken, so strong is the resemblance, for its obstacles. Let us here examine some of the more prominent and evident manifestations of the old spirit.

The first among these which we would instance is *war*. War, as it seems to us, is the most foolish way of overcoming evil ever employed—a kind of attempt to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils. It is not our object to go into statistics to show how ruinous and expensive wars have been,—we mean those wars which have been raged for conquest and subjugation,—nor do we intend to speak of their horrors as these are revealed upon gory battle-fields, in smoking towns, devastated cities, and the like. Neither is it our object to instance the demoralization and general corruption of manners which follow inevitably in the sad train of war. It is sufficient for our purpose if we simply refer to war in general as one of the most lamentable obstacles to the march of progress and to the advancement of a true civilization.

Leaving this part of our subject, we proceed to refer to the love of power, which we regard as another of those hindrances to which we refer; perhaps no where else so much as in the desire for accumulation, in the love of wealth, in the struggle for vast possessions. Are we not right in saying that among the most marked tendencies of the times is the love of wealth? And is there not danger that the money-power will marshal its forces till it be centralized—that, by and by, as in England and Ireland and on the Continent, the lands and property of our country may come into the possession or control of a comparatively inconsiderable number of people? Such is a natural consequence of the working of the law of capital as against labor. Whatever may be our fine-spun theories and speculations upon the subject, is it not lamentably true, in republics no less than in monarchies, that "capital

owns labor," and that the latter too often finds it must bow to the former's behests? Capital is keen-sighted, Argus-eyed, hard-visaged, close-fisted: in a word, it needs to be looked after. If we do not master it, may it not master us? A law of distribution as well as of accumulation obtains, or rather should obtain, in our world.

We do not propose here an agrarian law; we do not accept nor adopt the fallacy that wealth should be equally distributed—that possessions acquired in the interest of honor and industry should be divided amongst the poor, because the slothful and the improvident. We are aware that there are two sides to this question; that wealth is a blessing as well as a curse, and that what it is to prove will altogether depend upon the uses to which it is put. The desire to have, to lay up and accumulate, is good in itself; is to be commended; is an incentive, a *spur* to labor and endeavor. That were a shallow philosophy indeed which should ignore or despise an instinct implanted in the soul for the wisest of purposes. Much is said, and justly, too, about the spirit of speculation, and learned homilies have been pronounced upon the love of extravagance and show; but before total condemnation be passed upon these, let it be remembered that they are not wholly evil.

Again, among the circumstances of danger to our civilization, the spirit of restlessness and impatience may be noticed. A want of faith, a love of change, a disposition to set aside the old because it is old, a continual preaching from the text,—"Whatever is, is wrong." We mean to affirm that there is too much of radicalism, whilst there is not enough of conservatism. The age in which we live is characterized more by tendencies to pull down and to destroy than it is by tendencies to build up and to save. The new and the marvellous is all the rage. The Americans especially are coming to be like the old Athenians, who spent their time in nothing so much as in hearing and in telling about some new thing! It is true that there are evils in society, that there are wrongs to be redressed and rights to be upheld; but society, however imperfect and incomplete, is not all wrong; and our enthusiasts and zealots are to remember that the world was not made in a day. Impatience is our bane; patience only can be our cure.

We will grant our opponents, for the sake of the argument, that society is sadly out of joint, and that its elements and forces need reorganizing; but reorganization is a matter which requires time, and we must wait for that. Must the house be torn down because one room in it is inconvenient? Nay; but let us rather rearrange that, and thus save the whole. Wretch-

edness and starvation are in Ireland, (so runs the logic of the argument,) while Great Britain is one of the most civilized of the nations of the globe; *ergo*, civilization is the cause of this misery and wretchedness. Civilization has reached a lofty point; so has misery; therefore the former has failed. What limping logic; how palpably absurd is this which runs continually and for ever in a circle! Yet we may say that this very impatience and these partial views we have considered are productive of good results. Although it loosens men's faith in the power and appointment of many a really useful organization and arrangement, yet, in a good degree, it is made to vindicate civilization, showing as it does that the heart of society is all right—sound and healthy to the core—that it feels for good sympathies with man, whilst, from its own home and roof-tree, it sends forth to the world the impulsive, earnest, warm-hearted, if often short-sighted and extravagant, pioneers and philanthropists. So it is that a more than human wisdom orders events; whilst the scales are poised and held in an impartial hand. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." There is a higher power, a superior wisdom, a supreme goodness, for ever at work, not only in the armies of heaven above, but also among the inhabitants of the earth beneath. Now these various dispositions of the times, alike checked and managed, as we have perceived, by others, by a healthy and proper conservatism, by the love of accumulation and of wealth, together with those tendencies put in motion by the laws of growth and of progress, which we have called the laws of civilization—these, we say, may not be spared without great and final loss. Not only thus is the public mind kept alert, wide awake and wholesomely active, but new and essential truths come forth, grand and glorious ideals are kept before us, ennobling conceptions take form and substance, the rightful uses of wealth and property are made clearer, and finally, man's obligations and his duties are brought home more clearly both to the conscience and the heart.

And thus it is, as our readers will have seen, there are reasons grave and weighty for the hope that is in us, as we look forward to humanity under our civilization. This hope, too, is strengthened by the past and the present. It is built upon considerations which endure.

We say, we have an encouraging faith in this civilization. Its central idea is the good of the many, and not the will of the few; the doctrine of human rights, and of the obligations growing out of these, underlies it; it is a second Declaration of Independence, not indeed for the people of one race or clime, but

for all peoples and for all climes. Ay, all who are worthy of liberty, and who can discern the difference between liberty and licentiousness, are invited to partake of the feast thus prepared. From century to century, yea, from generation to generation, larger and still larger, increasing and yet to be increased, is the infusion of the truly catholic and Christian element.

In its infancy, barbarism characterized the spirit of the earlier ages; this, however, was replaced by chivalry, then the highest manifestation of human society—knight-errantry its most beautiful expression. The ages demanded that for which they were fitted. They were prepared for nothing better, and how should they ask for better than they knew? The age of chivalry is not to be despised; nay, we need more of its spirit to adorn our latest civilization. Eminent indeed was the service it did in its day. Generosity, valor and gallantry were inculcated and practised by it. Its effects, we are told by one of the most elegant and polished historians of any past or present age, are to be sought "in the general feeling of respect for the female sex, in the rules of forbearance and decorum in society, and in the duties of speaking truth and observing courtesy." Yet we may affirm that our chivalry goes much further when sanctified by the spirit of Christianity. Its better manifestation is found in institutions for the relief of the destitute and of the poor, in asylums for the insane, the deaf, the dumb, the blind—in the provisions made for the education of all classes and conditions, and in the moral and religious instruction of all.

The capacity, too, of production has greatly increased, and is still on the advance. Herein, as we have before mentioned, is our hope for the future. That is indeed a great and beneficent power, the power of bringing the supply up to the demand; of multiplying, by means of those wonderful implements which man has invented and created, productions which are indispensable to the good of the greatest number. To be able to produce an immense amount of those things which men need both for comfort and for strength, to have, in short, enough for all, and that too without taxing the time of all to achieve so grand results,—this is a reality which stands prominently forth and challenges attention; a reality belonging only to the most perfect and complete state of society of which we can conceive. "What," exclaimed one of our most distinguished ethical writers, a philosopher and wit as well as preacher, "what is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash, to be brawling in the streets about the Green Isle and the Isle of the Ocean, and

the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* Far better anthem would be, *Erin go bread and cheese; Erin go cabins that keep out the rain; Erin go pantaloons without any holes in them!*"*

Society would seem to have reached that point where the development of the physical forces of the world is especially equired. To aid this development, in the present condition of civilization, would seem to be the appointed work of mankind. And, as we have elsewhere hinted, so we here repeat—we may not question but that, in the work to which men are now called, there are other Shakespeares and Bacons, nay, were it possible, there are greater than these, prophesying, teaching, thinking and constructing, in the hot life of the nineteenth century. Time, in its slow but sure passage, has provided the implements and means for the prosecution of the needed labor, so that nothing may stand in the way for its successful achievement. The past is secure; the seeds of former civilizations, wafted from trees planted and nurtured in remote periods, have been carried by the winds of heaven, and have lodged in newer and still more productive soils. Nothing known in the past is lost; the contributions of history, science, learning, art, the researches in philosophy and ethics—all the elements and ingredients of former epochs, are the possession of the present. Truth is never old, but always new; her locks are golden; the frosts of age cannot touch them; her step is as elastic and her vigor as unabated as when first she came from the fashioning hand and informing mind of the Infinite. Whatsoever comes into the domain of man's knowl edge is wooed and won with more purpose and resolve, with more persistence and perseverance, than was ever maiden by her lover. A thousand tongues repeat the truth; a thousand pens leap to record it, whilst the press, with winged power and inspiration—the press, the noblest and best manifestation of civilization and the arts—makes innumerable pages to glow with the new thought, sending it with speed of fire to the ends of the earth.

What if libraries be destroyed and books burned without number; what if past contributions to the world's history be obliterated—the loss may be great indeed, and might be thought irreparable—but truth is immortal and cannot die—"the eternal years of God are hers"—and her records, transmitted from mind to mind and from heart to heart, will remain. And then look, too, at our material appliances; behold our faithful and obsequious servitors, the press, the power-loom, the railway, the steamship, the telegraph, the submarine

* Sidney Smith.

cable. All these were unknown to the old civilizations, but they are the servants of ours. We are aware that it is the fashion of idealists, and of their sympathizers, to inveigh against the movements of the age, to preach dull sermons, or to read dusty homilies about its materialistic tendencies. Many are engaged in constructing theories of civilization founded on the shifting sands of inverted truths; many still prefer to dwell in Utopia, and to tenant castles of air. They act as if God had blundered in making this world. They call in question the Providence which dictates and provides. They ignore facts, and principles deducible from them; they are unwilling to take things as they find them, and, instead of scolding and complaining about their malformation, go manfully to work and right social abuses and human wrongs. We believe "in the good time coming;" we believe that the future will open upon us glories yet unrevealed; we believe that, in respect to final results and consequences of good, we stand but at the portals of the temple not made with hands; but even those things which neither eye hath seen nor ear heard, must depend in no slight measure upon the recognition and employment of material forces. God works by means to his appointed ends, and helps those only who help themselves.

Turning to still another phase of society, to another side of life, we discover the public heart beating more quickly and strongly in the direction of humanity than ever before. The cause of man is receiving the consideration which so great a subject merits. A new song is being sung; a new voice is heard—strains of music ascend which were indeed strange and discordant once. In our civilization there come forth utterances not, as of yore, in behalf of the noble and the great, but of the poor and the lowly. The sorrowing and the sad, the unfortunate, the erring and the sinful are heard, and their pleadings for sympathy, assistance, and advice no longer go unheeded. Look at our literature in this respect. What advancement has been made here! How much more genial and humane is it than that of preceding times! No civilization save ours has borne such fruit. In vain we carry our researches into the archives of the past in search for what the present brings us. Nothing in the literature of Greece or Rome, nor of any earlier civilizations, can be compared to it. Theirs were coldly, brightly intellectual; theirs glowed with human thought and inspiration; theirs sparkled all over with the scintillations of fancy; but the moistened eye, the tear-stained cheek, the warmly-beating heart, the sympathy for human woes, were all unknown. Ours is warm and hearty; ours is genial and kind; ours is pervaded by the juices of humor; ours leaps,

and laughs, and sings. Other literatures of other civilizations were indeed no strangers to wit, but they knew not the influence of that which oils the wheels of hot and dusty life—the presence and comfort of veritable humor. Who, we ask, among the authors of the earlier stages of civilization, can make good the places of Fielding and Goldsmith? At earlier periods such characters as Parson Adams and Doctor Primrose would have been impossible. By no other civilization have creations like these been attempted. Nor is the literature of to-day weak and puling. Whilst it is as genial and hearty as that of the last century, it is more earnest, sympathizing and brave. It does not, as in the past, merely laugh at man, nor satirize his follies, but it laughs with him, pities and helps him. Its existence is indicative of health and progress; there is nothing morbid in its temperament and blood. Of Fielding and Goldsmith we have spoken; and we now inquire, What earlier civilization or what antecedent age could have produced an "Uncle Toby?"

Let us rejoice and hope in an age which gives us an author—and we would not palliate his coarseness—who could conceive a Tobias Shandy. Let us have faith in an age when such a character, though surrounded by never so much rubbish, is welcomed, appreciated, loved—when pure and noble souls like Leigh Hunt may not hesitate to write. "But what shall I say to thee, thou quintescence of the milk of human kindness—thou reconciler of war, (as far as it was once necessary to reconcile it;) thou returner to childhood during peace; thou loved of widows; thou master of the best of corporals; thou whistler at excommunications; thou high and only final Christian gentleman; thou pitier of the devil himself—divine Uncle Toby! Why, this I will say, made bold by thy example, and caring nothing for what anybody may think of it who does not in some measure partake of thy nature, that as long as the character of Uncle Toby finds an echo in the heart of man, the heart of man is noble. It awaits the impress of all good things, and may prepare for as many surprises in the moral world as science has brought about in the physical."

In this age, too, more than in any other, wit and satire have been employed in behalf of humanity. Its genius has also been illustrated by the first of wits and most genial of humorists. Sidney Smith has employed his vast powers in the cause of humanity. He has done this in a way to make these felt in the utter destruction of hoary-headed errors and of old abuses, as well as in his searching exposures of humbug and pretence. All honor be to him who, not transcending the limits of decorum and truth, has faithfully used his scalpel in dis-

secting the faults and errors of his age and times. The world needed his skill in moral surgery; needed its application in the removal of the excrescences which have grown upon the body politic only to corrupt and destroy. Worthily indeed did he fill his place. A brave warrior, he never surrendered to the foe; a skilful commander, he was never surprised into defeat—great and illustrious not on fields of death and blood, but in contests of satire and wit; in combats with masters of iniquity.

"Quaint, queer, quizzical, genial, brave, dead, delightful, Charles Lamb." In what age but in ours could we have been blessed by thy coming? When, save in times like these, couldst thou have walked the earth in the strength and joy of thy peculiar powers? Is there, in all the tomes of Latinity, such power, such strength, such cause for hope and cheer as in thine humblest essays? Better for us than the stateliest works of antiquity, more to be prized than they all, are thy writings. "Chimney-Sweeps," "Beggars," and "Poor Relations" of Elba—they teach us that the influence of Christianity is not ideal and intangible, but positive and real; that the spirit of the beautiful, the true and the good, shall yet glorify human nature. But what of our latest literature? Descending to these times, there is anothor author* of world-wide repute—a man of whom we may say with the reverence due a higher name, that "the common people hear him gladly." This man's contributions to the literature of progress and of hope can never perish. They embody truths of inestimable worth; they are alive with the feeling and inspiration which are found only in a soul of more than royal birth—one of Nature's noblemen, her crowned and sceptered king. Who has looked in upon the "Brothers Cheeryble," and not felt himself a better man? Who has become acquainted with "Little Nell," and not found himself in the possession of a sad, sweet "joy for ever?" Who has been introduced to "Captian Cuttle," and not "made a note" of it on the "tablets of the heart," ineffaceable for ever? The works of Charles Dickens alone are a standing refutation of the disheartening and cheerless doctrine that society is all wrong and civilization is a failure. All hail the New Gospel of Dickens—the lesson of to-day! All hail the new preacher to patrician and plebeian, to master and to slave!

Still other illustrious names have glorified our times. Robert Hall has discoursed, and multitudes have listened, thrilled and entranced; Channing has spoken in tones of angelic sweetness, and with voice of reformatory power; Walter Savage Landor has strung his harp and brought music from its

* Dickens.

strings. All these, too, have discoursed of war, its horrors and its crimes, in tones the world cannot choose but hear. "Abon Ben Adhem,"—is not this the growth and fair fruit of our civilization? Had Leigh Hunt done no more than that, his name had gone down to distant generations. This great poem embodies the very spirit of the Elder Brother of our race. Amid the constellation, another star is shining; the intellectual heavens were dark without his light. We refer to the laureate of England, the author of "In Memoriam" and of "Locksley Hall." What lofty cheer ascends in our midst from him! how does he encourage our struggling, tempted humanity in tones of sweetness and with words of winged power! How he opens up a passage out of darkness and doubt into the light and assurance of faith and joy!

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm."

Bryant, too, comes with his silver tongue, and sings of the "Crowded Street," and of the large love that

——————— "keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps."

Whittier is heard also, calling to us with trumpet-tones to the conflict with old abuses and with hoary wrongs. In storm and tempest, he has breasted with us the billows, and in the calms that succeeded he has sat by our firesides, and told us of the glory of labor and of the triumphs that may wait on humble life. Hood, from across the waste of waters, bridged indeed by sympathizing hearts, has sung to us "The Song of the Shirt." A seer looking into the future, a prophet lifting up his voice to predict and inspire, he has told us of the things we need to know—how divinest poetry may be made to enforce the duties and claims of the living; and, himself among the dying, he has shown us that the bed of death may be regaled with the odors of the "rose above the mould." We have stood with him upon "The Bridge of Sighs," and seen the wrecks of humanity go down the stream of death.

"One more unfortunate, weary of breath,
Rashly importunate, gone to her death."

Civilization is a stately as well as beautiful sovereign, and she requires the assistance of many handmaids. Her commands are given in no measured terms; her favors are extended to no special classes or conditions. The high and the low, the rich and the poor, all the sons and daughters of toiling, struggling humanity, are bringing their gifts to an altar which shall not smoke with unsanctified sacrifices, but which shall flame with incense which Providence may accept. It is an encouraging circumstance that a field so ample in all its proportions,

whilst it is so favorable to the growth and expansion of civilization, has thus been opened and entered. It is cradled and nurtured by the New World. It would seem as if America had been discovered, and her possibilities of good revealed in the working of the great problem, at the very epoch when her occupation and her settlement could be of the greatest service. Separated from the Old World by an ocean, a vast waste of waters intervening, as well as afar from the obstructions and hindrances of other countries, civilization here has an open and undisputed field, and ample room. When we consider its condition at the time of the discovery of America; when we behold its preparation for new and higher triumphs, and the aids it could receive from the discovery, we are constrained to regard the well-known lines of Berkley as prophetic.* And here we remark, that all the forms and conditions of society which preceded the settlement of the New World, were necessary to prepare the way for the final experiment of the power of Christian civilization.

When the times were ripe for the change; when the forces were gathered and marshalled for the new contest; when all the needed elements were compacted and organized,—the Barbarian, the Grecian, the Roman, the Christian,—representing, in turn, the will, the intellect, force and heart,—then, and not before, the vision of a new world began to stir men's thoughts—their dreams revealed a new continent—then, and not before, did the great discoverer Columbus realize, or rather feel, that somewhere beyond the waste of waters there was an Isle of Hope slumbering on the bosom of the great deep.

In progressing with our discussion with those who doubt or deny the march of an advancing civilization, we should take into consideration a fair statement of their grounds of difference with ourselves. Let us look from their stand-point as well as from our own, so that no undue advantage may be taken. Now what is their statement, and for what do they contend? We answer that they maintain, as has in part appeared, that the tendencies of civilization are to the increase of poverty, destitution and degradation among the many; and to wealth, luxury, extravagance, and refinement among the few. They say that, in society as at present organized, the former condition necessarily accompanies the latter; that wretchedness, squalor and filth, ignorance and vice, go hand in hand with abundance, education, culture and the perfection of

* Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

the arts. They contend that there is an impassable gulf fixed by civilization between men; a gulf as different, nay, as impossible to bridge, as that mentioned in sacred history; that men are ranged in castes, divided into classes, which not only do not approach, but which ever recede from each other; and to prove that this is the case, they ask us to look at England and at Ireland.

Their argument is, that the poor in those countries were never so poor, so helpless and degraded as they are found to be at the present time; whilst, on the contrary, among the higher, and in this respect wealthier classes, the means of luxury were never so rapidly accumulated. Society, too, they affirm, was never before so artificial, nor has man's invention been so highly taxed to provide ways to rob and spend.

Some of these allegations we utterly deny, whilst others we assent to but in part. But whatever truth may be in them, still we utterly reject the inferences sought to be drawn from them. But suppose they are true; what then? The evils and abuses of which our opposers complain are not the outgrowth of civilization, but they appear in spite of it, and must necessarily continue for a time, but not always. But civilization is not for the present any more than for the past. Civilization is for all time, and hence must mitigate such evils and wrongs still more, or remove them altogether. Now we maintain that the condition of things on the whole is improving and advancing; that the intellectual, social and moral state of the people at large, particularly that of the poorer classes, is better than it was two hundred, or even one hundred years ago. We know there have been exceptional years, like 1846 and 1847, when there was a great and lamentable scarcity of food; when, indeed, there was a famine in the land; but such years as those are no criterion of judgment. To make a fair comparison, from 1835 to 1845, the people suffered less—fewer of them in number, and they in a less degree than they had ever before suffered during the same number of consecutive years. During that period, the people possessed more of the comforts as well as conveniences of life; they were better informed; they enjoyed more protection and security under their laws. Is there a wide gulf between the rich and poor of the present century? Granted; but there was a wider and deeper and much more impassable gulf between them two hundred, nay, one hundred years ago.

At the very least, we may deny that that gulf has grown wider or deeper; that it has thus grown the readers of Macaulay will certainly be disposed to disbelieve. Faithful history tells a far different story. It informs us that in those days—the good old days, as they have been called—"there were huts and

hovels, nakedness and destitution, crippled bodies and dwarfed minds, crushing servitude and horrible debasement." Indeed, such things were the rule instead of the exception; and so common and familiar had they become, that they were passed by with but little notice. But what if it be conceded that the distance, social and otherwise, between the many and the few is greater now than then; that would be a poor inference, we opine, which should assert that no substantial and real improvement in the condition of the masses had occurred. The most that could be made out of the argument, or rather, of the facts in the case, if facts they were, that the masses had not advanced so rapidly as the more favored classes. Some possess the faculty of looking backward instead of forward; of praising the past and finding fault with the present; of saying, and believing, too, that the old is better than the new. They are antiquarians in a bad sense—always intent on digging amidst the rubbish of past epochs, and carefully laying aside everything which has the mould of ages gathering on it. We believe in the past; we are grateful for its every acquisition of good; nay, we go further, and affirm that our civilization is, to a great extent, what the contributions of the past have made it; but let justice be done as well to the present, and to its claims upon us. The old civilizations are not valuable because they are old; for furrowed brows and hoary heads do not always prove the possession of wisdom; but because they transmit to our age and the world the fruits of enlarged comprehension, and of ripened and matured experience. Shall we, *can* we, ignore the old? No more than the child can ignore the claims of the mother that bore it. The facts are what we want, whatsoever may be their bearing upon the present and the past.

We think, to resume, that we cannot be mistaken in referring the social evils of Great Britain both to the origin and character of her institutions—an origin found in earlier stages of civilization, when might went before right. So largely had the old ideas entered into the structure of the state, that years of labor, patience, victory, defeat, and their concomitants, will be needed for their subversion. Those institutions, from which have come her church, her army, her debt, lie, as we think, at the very foundation of the social evils of England. Now, against these evils, and not for them, civilization is battling, as it has imperceptibly been doing for ages, and it must, in the end, as we believe, conquer and subdue them. The good work has been advancing; the cause of right has been going forward; the people have been gaining instead of losing ground—their conquests may have been inconsiderable, yet they have been conquests—these five hundred years. Look at what has

been achieved in the direction of the rights and privileges of the many as against the monopolies of the few: a new charter, *habeas corpus*, a bill of rights, abolition of tests, removal of disabilities from Presbyterian, Unitarian, Catholic, and Jew, emancipation in the colonies, reforms in Parliament, in laws, institutes, prisons, in schools—from Woolsey to Squeers. Statesmen are looking more and more to the wants and needs of the state.

The millions are being heard through their representatives. Public opinion was never before the organized force it is to-day. It will not allow its servants to be indifferent to the common weal. Thus, gradually but surely, the people are arising in their might, and wresting something from power—securing past acquisitions and gaining new ones—whilst the more they gain the more they may, as their strength is increased with every fresh advantage. Every concession made to the ruled on the part of their rulers advances the cause of humanity; it not only removes one stone, it loosens two. The ballot and extended suffrage will come; new canons of distribution will be known; laws of entail and of primogeniture will be swept away; the incubus of a colossal debt lifted or lightened, so that all, instead of a few, shall be creditors. Thus property—land and capital—as well as labor shall be made the final debtors. The army shall be reduced, so that no great debt shall need its police. War shall grow unfashionable as it shall be found to be unprofitable. The government shall be taught economy; the church shall be reformed. Gradually, but surely, shall the condition of the people be improved. And these reforms are to be brought about by no new religion; a new Messiah is not to appear for the deliverance and regeneration of the state; no gospel of Fourier is to be proclaimed—though we might doubtless profit by some of his teachings. None of these are the agents which, in the light of the wisdom of the present and of the experience of the past, are to achieve the work in question. The auspices and discipline of our practical and expanding civilization—of modern civilization, as we have chosen to call it—shall be evoked, and not in vain, for this grateful labor of reconstruction. By constant and well-directed efforts the present and succeeding ages shall, under the guidance of a good Providence, come to the final fruit and reach the goal of consummate success. We confess we should entertain but little hope for mankind were we obliged to admit that the agencies by which so much has been accomplished—which have overturned the thrones of old and hoary errors with regard to man's capabilities, his powers and his rights, and beneath whose sway we have witnessed so great improve-

ments in the physical world, seen so many forests made to bloom, so many wildernesses to "bud and blossom like the rose," so many aids to production—was, after all, only an architect of ruin, making broader and deeper the bridgeless gulf between men. Were such the lamentable result of past, and still more of present, civilizations, we might well despair, and say, with the fool, in our heart, "there is no God,"—Providence is a cheat—immortality a dream—life not worth living—annihilation a gift to be craved and desired.

If, indeed, the result of our modern civilization were but the crushing of the poor and the corrupting of the rich, then would the present age be making ready for its own dissolution, and "for the advent of a new era, in which men would look back with pity and with derision on an age which possessed *nothing better than Christianity*." We rest in confidence upon this last form of civilization—Christian civilization; we are in favor of the efficiency of those instrumentalities which are the outgrowth of the theory that all advancement and reform must come from the inner life; that, therefore, these are not the birth of an hour or of a day; that they must be of slow growth, extending from individuals to communities, until they embrace the race. We rest, too, in the faith that outward things have their place and their uses in this development; and that, employed aright, they will never prejudice the highest interests of human nature, but, on the contrary, ever be its willing servitors.

We linger, before we bid a final adieu to our subject, for a moment's notice of the questions which, it may be, should have been answered before, namely: What, in the ages to come, will the result be? What will be the final and perfected shape which the latest civilizations shall present? Under a still more progressive civilization than our own, in the grand march of the centuries, with the adjustment of labor and with the increase in the implements of its production, when war, intemperance, ignorance, and degradation, and numberless other evils shall have ceased their ravages among mankind, will not population be increased and the term of life so extended that at length the means of subsistence will have reached the furthest possible limits, and yet be unable to afford adequate support to all who shall be upon the earth? In other words, will not population always tread upon the heels of production, and do not its laws imply the existence of vice and of want? Will not men, if the theory of a progressive civilization be correct, become at last too numerous; and will they not be vicious, coarse, and brutal, when they are too thick? Will not the time come when a violent stop must be put to the increase of population?

We answer that the theory which gives rise to these doubts, and which is included in these questions—questions which have so long clouded the hopes of the wise and the good—is rapidly passing to the place of defunct and discarded opinions. A comprehensive philosophy, justly deducible from facts and from science, alike exposes its unsoundness and dispels its shadows. There is no such truth as that population increases exactly in proportion to the increase of the means of living. For a state of refinement and of proximate perfection, such as are supposed to be attainable in the theory we have endeavored to advance, as well as for a less advanced condition of mankind, there are fixed and determinate laws, under which the progress of population is adapted to the exigencies of society. And now, in bringing this already too lengthy discussion to an end, allow us to say that the answers which we have found to the questions proposed at its commencement are full indeed of lofty cheer and encouragement. They fill us with assurance, and not with the feeling of despair. We cast to the winds, as lighter than they, the gloomy theory of Malthus, that the inevitable doom of mankind is wretchedness and vice. We discard also that other and hardly less reprehensible theory, that the past, with all its lessons and their fruition, are nothing—are but "as a tale that is told."

Let this theory, dark and cheerless as it is, bear its neighbor company. Our lesson is one which bids us hope, and not despair; to forget the things behind—its wrongs, its abuses, its blunders, its mistakes—and to press forward to those which are before—to the grand consummation of the ages. Whilst it admits of no excuse for indolence and sloth, it finds no limits to the progress of the race, not only in the things of matter, but of mind. It enjoins upon all men the value of endeavors, and the worth of labor. It not only assures the toiler in the dusty and heated fields of life that he shall reap if he faint not, nor forego his task, but it gives him the confidence of full returns. It neither chills nor discourages with disheartening views of the laws of Nature, but finds them all consistent with man's welfare and with the general good. Finally, it ennobles man; crowns him with majesty and with dignity; and arrays him in more than sceptral power—denouncing the stupendous lie, that life, and life's business and hopes, are alike false and fleeting. It shows that

> "Those struggling tides of life that seem
> In wayward, aimless course to tend,
> Are eddies in the mighty stream
> That rolls to its appointed end."

Let, therefore, the fair mistress in whose train we have followed, receive the homage which is her right; but while we

do this, let us not forget nor ignore the presence of all her attendant maids of honor. Let deference and respect be shown to those who have contributed to array her in royal apparel, and thus prepare her for the banquet of kings.

To drop all metaphor, whilst we are grateful for the dawn of a newer and higher style of civilization; whilst we look with wonder and surprise upon the advancing strides the age is making towards the perfected state of mankind, we do not forget those civilizations which preceded; we do not forget that we have reached our present favored condition as a people, because, to a great extent, others have toiled and suffered, and thought in our behalf. The past, freighted with the wisdom and learning and culture of ages, is our own. All climes and peoples, in the providence of God, have ministered to our present position. The predictions of prophets, the songs of poets, the disquisitions of savans, the teachings of philosophers, the sciences and arts—all have contributed of their possessions. Where were our modern civilization of which we are so proud, had not an Isaiah lifted up his voice, a Homer sung, a Socrates discussed, a Cicero appeared with a mastery of speech to inflame and convince? With *Christian* civilization, the last and best and final form of civilization in this Western world, our nation shall go forward, "conquering and to conquer;" but its victories shall be those of peace; its conquests shall "not hurt nor destroy."

Art. VI.—1. *Traité de Mécanique Céleste.* Par M. Le Marquis de Laplace. Paris. 1862.

2. *Exposition du Système du Monde.* Par P. S. Laplace. Paris. 1860.

3. *Anecdote relative a M. de la Place.* Par M. J. B. Biot. Journal des Savans. Paris. 1850.

Notwithstanding all that art has done during the last fifty years in aiding the scientific investigator, especially by improving the telescope, it must be admitted that astronomy has made but little progress. Indeed, if we except geology, and perhaps chemistry, the same remark will apply to all the sciences. In pure mathematics scarcely a single important fact has been added to the stock of knowledge left us by the great investigators of the last century. We should be too sanguine in expecting a Newton, a Kepler, a Galileo, a Lagrange, or a

Laplace for every age. As reasonably might we expect a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, or a Shakespeare. But if we institute a careful comparison between the astronomers and the poets of the last half century, or between the scientific and literary men, we shall find that the latter have exhibited more originality than the former. This fact being assented to, the question would naturally arise, Who was the last astronomer of the first rank? and without hesitation we should reply, Laplace. Far be it from us to deny that there have been astronomers of eminence since his time; not to assign that character to men like Arago, Piazzi, Harding, Le Verrier, and several others we could mention, including Americans, both male and female, would display not only lack of appreciation, but lack of intelligence. It is true that discoveries have been made by more than half of those we have mentioned; but we must remember that one may discover a planet or a satellite by the aid of a powerful telescope, and still be wanting in the most essential qualifications of a great astronomer.

Not only did Laplace belong to the first rank, as we have said; but so far as scientific history gives us any information on the subject, he has had no superior, save Newton alone. Nay, there are those, whose opinions cannot be despised, who deny that he has been surpassed even by the author of the *Principia*. For our own part, we agree with Halley, that no mortal has made a nearer approach to the divine intelligence than Newton; but we hold it to be equally true that no one has made so near an approach to Newton in all that contributed most to render him immortal, than Laplace. For these reasons, we think that the author of the *Méchanique Céleste* should be better known in this country than he is. Not only is he eclipsed to our eyes by the glory of Newton; but some of the admirers of the latter have so far forgot themselves as to assail the former, regarding him as the rival of their favorite. Certainly none of the first class of English savans have permitted themselves to be influenced by this unworthy feeling; but unfortunately, it is not those who are least prejudiced because most enlightened, that are most read, or have most influence on public opinion. Were it otherwise, it would be superfluous to attempt any vindication of the claims of Laplace as a scientific investigator and discoverer.

The life of Laplace is not only instructive, considered altogether apart from his contributions to science; it is well calculated to encourage those whom surrounding circumstances seem to preclude from attaining any eminence, however conscious they may be of their own talents. It especially claims the attention of those who are of opinion that it is only under

the auspices of certain forms of government the most persevering and industrious can elevate themselves, since the experience of all nations shows, when intelligently consulted, that genius properly directed will overcome all obstacles. Pierre Laplace was born in March, 1749—a little more than a century after the birth of Newton—at Beaumont-en-Auge, in the department of Calvados, Normandy.. His father was a poor but honest farmer, who had quite enough to do to procure his family the common necessaries of life. Even while a child, the subject of our remarks evinced evidence of superior talents. Fortunately for the cause of science, there were those, even in that obscure village, who were not only capable of appreciating genius, but generous enough to aid in developing it; and thus it was that Laplace was placed at a school where in a short time he more than justified the most sanguine expectations of the good men who were willing to burden themselves with the expense of his education. That his progress was very rapid is sufficiently apparent from the fact that while yet a mere youth he was appointed a professor of mathematics in the college of his native town. It would lead us too far in a paper which must necessarily be brief to enter into details as to his early proficiency. Suffice it to remark, in passing, that so conscious was he himself that he had already accumulated a large amount of knowledge, that he soon found the sphere of a professor in a provincial college far too narrow for his aspirations. He set out for Paris, with the two-fold purpose of prosecuting his studies with greater advantages than the resources of a country town could afford, and of improving his fortune. D'Alembert was then the greatest mathematician of his time; he also ruled with despotic sway in the republic of letters. The first care of Laplace was to procure a number of letters of recommendation and present them to the illustrious academician. These certified that he was not only an excellent mathematician, but an accomplished linguist; but D'Alembert did not even honor him with an interview. This mortified him not a little; but he determined not to be baffled in his attempts to make himself known to one who had the inclination as well as the power to reward true merit. Throwing aside his recommendations, he addressed a letter to D'Alembert, in which he discussed the general principles of mechanics. The academician saw at a glance that this was the work of a masterly hand, immediately sent for the author, and addressed him thus: "You see, sir, that I hold recommendations as of very little value; you have no occasion for them—you have made yourself better known. This is sufficient for me; you are entitled to my support." This was no mere formal courtesy—no passing compliment;

for in less than ten days Laplace got the appointment of professor of mathematics in the Military School of Paris through the influence of his friend. He tells us himself, in his memoirs, that had he been offered his choice position, this was the one which above all others he would have chosen. Here he was able to prosecute his favorite studies so much to his satisfaction that in a short time he felt himself capable of commencing his *Méchanique Céleste*, that great work which is surpassed only by the *Principia* of Newton. But he signalized himself more than this at the Military School, for it was while there he made the important discovery of the invariability of the mean distances of the planets from the sun. His first experiments in this direction were made under the auspices of M. Saron, to whom he dedicated his earlier works, and who generously defrayed the expense of their publication. Nor did his new friend confine himself to a service so important as this; through his influence Laplace was appointed to succeed Bezout as examiner of the Royal Corps of Artillery. He occupied this position but a short time, when he was admitted into the Academy of Sciences. Soon after the celebrated Polytechnic School was opened for the first time, and Laplace was made one of its professors.

This position was an especial recognition of his beautiful discovery of the causes of the acceleration of the moon's motion—a discovery from which he deduced the following remarkable conclusions: 1. That if the action of gravity is not instantaneous, it must propagate itself 50,000,000 times *faster than light*, which moves at the rate of 195,000 miles in a second. 2. That the medium in which the stars revolve does not present any sensible resistance to the motions of the planets. By means of the same discovery he proved that the length of our day, or the time in which the earth moves about its axis, has not varied the hundredth part of a second for two thousand years.

All this time he was devoting his leisure hours to his *Celestial Mechanics*. At the same period he not only wrote, but also published, his *Exposition du Système du Monde*, a work which was received throughout the scientific world with unbounded admiration. This can hardly be called a treatise, for it contains neither diagrams nor mathematical symbols of any kind; but such is the wonderful clearness and eloquence of its language, (qualities in which it surpasses all other similar productions,) that it needs neither symbol nor diagram in the hands of any intelligent student. It is impossible to describe the object of it better than the author himself has done in the following paragraph:

"There is an immense distance from the first view of the heavens to that general view which at the present day we comprehend the past

and future state of the system of the world. To arrive at this, it was necessary to observe the heavenly bodies during a long series of ages —to recognize from their appearances the real motion of the earth—to develop the laws of the planetary motions, and from these laws to derive the principles of universal gravitation, and to re-descend from this principle to the complete investigation of all the celestial phenomena, even in their minutest details. This is what the human understanding has accomplished in astronomy. The exposition of these discoveries, and of the most simple manner in which they may arise one from the other, would have the double advantage of presenting a great assemblage of important truths, and the true method which should be followed in investigating the laws of nature. This is the object I propose in the following work."—Book 1, pp. 1–2.

How admirably this object has been carried out can be appreciated only by those who carefully examine the work. The limits of our article will only allow us to allude to one or two of its leading features. The exposition given of the Copernican system in the second book affords as excellent a specimen of philosophical reasoning as there is to be found in the whole range of modern scientific literature. But much more interesting are the author's views in the second chapter of the third book on the laws of motion. Further on we are shown how the weights and densities of the sun and the several planets may be accurately computed. The philosophy of Newton does no more than hint at the possibility of accomplishing this, but Laplace has resolved the problem. Thus he shows that Jupiter is a little less than the thousandth part of the sun; that the earth is less than the three hundred thousandth part of the sun; that Mars is about twice as great as the earth, and Mercury about a seventh part; that Saturn is about one-third the mass of Jupiter, &c. The discussion of this theory is followed by that of the secondary planets, the truth of which has also been confirmed by the researches and experiments of later astronomers. But perhaps the most curoius and interesting part of the *Système du Monde* is that which discusses the laws and general phenomena of comets. Laplace was of opinion that although the collision of a comet with the earth or any other planet is highly improbable for a given portion of time, yet if we take an unlimited succession of ages such a result may be regarded as almost certain. "It is easy" he says, "to represent the effect of such a shock upon the earth: the axis and motion of rotation changed; the waters abandoning their ancient position to precipitate themselves towards the new equator; the greater part of men and animals drowned in a universal deluge, or destroyed by the violence of the shock given to the terrestrial globe; whole species destroyed; all the monuments of human industry reversed; *such are the disasters which a shock of a comet would produce.*" This view of the effects of a collision of a comet

with the earth has been combated by Arago and other astronomers of our own times; but their arguments are by no means so philosophical or convincing as those of Laplace. The author of the *Méchanique Celéste* did not address himself to the general public; but to the educated and enlightened. Had it been different, he might have given views less likely to alarm the former; but it was a favorite precept of his, that he is no philosopher, indeed, not an honest man, who would disguise or misrepresent the truths of history, lest they might excite the fears of the vulgar and timid. But let us hear his argument in support of his theory, and see whether it is not in accordance with facts which none can gainsay:

"We see, then, why the ocean has abandoned the highest mountains, *on which it has left incontestable marks of its former abode.* We see why the animals and plants of the south may have existed in the climates of the north, *where their relics and impressions are still to be found.* Lastly, it explains the short period of the existence of the moral world, whose earliest monuments do not go much farther back than three thousand years. * * But whatever may be the cause assigned by philosophers to these phenomena, we may be perfectly at ease with respect to such a catastrophe during the short period of human life."—*Système du Monde,* Tome 11, pp. 64, 65.

It is thought that this book saved the life of the author during the bloody days of the Revolution, when distinguished excellence of any kind was regarded by those possessed of the executive power as a sufficient cause for proscription. It was not because he had the genius to write such a book that he was thus favored; but because he had the address to present it as an offering to those in power. He tells us himself that he was in no danger after this until the accession to power of Napoleon, who soon proved himself his best friend. He raised him successively in the course of a few years to the dignities of Minister of the Interior, Count of the Empire, Senator, Vice-Chancellor of the Senate, President of the Senate, &c.

What did much more credit to Laplace than the honors he received from Napoleon, was the founding of the celebrated association called the Physical and Chemical Society of Arcueil, and of which the members in the order of their enrolment were, La Place, C. L. Berthollet, Biot, Gay-Lassac, Humboldt, Thénard, Decandolle, Collet Descontils, A. B. Berthollet, and Molos. The village of Arcueil, near Paris, from which this famous society derives its name, is still visited by the lovers of science and admirers of genius from all parts of the world. There were first read, if not written, such "Mémoires" as "On the Motion of Light in Diaphanous Media," by M. La Place; "Experiments on the Propagation of Sound through Solid Bodies and through Air in very long Tubes," by M. Biot; "On

the Relation between Oxydation of Metals, &c.," by M. Gay-Lassac; "Researches on the Respiration of Fishes," by MM. Provençal and Humboldt. It is to the scene of these labors Baron Fourier alludes when he says that "great recollections and great sorrows have rendered *it* illustrious. It was there that Laplace received celebrated foreigners, men of powerful minds, from whom science had either received or expected some benefit, but especially those whom a sincere zeal attached to the sanctuary of the sciences. The one had begun their career; the others were about to finish it. He received them with extreme politeness; he went even so far that he led those that did not know the extent of his genius to believe that he might himself derive some advantage from their conversation."

But, as already intimated, the *chef d'œuvre* of Laplace is his *Mèchanique Céleste*. This is indeed celestial in more than one sense. In it he has not only discussed the labors of Kepler, Newton, D'Alembert, Euler, Galileo, Lagrange, &c., but he has elucidated the many great discoveries with which he has himself enriched the science of astronomy. Never was a scientific work written in a style more lucid; but the subjects which it investigates are so abstruse and recondite, and it requires so extensive an acquaintance with the general principles of science to be able even to enter into its spirit, that it must always remain a sealed book, save to the favored few on whom nature has bestowed a superior aptitude, which has been developed by a superior education. But the author of the most worthless production of the present day would announce his intentions and objects with far more pomp than Laplace has done in his Celestial Mechanics.

"Newton published, towards the end of the last century, the discovery of universal gravitation. Since that time geometers have, in referring to this great law of nature all the known phenomena of the system of the world, given an unexpected precision both to the theories and to the tables of astronomy. I propose to represent under one point of view these theories, which are scattered through a great number of works; the whole of which embracing all the results of universal gravitation, on the equilibrium and on the motions of the solid and fluid bodies which compose the solar and other systems spread through the university of the heavens from the Celestial Mechanics. * * It is to accomplish, so far as I can, an object so interesting that this work is destined. I hope that, in consideration of the importance and the difficulties of the subject, geometers and astronomers may receive it with indulgence, and that they may find the results sufficiently simple to be employed in their researches."

In this there is no arrogance, no assumption of superiority; but the opposite qualities. The fruits of the profound researches of generations of learned and gifted men are brought under review; all astronomical theories or hypotheses that

can claim any respectable origin, or any foundation in fact, are discussed with as much candor as ability; the mode of analysis by which this is done is at once elegant and original; then when we combine with all this the sublime character of the subjects discussed, it is impossible to deny that the *Mécanique Céleste* deserves to be ranked with the noblest productions of the human intellect. We should feel fully justified in giving this estimate of the work had we nothing to refer to in it more than his account of his researches in determining the figure of the earth, his explanation of the theory of molecular attraction, his explanation of the precession of the equinoxes, of the theory of planetary perturbations, and his solution of the problem of the tides.

It would be a fruitless effort to attempt to give an analysis in a periodical article of a work of such magnitude as the *Mécanique Céleste*, which extends to sixteen books, making four large quarto volumes. When it is borne in mind that the subjects discussed are of so profound and abstruse a nature that probably not more than a dozen savans have been able to comprehend them from the day Laplace wrote to the present, the absurdity of undertaking to review them in a few pages will be sufficiently apparent. At the same time, there is no intelligent student of the mathematics whom we would not advise to make frequent reference to the *Celestial Mechanics;* not only because it is an almost inexhaustible source of instruction and knowledge, in all that pertains to physical astronomy; but also because its system of reasoning has never been surpassed, if equalled, as a means of discovering truth.

Yet the mind capable of such sublime thoughts was often mean and unworthy. In this fact, too, we have an instructive lesson. It reminds us that greatness and littleness, even in the same individual, are not, after all, inconsistent with each other; and consequently, that we ought to be indulgent to those who have reprehensible qualities, if only for the sake of their better qualities; or, in other words, that we ought to overlook what is human, however unworthy it may be, in consideration of what is divine. Undoubtedly this has been done in the case of Laplace; and even by those who had most cause to despise, if not detest, him. We allude now to the very unworthy conduct of Laplace towards the greatest of his benefactors. We have already shown how much Napoleon delighted to honor him; but when fortune turned against the conqueror, he was one of the first to exercise all the influence he possessed to expel him from the throne on which he had conferred so much lustre and glory.

Before the Emperor left for Russia—that is, while he was at

the zenith of his power—Laplace presented him his *Essai sur les Probabilités*, with a dedication, in which he lauded him above all the monarchs that ever wielded a human sceptre. Shortly after the downfall of his benefactor, a new edition of the "*Essai*" was called for; and lest the Bourbons might be displeased, the author suppressed the dedication. At the same time he took a leading part in forcing the Emperor to abdicate; it was for the service he rendered the Bourbons in this way, in 1814, that he was made a peer of France, with the title of marquis. Nothing does greater honor to Napoleon than his subsequent conduct towards Laplace. Though well aware of his ingratitude, far from showing any resentment towards him on his return from Elba, he sent him word that he need not be loath to come to the Tuileries on account of anything that had happened; that he might rely on being kindly received. But the astronomer was all the more ashamed to go on account of this magnanimity; so that they never met again. The Emperor did not forget the astronomer, however. One of the most interesting passages in the Conversations of Napoleon with Las Cases *(Mémorial)* is that in which he gives his opinion of the author of *Méchanique Céleste*. "A geometrician," he says, "of the first rank, he did not reach mediocrity as a statesman. From the first the consuls became sensible that they had made a mistake in his appointment. He never viewed any subject in its true light; he was always occupied with subtilities; his notions were all problematic; and he carried the spirit of the *infinitely small* into the administration."

Laplace has also been much censured for his unwillingness to recognize any rival among his contemporaries. Even those to whose friendly and genreous assistance he was indebted for a suitable introduction to the scientific world, and who were geometricians themselves of the first rank, are scarcely ever mentioned in his works. This is true even of D'Alembert, Lagrange, and Clairaut. His course was different, however, towards those who labored in a different field from his own; such, for example, as Humboldt, Gay-Lassac, Biot, and other philosophers, whom we have already mentioned as belonging to the famous Society of Arcueil. Of these he frequently speaks in the highest terms; but one could read the whole of his *chef d'œure* and hardly suppose that he had any predecessors in physical astronomy or dynamics.

His friend Biot, who was also a mathematician of high rank, has done his best to present his character in a more amiable light. He tells us that while young and unknown he repaired to Paris, chiefly with the view of forming the acquaintance of the

luminaries of the day, and acquiring new lights in his favorite science. His first care was to address a letter to Laplace, asking leave to see the sheets of his great work then passing through the press. He was received with the utmost courtesy, but was told that the author was unwilling that his work should be submitted to the judgment of any one in an unfinished state. Biot's reply disarmed Laplace; for he disclaimed all intention of any purpose further than to profit by the instruction which the perusal of the sheets would afford him. This led to an intimacy which was only interrupted by death. Soon after they became thus acquainted Biot hit upon what he considered a discovery of some importance. He took his paper to Paris and submitted it to Laplace, who read it with some surprise, and remarked: "This is a very good method, and you have taken the proper mode of resolving such questions directly; but I recommend you not carry it beyond a certain point, as you would there meet with difficulties which the present resources of the science do not enable us to surmount." Biot was unwilling to be put off, as he thought, in this way; and Laplace bade him be of good cheer, that he should present his paper next day at the Institute, and dine with him after it was read. There was a pretty full meeting at the Institute, and Biot explained his method on the celebrated black board. It was referred to a committee consisting of Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix. The author came to dine in the evening, as he had been invited. After dinner was over, Laplace asked him into his study; and opening one of his private drawers, took out an old, soiled paper, which, to the astonishment of the young geometrician, proved to contain his own supposed discovery. The argument of Biot is, that had Laplace been the jealous, arrogant man which he is represented, he would not have allowed another the credit of a discovery which he had previously made himself. At all events, the scientific world was easily induced to overlook the foibles of the author of the *Mêchanique Céleste*. Although he lived to an advanced age, no savant of his time, however illustrious, was more universally mourned. Of this there is abundant evidence; and we cannot more appropriately conclude this paper than by extracting the following passages from the *éloge* of Baron Foucrier before the French Academy:

"Shall I remind you of that gloomy sadness which brooded over this place like a cloud, when the sad intelligence was announced to you? It was on the day, and even at the hour of your usual meetings. Each of you preserved a mournful silence—each felt *the sad blow with which the Sciences were struck.* All eyes were fixed on that place which he had so long occupied among you. One thought only filled your minds; every other meditation became impossible. You separated un-

der the influence of a unanimous resolution, and for this single time your usual labors were interrupted.

"It is, doubtless, great—it is glorious—it is worthy of a powerful nation, to decree high honors to the memory of its celebrated men. In the country of Newton, the Ministers of State desired that the mortal remains of this great man should be solemnly deposited among the tombs of its monarchs. France and Europe have offered to the memory of Laplace an expression of their sorrow; less pompous, no doubt, but perhaps more touching and more sincere.

"He has received an unusual homage—he has received it from his countrymen in the bosom of a learned body who could alone appreciate all his genius. *The voice of Science in tears* was heard in every part of the world where philosophy had penetrated. We have now before us an extensive correspondence from every part of Germany, England, Italy and New Holland, from the English possessions in India, and from the two Americas; and we find in it the same expressions of admiration and sorrow. This universal grief of the Sciences, so nobly and so freely expressed, has in it no less truth than the funeral pomp of Westminster Abbey. * * * * *

"The continued observation of the satellites of Jupiter will perpetuate the memory of the inventor of the theorems which regulate their course. The great inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn pursuing their long periods, and giving to these planets new situations, will recall without ceasing one of the most astonishing discoveries. These are the titles to true glory, which nothing can extinguish. The spectacle of the heavens will be changed, but at these distant epochs the glory of the inventor will ever subsist—the traces of his genius bear the stamp of immortality."

ART. VII.—1. *History of Austria to the Time of Joseph II.* By J. B. SCHELS. 9 vols. London. 1819.

2. *The Princes of the House of Austria, from the Foundation of the German Empire to the Present Time.* By HENRY L. WOTTEN, LL.D. London. 1848.

3. *Notitia Austriæ Antiquæ et Mediæ.* MAGN. KLEIN. 1781.

4. *L'Autriche, ou Mœurs, Usages et Coutumes des habitants de cet empire.* Paris. 1821.

ON a stormy winter evening in the year 1272, a poor curate was observed toiling up a steep ascent, to administer to a dying man the last consolations of religion. The air was inclement, the wind blew high, the tempest was raging, the sleet was descending. His years were great, his steps were weary. It was evident that zeal for his holy office had supplied him with preternatural strength, and that this strength was on the point of sinking. A moment longer, and he whom a sacred

sense of duty thus impelled to pour balm on the life of another, might have atoned for it by the loss of his own. But a spare though stalwart and steel-clad man at this crisis rode up, and, discovering the extremity of the aged priest, descended to his relief. He insisted that the faithful follower of St. Peter should mount his prancing charger, and on this warlike steed the venerable priest proceeded to impart to the sufferer the last beatitudes of religion. He administered the Eucharist, and the recipient expired.

A nameless being had quitted this world, and gone to the unknown realms of infinitude: but the consequences remained. Many a man has thus been shriven, and many a wretch has thus exchanged this life for another, still more mysterious. A dynasty, however, in this instance issued from the trivial act, and Europe still acknowledges the impulse of that curate's devotedness, that dying man's last earthly hours. The beneficence displayed by the martial trooper, we may infer, was then rare, as indeed it has often and generally been since; for he received the imperial crown as his reward. Rodolph of Hapsburgh (for it was he) is the only one of the actors on that memorable evening whose name has descended to us, and his posterity still sit on one of the most powerful thrones in Europe.

Such, according to popular tradition, is the origin of the reigning House of Austria—deriving its existence from an act of touching humanity, but since stained with a thousand follies and a thousand crimes. But stern history, and sterner truth, compel us to doubt, if not deny, the incident. It was for services to a mitred prelate, and not to an humble curate, that Rodolph owed his elevation. The founder of the House of Hapsburgh was in reality merely one of those chieftains, so common in the middle ages, who established their fastnesses near some public road, and preyed upon all who came within reach of their stronghold. Rodolph appears to have been only a little more crafty, and, till he attained to power, he was equally unscrupulous with the rest. By his great address and vigorous physical force, he had succeeded in subduing all his neighbors, and evinced as much ability in uniting the discordant elements of his own and others' patrimonial inheritances, as he subsequently displayed in combining the hostile influences of the various lands that were brought under his dominion. The Archbishop of Mentz chanced to be passing near this sagacious freebooter's domains, on his way to Rome; and Rodolph, after a brief parley, arrived at the conclusion that it would be more advantageous to aid the holy man than to plunder him. He accordingly provided him with an escort, and,

as some say, accompanied him to the Eternal City in person; though the latter part of the allegation is doubtful; Rodolph to the last retaining an aversion to Rome, which he described as resembling the lion's den, whence there could be seen no marks of returning footsteps. As it was, however, the prelate showed himself neither forgetful nor unworthy of the obligation; and a vacancy having shortly afterwards occurred in the empire, for which there were three barbarian candidates—Otho, Alphonso, and Ottocar—princes now forgotten, Gregory the Tenth was readily induced, on the interposition of the archbishop, to terminate the dispute by selecting an humbler leader, who appeared more likely to be guided by his advice. Rodolph was accordingly elected to the imperial throne.

Whatever might have been his former conduct, the newly-created dignitary acted well. He seemed to possess an innate art for controlling men, and he ruled them with equal equity and address. His antecedent history having familiarized him with the art of freebooting, he took the field against those who practised it with not less vigor than success, and robbery soon became rare throughout the whole of his domains. Wider territories, too, were now added to his dominions. He showed as much ability in acquiring new lands as he had formerly done in securing booty. The whole of Austria proper, or the old duchy of that name, was soon reduced to his authority, and his policy was such that he exercised a still wider influence. Decision was not wanting in the course of this conduct. In one day he hung upwards of ninety robbers at Erfurth, and in an incredibly short time reduced the castles of sixty feudal chiefs. Their obnoxious system received its first fatal blow from him. He had witnessed and participated in its excesses, and now he exerted himself to bring about its overthrow, as not less menacing to the sovereign than injurious to the subject. He effected an arrangement with the Church; but it was done without any forfeiture of kingly power or manly dignity. He renounced the phantom of authority which previous emperors had professed to exercise over that imperial city, but he preserved the liberties and independence of Germany. Always politic, however, Rodolph seized the opportunity of for ever terminating all rivalry by bestowing his daughter on the son of his discomfited rival, as he had previously made use of three others for the purpose of gaining his election by marrying them to the Electors of Bavaria, Brandenburg, and Saxony. The hands of two remaining were subsequently trafficked away in a manner equally advantageous; and every symptom of revolt was soon suppressed by the promptness and address of the lately elevated freebooter.

All other dreams of hostility he simultaneously renounced trusting, wisely, more securely to advance his power by the less ephemeral influence of prudence and policy. The Church next experienced his reforming hand. He reduced the incomes of the extravagantly wealthy benefices, but augmented those of the humbler livings, whose poverty had constrained their holders to take part in many unclerical avocations. But the greatest glory of his reign was his overthrow of feudalism, which, gradually culminating from the era of Charlemagne and his weak successors, had attained an ascendency equally unendurable by sovereign and citizen. His suppression of the titled banditti was but the natural prelude to the still more necessary act; and by vesting the powers of feudal barons in the various municipalities of his empire, he effectually laid the basis of a more satisfactory species of authority.

At his death, feudalism was virtually extinct in Austria, though it still continued to exercise its baneful influence over adjoining countries. Many similar beneficial changes he likewise introduced. By banishing the Latin language from his legislative code, and substituting the German, he rendered his empire and its institutions more congenial to the people, and a constitution which he promulgated about the same time, was esteemed for many years as a form of really liberal government. Till the hour of his death, he persevered in this meritorious system of national improvement, and vastly increased the resources of the state, without in any degree pressing with severity on the finances of his subjects. Justice was for the first time regularly administered under him in Austria by judges whom he appointed to traverse every part of his dominions; and in the short space of a single life, the heterogeneous and seemingly discordant elements which constitute the vast Austrian empire were in reality substantially consolidated.

At this distant period, and amidst the indiscriminate eulogy which now enshrines such princes as Rodolph, Alfred, and other rulers of the middle ages, who perhaps conducted themselves with but ordinary equity, we can scarcely discern the blemishes which undoubtedly existed in their characters.

His last years were passed at home in consolidating the various interests of his empire. He vainly endeavored to associate with him his son Albert, for the purpose of alleviating this labor. The German Diet resisted the proposal, on the ground that it was unconstitutional towards their confederacy to maintain two emperors simultaneously; but in reality, perhaps, and wisely, because it would have wholly divested the empire of its main safeguard—election. Disappointed thus, and dispirited by the premature death of Rodolph, his second

and favorite son, he proceeded to visit the tomb of his late empress at Spires, near which, exhausted by age and labor, he shortly afterwards expired in 1291, in the seventy-third year of his age.

An idea, as perfect as we can now convey, may be inferred of Rodolph's character from what has been already said. Astuteness and energy were his main features—unscrupulousness till he attained power, a not unfrequent sense of equity after the prize was secured. Able, adroit, unhesitating, and bold, he possessed most of the qualities that enable men to found empires; and, with the solitary exception of Charles the Fifth, he has since been equalled by no prince who has sat on the Austrian throne. Many of the virtues attributed to him possibly rest on the doubtful basis of tradition; yet enough remain to convince the world that he was the hero of the thirteenth century, and one of the ablest of its princes.

In person, Rodolph is reported to have been tall, attenuated, and handsome. His head was unusually small, and his nose as remarkably elongated. He was exceedingly simple in his attire and frank in his demeanor. The meanest of his subjects at all times had access to him; he listened to their plaints with sympathy, usually administered justice to them with equity, and thus laid the basis of that popularity which his descendants have retained since, mainly by mingling among their subjects as men of the people, and exhibiting an engaging aspect of amenity as well as sense of fairness and propriety, so long as the interests of despotism are not materially infringed. Many anecdotes are yet current of Rodolph, all evincing his ability, beneficence and astuteness. It is recorded of him, that "A merchant having once complained to him of an innkeeper at Nuremberg, who refused to refund a sum of money which he had deposited in his hands, the emperor, though the defendant could not be convicted, took an opportunity some days after, when he came with some other deputies of the city upon business, to praise his hat, and propose an exchange; accordingly, he no sooner received the innkeeper's hat, than he sent it as a token to his wife, with a message in her husband's name, desiring she would deliver to the bearer the money which the merchant had left in his hands. The stratagèm succeeded; the wife sent the purse, which was restored to the right owner, and the innkeeper was condemned to pay a heavy fine." An act of judicial pleasantry such as this has been attributed to Curran, the Irish barrister. Possibly, however, both repose on no other foundation than the doubtful one arising from the common habit of making historical personages the heroes of such incidents.

Numerous crimes have been attributed to Rodolph since his death—especially the burning of a monastery, and the spoliation of the lands of a wealthy, rapacious uncle—but they all occurred at the period when he was avowedly a bandit, and in no degree detract from his subsequent merit as emperor; nor did they have any effect in ultimately excluding his son from the succession to the imperial throne.

On Rodolph's death, Adolphus, Count of Nassau, was elevated to the dignity of emperor; but chiefly, it should seem, to maintain the salutary principle of election; for, on his rendering himself obnoxious shortly afterwards, by his arrogance and extravagance, the minds of the people reverted to the recollection of Rodolph's courtesy and generosity, and the country acquiesced, without resistance, in the usurpation of his son Albert. But of him, and many similarly obscure or unimportant personages of this order, we must necessarily be silent. Posterity would be wholly uninterested in their coarse and uneventful careers, which present nothing beyond the usual record of violence and rapine connected with the history of the middle ages. It is not till two centuries afterwards that a sense of interest revives, and that we feel a transient emotion of curiosity in contemplating the reign of Maximilian the First, grandsire of the still renowned Charles the Fifth.

Meanwhile the struggle between the Church and the Emperor continued—the one eager to increase its influence in Germany, the other to acquire possession of farther lands in Italy. It would be foreign, however, to our purpose to relate it here; for indeed the House of Hapsburgh was in no small degree connected with it. For upwards of a century and a half subsequent to Albert's death, the family had almost ceased to occupy the imperial throne. Bavarians, Saxons, Franconians, and every species of foreigners filled it in the interval. It was not until the year 1438, when another Albert, the second of the name, was elevated, that the honors of the House were restored; though from this period the crown became hereditary in the family.

But, as already mentioned, the deeds of this prince and his successor, Frederick the Fourth, would be now as uninteresting to us as the exploits of an equal number of carrion-crows. It is not until the era of Maximilian the First that another member of the House of Hapsburgh excites the slightest curiosity in modern history; and in his case this feeling is inspired solely by the extraordinary qualities of the man—at once a poet, a warrior, a statesman, a would-be pope, a writer on science, and a buffoon.

This emperor is one of the most extraordinary and farcical

characters in history. Of huge stature and Herculean personal strength, he excelled as a rope-dancer, and was ambitious of the character of a mountebank. At one moment he is said to have been guilty of the brutality of wrenching open the jaws and tearing out the tongue of a hapless lion, possibly tamed or drugged for the purpose; at another, he was on the acme of human felicity—so far, at least, as he could enjoy it—while standing with one leg on a thin bar of iron at the summit of the cathedral of Ulm, while the other limb was perched high in air. A warrior, and not an unsuccessful one in his contests with France, like the founder of his house, he aimed at extending its fortunes rather by matrimony than by arms. By wedding the heiress of Burgundy, he obtained the rich appange of the Netherlands; by securing the hand of Juana, of Spain, for his son Philip, he provided for succeeding to the splendid inheritance of the Peninsular throne and the Indies. While he affected to shine as a Knight, and affectedly took the title of *Derletzle Ritter*, (the Last Knight,) he effectively abolished chivalry, by putting an end to the system of feudal retainers in the field, and substituting soldiers with regular pay. He was, in fact, a most ludicrous mass of inconsistencies. One time he might be seen introducing a string of Cyprians attached in procession to his horse's tail, into Ratisbon, to evade an interdict of the magistrates, who forbade the entrance of such women into their city, but dared not interfere with the imperial retinue: on another occasion he would propound to an abbot the sagacious questions:—"Since Christianity comprehends only a small portion of the earth, may not every man who believes in God, without anything further, be saved in his religion? Why is revelation in so many passages obscure and contradictory, and why does it tell us so many things that we do not care to know, and not what we should be very glad to know?" A Charlemagne in his own estimation, he wrote his own and his father's exploits under the title of The Wise King, (*Der Heise König,*) an epic poem; but at another period, the unfortunate hero was himself rescued, after fasting two days in the Tyrol (where he lost his way while hunting) in a state of most helpless imbecility, by a shepherd, whom he mistook for an angel. There would be no end, in truth, were we to recount but a tithe of the adventures and inconsistencies of this imperial clown. He wrote twenty-two volumes, many of which are sensible, and was the father of half the coarse jests in Germany. He declared that he could outlie "Julius Cæsar," and assumed a host of titles—"Descendant of Charlemagne," "Lord of the East and West," "King and Heir of all Christendom, and several provinces besides,"—such as had never previously been known in Eu

rope, and are equalled only in the Celestial Empire. The last freak of this extraordinary buffoon, who, as an intermediate, seems to have embodied all the follies of the modern and middle ages in his person, was, on the death of his second wife, to become a candidate for the popedom, and to attempt securing it by corrupting the cardinals at a time when he had so completely exhausted his finances by every species of inconceivable extravagance, that he was known and laughed at by even the rabble of Rome under the name of "*Poco Denari*," he notoriously having at the moment not a stiver in his pockets.

Yet was this singular mountebank not entirely destitute of political sagacity. On the contrary, he had more than the usual share of royal prescience, and was the first among European potentates who discerned the rising power of Russia, with whose Grand Duke or Czar, Ivan Bosclourtch, he formally concluded an alliance on that savage Scythian's abjuration of Asiatic policy and expulsion of the Tartars from his dominions.

But in the person of his successor and grandson, Charles the Fifth, there uprose one of those men such as centuries alone produce, and who still causes the world to ring with his renown. Those acclamations, indeed, may be baseless, but they still continue to be loud. We may no longer consider Charles as exclusively the undaunted hero, the far-seeing politician, and philosophic ruler which it was once customary to consider him. Later ages, and more especially since the publication of his own letters, with other memoirs, have stripped him of much of this ficticious reputation, and shown him to have been sometimes but of commonplace courage, and frequently of doubtful prescience in statesmanship. But still, his rare sagacity, his persistence and penetration remain unquestioned. He it was who first imparted a tone of civilization and refinement to modern politics; and though his vast empire mainly fell with him, he is still entitled to be considered as the greatest emperor who had reigned since the days of Charlemagne.

It were superfluous to attempt even the briefest outline of Charles's history here. Every school-book teems with details of his birth at Ghent, in 1500—his accession to the throne of Spain and the Indies when in but the sixteenth year of his age—his successful disputes with Francis of France and Henry of England for the coveted dignity of the empire a few years later—his subsequent league with Henry and capture of Francis at the decisive battle of Pavia, when the French sovereign is fictitiously said to have written to his mother that he had "lost everything but honor"—his first war in Africa, against the heroic Barbaressa, whom he succeeded, on that occasion, in overthrowing—the turn of the tide, and his defeat in France,

when ambition or resentment prompted him to invade it in 1538—his second and unsuccessful campaign in Africa, against the same undaunted Moor—his equally baffled union with England to assail France in 1545—his fierce and uncompromising hostility to the Reformation, though caprice, or an accident, alone prevented him from joining it—his vain attempt to secure that phantom of universal monarchy which has lured so many despots to destruction—the general distrust and hostility which he at last excited—his memorable retirement from the world when he found his vast schemes seemingly hopeless—his futile endeavors to regulate the affairs of the empire from the recesses of a cloister; and, finally, his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, "dissatisfied," as he declared, "with the world, his son, and himself." All these are well-known traits of melancholy and blighted ambition.

But the character of Charles is still interesting to us, and it will engage the attention of late generations of men. His abilities were not originally great, and it was not till his thirtieth year that they were in any remarkable degree developed; but after that period he showed a singular power for the government of mankind. Throwing off his previous inaction, he then caused the most stubborn to bend to his iron will, and at the same time supplanted the subtlest by the profundity of his policy. Of keen and immense penetration, he, above all contemporaries, possessed the art of fathoming the designs of others, and of choosing the proper means for concealing or carrying out his own. The ablest of an able race of men, in a very able age, he undoubtedly would have triumphed over all, but for his boundless ambition; and had he not essayed that vain project of universal dominion, which Alexander and Charlemagne had previously attempted, which Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon subsequently also strived for in vain, and which it is equally useful and consolatory for us to know must always fail, merely because, however isolated nations may be enamored of slavery, or constrained to submit to its yoke, the world at large revolts from the degradation and misery of vassalage.

But whatever his abilities, there was need for them all. When he succeeded to the throne, Europe was emerging from the days of chivalry, and passing to the days of utility. A high-minded but Quixotic race of men was gliding away; a stubborn yet practical generation was succeeding. His dominions were the widest on which the sun yet had shone. To the letter it was true of them that on their wide expanse its rays never set. Four regal houses were united in his somewhat enfeebled person. As the heir of Maximilian, he inherited Germany, and was bound there at once to hold the

Turks in check and keep the Protestants in subjugation. As king of Arragon and Castile, he had, in the former capacity, to maintain his possessions of Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, and Northern Italy against the ever-ambitious power of Francis, and in the other, to attend to the vast concerns of America and the Indies; while, as the great-grandson of Charles the Bold, he inherited at once the sovereignty of the Low Countries, and the duty of protecting them not only against France, but also against Henry of England and the Protestants, who already looked upon them as one of the chief seats of their rising opinions. Since the day of Charlemagne it may well be declared that no such almost superhuman labor had fallen on the shoulders of any individual man.

Yet, however great the duties and the labor imposed upon him, Charles, as a man and as a monarch, rose greater still. His exertions, when in his prime and in the zenith of his power, were almost miraculous. The minutest details of his vast empire he personally regulated. At one moment he would be found deciding on the most momentous affairs of Europe, or on the conquest and colonization of new realms in America; at another he would be superintending the smallest details of his own household, or overhauling the account of some knavish burgomaster in the Netherlands. All of this extraordinary and multifarious labor, too, was generally undertaken and accomplished by him in person. He rarely trusted to the agency of intermediaries or ambassadors; but when an object was to be attained, or a treaty to be formed, usually proceeded and accomplished the work by his own hands. In this manner he was perpetually on the road or in the saddle, and there was not an official scoundrel in his dominions but trembled at his possible approach. The ambition and designs of Francis in Italy and the Low Countries, the stupid intrigues of Henry the Eighth and his minister, Wolsey, for continental dominion and the popedom, the progress of Solyman the Magnificent in Hungary, the insubordination and revolt of the Protestants in Germany, the outbursts of the untamable Barbaressa in Africa, all demanded and obtained his attention. His courage and his heroism, too, were equal to his amazing industry and enterprise. A noted cavalier in an age when all men were martial, he wielded his sword as readily as his pen. Without exhibiting any of the folly of a knight-errant, in many of his greatest actions he personally fought. He repelled Solyman from the gates of Vienna, and tore down those of the Moors at Gholetta and Tunis, at the same time that he detected and baffled the subtlest designs of Venice, unconsciously extorting from the jealous ambassador of that keen Italian republic the

involuntary testimony, in a secret report to the stern Council of Ten, that "undoubtedly Europe had seen no prince so wise, so valiant, and so great as this emperor since the days of Charlemagne."

Charles, of course, had failings, and in the opinion of many they are almost commensurate. Like all his race, he was not incapable of dissimulation, and in the noted imprisonment of the pope he has been accused of hypocrisy too; but perfidy, unhappily, was the main characteristic of that era.

In other respects Charles was amiable, and possessed many interesting traits. His magnanimity, when in his prime, to Luther, is to be set off against the bigotry which he evinced in his dotage. Though habitually reserved, or rendered so by policy, he was naturally candid, and wholly superior to flattery. "It is my nature," said he to the Venetian ambassador, "to persist obstinately in my opinions." "To persist in good opinions," replied that wily courtier, "is firmness, not obstinacy." "But I sometimes persist in bad ones," was Charles's rejoinder and rebuke. A man of genius himself, he was a generous patron of genius. He caused one of the proudest of his nobles to hold a ladder for Titian; he employed as his physician Vesalius, the great anatomist; he encouraged the chisel of Leoni and the lyre of Ariosto. From Antwerp to Toledo, from Nuremberg to Venice, he was known and recognized as the friend of literature and art.

The retirement of this great man from the world constitutes one of the most striking pictures in the annals of human vicissitudes. Wearied with cares, and disappointed in his projects, finding also the burden too onerous for his fading strength, he retired from a throne in the fifty-sixth year of his age, but only to experience the bitterness of a cloister. In the monastery of Yuste, (or St. Juste,) however, on the beautiful borders of Castile, his troubles did not cease. The hand of his son Philip, to whom he delegated it, soon proved too weak to control the mighty empire; and Charles's thoughts quickly reverted from the beauties of nature and the contemplations of religion, to guide and to guard those imperial interests which he had so long controlled. Gradually he was forced to interfere in the regulation of secular affairs, and in a short period seemingly he directed them actively as ever. Physical and mental infirmities had caused him to quit a throne, but in the convent he found no relief. His immense European possessions and transatlantic dominions still demanded his attention, and prevented him from enjoying that peace of mind which he so long had sought. In the recesses of his sepulchral solitude he consequently in vain exchanged a helmet for a cowl. He was in

enfeebled health when he entered, and these unexpected labors, with increasing religious fervor, only accelerated his passage to the tomb. His conduct in the adoption of this course long continued to bewilder historians; but recent researches have materially contributed to explain it all. Charles was not originally in his retreat the gloomy fanatic which he has been generally reported. On the contrary, save that he withdrew from more active scenes, and occupied himself more with the beauties of nature and pleasures of art, his life appears to have been much the same as before. He descanted with men of science on objects of learning, and amused his leisure hours with the curiosities of mechanism. In these for a time he forgot his past schemes of policy and conquest, which had latterly proved so disastrous, and he doubtless derived satisfaction from thus averting any future blot upon his fame. Though now hastening to his grave, the same commanding spirit still glowed in the breast of Charles, and he was yet as far-seeing a statesman as he had been an ambitious ruler. Philip had the sagacity to discern this, and he had the feeling to revere it, too. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that Charles, on his retirement, was contemned and neglected by his family. Until the last, or at least until in his increasing infirmities he became utterly irritable and impracticable, he at once both enjoyed their regard and obtained their obedience. Nothing is more touching than the last public appearance of this really lofty man, when, panting for breath and borne down by disease, he told the States of Flanders that he renounced the burden of royalty because his shattered frame could no longer sustain it; or more affecting than to see him watching with increasing solicitude over those domestic cares in that conventual retreat to which his exhausted spirit at last fled for rest.

But the last scene of all quickly drew nigh. Charles had at all times been in feeble health, having inherited gout from his father and a melancholy temperament from his mother. The loss of the primary organs of deglutition in early life had, too, made him dyspeptic, and the hurried voracity with which he was in the habit of swallowing his food, while his eager mind still continued incessantly at work, had brought on an endless complication of disease. Ere he was fifty he had almost lost the use of his limb, and the hand that once grasped the lance to assail the bull or the boar, could with difficulty stretch a cross-bow to bring down the rooks and daws in his garden. It was then that he seriously thought of that abduction which he long had meditated; but retirement, with the increasing cares which it brought, only accelerated his dissolution. Long he had been visibly sinking and silently preparing

for the eventful change. He had caused a taper to be brought for the purpose from a shrine at Montserrat, supposed to be invested with superior sanctity; and with more excusable tenderness, he had carefully preserved the cross which his wife had firmly grasped in her hand when expiring, to be also encircled by his own in his hour supreme. At last, at two on the morning of the twenty-first of September, 1558, it was evident that the time had approached when, in his estimation, he required them both. He had been rapidly sinking from eight on the previous evening, and at each hour his attendant physicians announced to the anxious priests, "The king has but four —three—two—one hour to live." Gradually the span diminished to a half. The dread word, "A quarter," came; and Charles, then rallying for the last mortal struggle, commanded that the sacred relics should be brought. He kissed them fervently on receiving them from an archbishop, and pressing the cross devotedly to his breast, exclaimed, "Now, Lord, I come." His eyes for a moment appeared fixed in space, and the archbishop in Latin announced to the spectators that their late royal master was no more. "*Jam moritur*," he said, but Charles was only in one of those mysterious and unfathomable trances which precede dissolution, and leave it for ever uncertain to the surrounding beholders whether the mind is then wandering or the soul arrested by the contemplation of beatific beings careering in the sky. The latter would appear in his instance to have been the truer explanation; for clasping once more the cross, and intensely gazing on space, he shouted with a loud voice, "*Ay, Jesus!*" and departed for those realms of infinitude so impenetrable to mortal ken.

In personal appearance Charles was sallow, a valetudinarian, and mediocre. He was simple in his habits and slovenly in his dress. His court was conducted with such a strict regard to economy that his pages frequently went with doublets threadbare; nor could they complain of the parsimony, as he himself was so thrifty that he took off a new velvet cap at a great military review, to save it from the menacing rain. In his leisure hours he was prone to amuse himself with the gambols of dwarfs and court-fools, in conformity with the custom of the age; and though such pastimes and personages may now be derided, they possibly were as entertaining as any that have since supervened. In disposition he was usually melancholy and mild; the daring temperament, which he inherited from his great-grandsire, Charles the Bold, whom in person he strikingly resembled, being singularly calmed and toned down by the more despondent and meditative character which he derived from his mother. Magnanimous and chivalrous, though

not without a taint of the craft of his grandfather, Ferdinand, the husband of the high-minded Isabella of Castile, he was thus serene and equable in his prime; but eventually, as his fanaticism increased and his good-fortune declined, he became a miserable spectacle of religious trembling and blighted ambition.

On Charles's death, a long succession of inglorious emperors followed. Philip, his son, having wedded Mary, the reigning Queen of England, it was not considered expedient by the German princes to elevate him to the imperial dignity. We therefore have nothing to do here with his ambitious, cruel, sanguinary but politic, and, in some respects, much-abused career. The electors chose, in preference, Ferdinand the First, brother of Charles, on the retirement of the latter, in 1556; and the new emperor, though restrained by considerations of policy, had all the disposition of his nephew to become a fierce persecutor. He might have been excited to some new attack upon the new faith had not death, in less than eight years, put an end at once to the persecutor and the persecution. His son and successor, Maximilian the Second, was naturally more tolerant, inheriting, as he did, many of the good qualities of the first prince of that name, without any of his offensive eccentricities. He died at an early age, unfortunately somewhat too soon for his country, which, in the person of the next emperor, Rodolph the Second, was afflicted with a strange *jaineant* ruler, who passed his whole time in his cabinet amidst medals, coins, and like objects of the fine arts, utterly oblivious and contemptuous of the duties of government. His parasites of course extolled him as a second Augustus; but the affairs of the empire speedily went to wreck under the taste and auspices of a *virtuoso*, endurable in private, but utterly intolerable in public life, so soon as such frivolous pursuits engross his attention. He was consequently deposed by a mutiny of his brother Mathias, at a time when his flatterers had just bestowed on him the title of a second Solomon; and in Mathias's reign, the memorable Thirty Years' War began. Mathias, however, played but a trifling part in that eventful struggle, dying in the following year, after the frightful precipitation of two Catholic noblemen, by the infuriated Protestants, from a window in Prague, by which it was introduced.

His successor, Ferdinand the Second, was a bigot, well qualified by nature to perform a savage part in that sanguinary struggle. "Better a wilderness," he was in the habit of exclaiming, "than a land full of heretics;" and he made a vow that he would in this spirit restore the Catholic religion. During his reign his dominions were, chiefly by his own instrumentality,

subjected to the most frightful devastation, while he himself passed his time almost exclusively in getting up religious dramas, in which Pontius Pilate, Herod, Christ, and the leading personages of the New Testament were represented by members of the court, in the costume of the evangelists riding upon donkeys. His son and successor, Ferdinand the Third, evinced similar tastes, and did not submit to terminate that frightful struggle by the Peace of Westphalia, until the fairest part of the empire over which he presided was reduced to the condition of a howling wilderness.

In the person of Leopold the First, another *virtuoso* prince succeeded, complimented by his contemporary flatterers with the title of "The Great;" though so utterly has this been ignored by posterity, that to nine-tenths of his countrymen he is now unknown even in name. Only one ludicrous trait survives. His mouth was so large, and withal so continually open, that his majesty, we are assured by De Grammant, expressed to some attendant courtiers the great inconvenience he sustained from the rain falling into its cavernous recesses, and was only relieved from the source of annoyance by one of the shrewdest of the number suggesting that the royal oral cavity should be kept shut. Nine-pins constituted the great amusement of this sagacious sovereign, varied at night by an equally entertaining but silent game of four cards, which his majesty was accustomed to play with a not less taciturn uncle. Like the husband of the royal lady we have mentioned, however, he was noted for composing some doggerel melodies, but to the last continued equally weak in intellect and enfeebled in limbs. The royal tongue, too, was somewhat unduly large for the royal mouth; and though the imperial head was surmounted by a gigantic peruke, the imperial person was so small, his gait so shuffling, and his speech so mumbling, that though, notwithstanding he attended divine service three times a day and was supposed to be constantly attended by Good Fortune, Louis the Fourteenth was wont to declare that he entertained "no fear of poor Leopold, but was strongly afraid of his fortune." A moment this royal simpleton was tempted to energy, and braving a war with France, by some idle prediction that his wife should be delivered of twins, one of whom should sit on the throne of Constantinople; and for a more protracted period, he was also induced by royalty's inherent impulse to cruelty when, as he declared, he "tapped his hands, and heads flew off at each tap;" but the only record of his reign now is, that he was a miserable imbecile, whose whole avocations as a sovereign were confined to signing the official documents of his ministers and writing ridiculous letters to the other crowned heads of Europe. In

such pastimes as this, or piping on several musical instruments, and occasionally conducting some drivelling composition of his own from a box in the opera, this imperial puppet trifled his existence away; yet was he at the same time so rigid an adherent to court etiquette that when John Sobieski, the heroic king of Poland, saved Vienna from capture by the Turks in 1683, Leopold was with difficulty induced to grant him a frigid meeting upon horseback. Like an equally confiding but far less disinterested leader of the present day,* the gallant Pole had reason to regret that he had not left the haughty race to be overthrown and crushed for ever in the dust; and Leopold, after thus insulting the man who had saved him, returned to his orchestral mummeries with an ardor which incited the leader of his band to lament that he had not been a music-teacher, and some sarcastic pasquinade to admonish him to "be a Cæsar instead of a fiddler."

His son and successor, Charles the Sixth, was a tyrant of a milder order. Though attenuated and ridiculous in person like his father, he had the sagacity to discern the dangerous ascendency which the Jesuits were attaining in his kingdom, and when they caused his confessor to be cited to Rome for hostility to their assumptions, he had the spirit to reply that he would send him, but accompanied by every member of the order in his dominions as an escort. Some successor of the really great ministers and generals, such as Kaunitz and Montecuculi, who had adorned the court of his predecessor, and shielded it in many a day of peril, probably inspired or dictated this answer; for Charles soon fell into fanaticism so intense that the witty Duc de Richelieu, who was then French ambassador at Vienna, deplored to the Cardinal de Polignac, in a letter, that he had been obliged to attend his majesty a hundred hours at chapel in the course of a fortnight, and alleged that this was a fatigue which none but a Capuchin of the strongest constitution could endure. Still in some respects Charles was a contemner of court customs. He fled with disgust or dismay from an avenue of young ladies whom Queen Anne appointed to receive him on a transient visit to London; and though he wore a huge periwig on his remarkably small head, like his sire, he was in the habit of reviling and cursing every Frenchman and French production. The manners of his own court at the same time were most licentious, though disguised by an external aspect of devotion. It numbered forty thousand persons on the list of the royal household, and

* Kossuth.

every woman belonging to it, as well as the higher circles of Vienna, decorously kept her gallant. Eugene, the great general, and in many respects a great man and statesman, too, is the only one whose name survives to rescue from oblivion this contemptible epoch.

But in the person of his daughter, Maria Theresa, a successor arises in whose character we still feel an interest, both as a sovereign and a woman. With Charles the last male heir of the House of Hapsburgh expired, and his daughter, by her marriage, introduced that of Lorraine. The education of Maria Theresa had been narrow and neglected, and she was inordinately attached to the person and memory of her husband; still, she ruled with equity and ability, and had the fortitude rigidly to exclude him from interfering in affairs of state. The Jesuits obtained possession of her in early life; and although she was eventually induced to acquiesce in their expulsion, they retained an ascendency over her mind to the last. She had the sagacity to concur in the recall of Kaunitz, the minister by whom this measure was proposed, and to him chiefly she owes whatever merit she enjoys as a ruler. In morals he was as thoroughly profligate as she professed to be prudish; it is doubtful, however, whether, from the terror she evinced on learning that her secrets had thus been betrayed, she was not innately as sensual as himself. For utter absence of delicacy even her warmest friends must arraign her: on learning that her son had a child, she rushed in *deshabille* to the opera-house in Vienna, and startled the audience by the exclamation, "Poldel (Leopold) has got a boy, just on my wedding-day—isn't that gallant?" But when we remember that, though he had been guilty of numerous infidelities, she tenderly watched over her husband's memory for fifteen years after his death, her worst enemy cannot accuse her of heartlessness.

But this celebrated woman must not be judged by light traits such as these. There are graver and darker points in her history. The mother of Caroline of Naples, the Messalina who threw such an indelible stain around the memory of Nelson, she acquiesced in her daughter's marriage, although she knew it would be at the expense of that daughter's felicity; and though her own system of government was disguised by her coarse but frank *bourgeoise* manners, she undoubtedly instilled into the mind of another daughter, Maria Antoinette, those despotic principles which eventually brought her and her husband to the block. A rigid *professor*, pretender to puritanical purity, she yet, from motives of policy, descended

to address Madame Pompadour, Louis the Fifteenth's infamous mistress, as her "dear sister and cousin;" and—more atrocious far than all—while professing to disapprove of the partition of Poland, and to entertain scrupulous objections against that enormity, she joined with Frederick the Great in the deed, and had her due share of the nefarious spoils. Maria Theresa, in short, appears to have been one of those persons of easy disposition and loose propriety, who, more readily than even the habitually depraved, are induced to overlook and share the perpetration of crime.

The devotion with which she inspired the Hungarians, when she first took the title of their queen, is the only interesting trait in her early days; and the romantic sorrow which she exhibited for her husband on his demise, is the more amiable feature in her later career. Though the etiquette of her court was less stringent than her predecessors, she was guilty of frightful extravagances; and this prodigality not only exhausted the enormous subsidies furnished her by Britain during the Seven Years' War, but gave rise to such excessive exactions from her own subjects, as ultimately to deprive her of almost all popularity. She died—probably from inhaling some noxious vapor—a few days after visiting his body in the tomb, a practice in which she was accustomed latterly to indulge; and exclaiming, "To thee I come," seemingly in reference to his shade, she, after ordering the window to be opened, expired without exciting in her subjects any marked sensations of regret.

In her youth Maria Theresa was voluptuously beautiful, though destitute of that delicacy of form and temperament which constitute the chief charm of her sex. Her figure was tall, her aspect sensuous and commanding; her eyes were blue, her tresses blond; her hands and arms, which she was fond of displaying, perfect. The protuberant overhanging under lip, peculiar to her race, was the only objectionable part of her face; and, though her confessions are still shrouded in mystery, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that she was every whit as voluptuous as she appeared. For a long period, however, she appears to have been faithful to her marriage vow, though her husband's subsequent profligacy afforded her ample cause for jealousy. A more revolting brute than this imperial profligate has, until modern days, never appeared on the page of history. Hired solely for the most degrading of all purposes, he was equally unmindful of his position and of the hand that had raised him, and resented her interdiction of his interference in affairs of state by wounding her on the most susceptible point of female attachment. It argues much for the

benevolence of Maria Theresa's disposition, to add that, on his premature death, the victim of his excesses, she showed a high-minded commiseration for the forlorn condition of the Princess of Auerspey, the chief of his mistresses; going up to her, when all the base court had deserted her, and attempting to assuage her tears by the soothing exclamation, "We have indeed, my dear friend, sustained a great loss." In later life she became coarse and corpulent, but she retained much of that *bonhommie* by which, notwithstanding her high and commanding spirit, she was originally distinguished.

Joseph the Second, her son and successor, was by far the best emperor that ever sat on the Austrian throne, and without exception, the noblest prince whom modern days have seen. Immediately on his accession, he banished extravagance at once from his household, and contrary to the policy of his mother, who proclaimed the Jesuits "the bulwark of all authority," took measures for absolving his empire from the dominion of the Church. "Since I have ascended the throne," he shortly afterwards remarked, "I have made philosophy my law-giver;" and in this course, notwithstanding many domestic afflictions, he persisted to the last. Practical measures, too, were not neglected. An admirer and follower of the system of Rousseau, his sole aim was the promotion of the welfare of man. He rose at earliest dawn, and throughout the day was the slave of the state. He broke down all aristocratic barriers, and refused to recognize any claim to public employment but merit. He opened up to the people the prater or chief public park of Vienna, to which the noblesse had laid claim as their privileged ground. In every other measure for improving the condition of the great body of his subjects, he was zealous. The only fault that could be found with him was, that he proceeded too fast, or in the words of his former eulogist, Frederick, who ultimately perhaps became jealous of the popularity which his reforming neighbor thus obtained, that "he invariably took the second step before the first." This, however, was one of the last errors of a noble mind, and is usually animadverted on solely by those who are internally opposed to all such ameliorations. After a brief reign of nine years, Joseph died, too soon for his country, but happily not too soon for his own lasting reputation. His reign was a true oasis in the Austrian desert, and he is entitled to the character of one of the most unspotted princes that ever sat upon a throne.

His brother and successor, Leopold the Second, was in all respects as feeble and profligate as Joseph had been resolute and virtuous. Shortly after his accession in 1790, the more

serious part of the French Revolution broke out, and though he died after a brief and unprincipled reign of two years, he had in the interval exercised such a fatal influence upon Louis the Sixteenth, as to have been mainly instrumental in bringing that weak and unfortunate sovereign to the block. He it was who, by declaring war unjustly against France in 1792, first provoked the indignation of the Parisians; and he it was who, by sanctioning, if not authorizing, the atrocious menaces of his dissolute and mercenary general, the Prince of Saxe Coburg, subsequently excited that fury which gave rise to all the violence that followed. When this profligate military adventurer, in company with the Duke of Brunswick, launched the memorable Manifesto or Declaration against France, and threatened the whole inhabitants with fire and sword unless they again submitted to arbitrary power, it is well known that the natives of the country arose in a mass to prevent their territory from being converted into a desert, and themselves reduced to the condition of helots. The dethronement of its king, the terrible days of September, the execution of Louis the Sixteenth, Maria Antoinette, (Leopold's sister,) with all the other disasters to the royal family of France, followed; and it is not too much to ascribe them to the noxious interference of this wretched emperor, and the fatal counsels he instilled into the mind of its ill-fated but unprincipled queen.

The career of the recent emperor, Francis the Second, it is unneccessary to recapitulate. Weak, but pitiless and tyrannical, he was often known to pardon murders and domestic theft, but never extended his clemency to a political crime. The only redeeming trait in this man, who for the first time renounced the title of Emperor of Germany, and took that of Austria, is, that after having been forced by the chances of war to bestow his daughter on Napoleon, he eventually took the field against him, and assisted in striking him down. It was hatred to free opinions, however, which mainly prompted this course. It were still more needless to allude to his imbecile and *faineant* son, Ferdinand the First, who, conscious of his utter incompetence, voluntarily fled from a throne on the outbreak of the first political disturbances in 1848; and it were premature to attempt characterizing the reign of his successor, the present Francis Joseph, who, when asked by his brother despot, Frederick William of Prussia, whether he knew that monarch's counsellor, the illustrious Humboldt, gravely confessed ignorance even of his name, and in answer to the cross-inquiry "Who is he?" drew forth from that astonished sovereign the scarcely exaggerated reply, "He is the greatest man that has lived since the deluge."

The territory over which this family rules at present comprises a space six hundred miles in length, four hundred in breadth, or 270,000 square miles in Germany. Till the fourteenth century, the House of Hapsburgh also reigned over Switzerland, and on losing it by the heroism of William Tell, obtained possession of the Tyrol. Lombardy, as is well known, also belongs to it, and by the treachery of the elder Napoleon, it was permitted, in the early part of this century, to extinguish by absorption the once puissant republic of Venice. The whole, now comprehended under the name of Austria, possesses at present an army of fully 600,000 men, including upwards of 60,000 cavalry, and a numerous corps of gens d'armes, or mounted police. She can bring into the field nearly 1,200 guns, and has an engineering corps of more than 16,000 men. Till lately, her maritime power was a jest; but she has now the nucleus of a navy; and her central position, with a population of forty millions, renders her, though disjected, a still formidable power in Europe.

The character of this government it is difficult, within a short space, to delineate. Founded on the principle of paternal despotism, it has much of seeming clemency, and still more of undoubted tyranny. No citizens of any country enjoy more external liberty than those of Vienna, Trieste, and the larger Austrian towns, so long as they refrain from interference in politics. They move about, they gormandize, they intrigue, they luxuriate in their out-door music and their operas with the most unrestricted freedom, and at the same time with the utmost protection from government. In no part of the earth are the duties of domestic police better discharged, or the citizen and the stranger more effectually defended from the secret designs of the knave or the open violence of the ruffian. But let them once step beyond this pale—let them only breathe a whisper against the government—and all is changed. From that moment, whether they be isolated individuals or powerful classes, they become the objects of the government's relentless hostility, and are invariably struck down. The dungeon, the scaffold, the knife—open warfare, secret assassination—are all unscrupulously brought into requisition. The world is familiar with the revolting sufferings of Sylvio Pellico, and others who have been tortured in Austrian prisons. Mankind yet shudder at the horrid strangulation of the seventeen brave Hungarian generals successively put to death on an autumnal morning, after they had laid down their swords, confiding in the honor and safeguard of an Austrian government. We yet possess not sufficient details of the atrocious massacre of the Ruthenian nobles in 1846;

but sufficient has been revealed to convince us that nearly fifteen hundred of them were murdered by an infuriated peasantry excited by the government, or by criminals discharged from jails for the purpose, merely because this portion of the Austrian aristocracy had shown a disposition to revolt. Crimes innumerable have likewise been laid to its charge, often exaggerated, undoubtedly, by such victims or enthusiasts as Kossuth, but more frequently, it is unquestioned, based on terrible reality.

While such has been its conduct to individuals or classes of its own citizens, selfism equally undeviating and unmitigated has been the great characteristic of Austria towards other governments. Composed of an unprecedented number of heterogeneous races, and thus carrying the elements of dissolution within her bosom, she has undoubtedly been constrained to have recourse to that temporizing policy and treacherous timidity which the weak, whether nations or individuals, are invariably obliged to resort to against the strong. But yet, in the midst of all her seeming candor, there is much of undeniable turpitude. Her faithlessness in deserting Russia during the recent struggle with France and England was an outrage equally upon national morality, and one of those blunders in national policy which most of governments deplore as eventualities still more serious. Kossuth, in one of his English speeches, summed up her sins in this respect with his usual egotism and his usual vigor, but yet we cannot help thinking, at the same time, his habitual exaggeration and his habitual want of political foresight; for notwithstanding the discordant elements of which it is composed, there is yet enormous vitality in the Austrian Empire:

"No danger, gentlemen. The Austrian dynasty, within three months, would vanish like a dream, amidst the exultation of all humanity, and to the lasting advantage of European liberty, incompatible with that dynasty. [Cheers.] No; the danger is just the other way. Suppose Austria should dare to join you sincerely—I repeat the word sincerely—against the Czar, her savior, her deliverer. Why, in justice we must own, it would be the most monstrous ingratitude after all. The worst of bandits, whatever they may be towards the rest of mankind, are at least faithful one to the other. But vile ingratitude is the leading feature of the character of the Hapsburghs. Poland saved them—partition was the reward; Hungary saved them—the abolition of religious liberty and the suppression of her constitution was her reward. Napoleon saved them, and he was sent to St. Helena in reward. I myself saved them. Yes, gentlemen, in March, 1848, and having had the power thus to speak to them, within the very walls of their own imperial palace at Vienna, 'Be just to Hungary, and I will give to the House of Hapsburgh peace and security here at Vienna.' [Loud cheers.] Having had the power thus to speak to them—I, unattended and alone, and they tremblingly accepting the

offer of my generosity—who can doubt of my right to say I had their existence in the hollow of my hand? and from an excess of loyalty I saved them—woe the day! and look to my country, what is the reward? [Cheers.] Some months later, as I have explained in the beginning of my humble speech, Lord Palmerston's diplomacy saved them—hated to the very heart in reward. The hangman Haynau saved them—driven away in reward. The Czar saved them—now, suppose they fight him in reward. [Hear, hear.] You must acknowledge that monstrous ingratitude cannot fail to push the Czar to double his energies in doing what, as Czar, would be lawful for him to do according to the acknowledged laws of war: he will address himself to some of those nationalities, and offer his and claim their concurrence for punishing Austria. A strange concurrence, you will say. Strange, indeed. I tremble at the very idea of the possibility."

The Hungarian patriot, we repeat, here unduly indulged in his usual rhodomontade and passion for hyperbole. How far more philosophical are the profound observations of Gibbon, at once describing her rise, delineating her condition, and foreshadowing her fall! In the next great revolution of Europe, she will in all human probability be thrown to the earth, never again to rise, if stronger minds and more unhesitating arms than Kossuth's lead the onset; but a worm, when disjected and severed, possesses not more inherent vitality than do the seemingly discordant and undoubtedly heterogeneous elements of the Austrian Empire. We are therefore unwilling to indulge in the delusive pastime of political prediction concerning its fall.

ART. VIII.—1. *Essai politique sur la Nouvelle-Espagne.*

2. *Historia breve de la conquista de los estados del imperio Mexicaco.*

3. *Memoirs of the Mexican Revolution and of General Mina.* By WILLIAM D. ROBINSON. 2 vols., 8vo. London.

4. *Versuch einer getreuen Schilderung der Republick Mejico.* Von EDUARD MUEHLENPFORDT, &c. (Essay of a Faithful Description of the Republic of Mexico. By EDWARD MUEHLENPFORDT, formerly Director of the Works of the Mexican Company, and afterwards Road-Surveyor to the State of Oajaca.) 4th Edition. London. 1861.

LET the destiny of Mexico be what it may, it cannot be regarded with indifference by this country. We have a deeper interest in its condition and prospects than we have in those of any other nation. Nor do we mean that we ought to feel concerned in the fate of that country simply because it may one day become a portion of our own heritage. There is no good

reason why we should have recourse to any violent means to secure such a result. Were it even right and proper to annex any country, contrary to the wishes of its inhabitants, and that we could do so with little trouble, whenever we felt disposed, it would still be doubtful, at best, whether it would be our interest to add so much to a territory already sufficiently ample for five times the present population of the United States, including that of the rebellious states.

It is not impossible, however, that such vicissitudes may occur, as may render it agreeable to the Mexican people to become our fellow-citizens; although we confess that, judging from present appearances, we do not regard such a change of feeling as very probable. But should we find ourselves mistaken in this, then we should be among the first to discuss the question of annexation, with every disposition to appreciate all the advantages which it might seem to offer. We make these remarks at the outset in order that our object in this article may not be misunderstood; for we are as little disposed to encourage filibustering expeditions into the territories of neighboring states, however feeble or disorganized those states may be, as we are to encourage the inhabitants of one of our own villages to plunder that of their neighbors.

But we are equally averse to allowing any of the great European powers to control the destiny of Mexico; first, because the large majority of the Mexicans themselves are opposed to any such course, regarding it as an unjustifiable usurpation; and secondly, because it would be fraught with danger to our own institutions. But neither evil will be averted by applying intemperate language to either France or Austria. If any language have any effect *per se*, it will be that of reason and common sense, having undeniable facts for its basis. But let us bear in mind, that if it be true that had Louis Napoleon been better acquainted with Mexico and its people before he invaded the country, he would never have made the attempt; it is not the less true that we know very little about Mexico ourselves. The Mexican war gave a portion of our people a certain insight into the manners and customs of the inhabitants of some of the principal cities of Mexico; but very little information of much importance was obtained by that means. Need we say that even this was often grossly exaggerated? Most of the books written on the subject were designed much more to make money than to enlighten the public. We cheerfully admit that there were honorable exceptions; but those most disposed to collect information, labored under obvious disadvantages. In the first place, we do not remember that of the many books which the war caused to be written, there was a single

one whose author was sufficiently acquainted with the Spanish language to be able to converse in it so freely as to gain the confidence of those who spoke it. But supposing it was otherwise—that all understood Spanish—how few there are to whom the thought occurs that there are nearly four millions of the descendants of the ancient Mexicans who are as ignorant of Spanish as they are of Greek or Hebrew! These four millions of aborigines—now increased to four millions and a half, or probably to five millions—speak languages some of which are as different from each other as the Latin is from the Syriac.* Clavijero, the Jesuit, estimates the number of indigenous dialects spoken throughout the whole extent of Mexico, as between twenty-seven and thirty. Humboldt thought that twenty would be nearer the truth; and he adds, that of this number fourteen have grammars and dictionaries, the majority of which are radically different from each other. M. Aubin tells us that "some of these languages possess letters which do not exist in others; and in most there is a difference of sound that strikes the most unpractised ear." Elsewhere the same writer observes, that after three centuries of constant intercourse with Europeans, he (the ancient Mexican) still keeps aloof from foreigners, and continues to live in his native village. He speaks his hereditary language,† delights in his old pastimes, and occasionally worships in private his ancestral idols.

Besides those who forget the existence of the four or five millions of aborigines, there are others, both in this country and in Europe, who think that however numerous they may be, they have but little influence. We have recently seen articles in several journals, foreign and domestic, in which this is the prominent idea; but there can be no greater mistake. Any respectable history of Mexico would show this—it would show that, far from being of no account, such is the power of the aborigines that no revolution can be successful in which they do not take part. The Spaniards or their descendants could have accomplished nothing without the concurrence of at least a certain proportion of those who, in spite of centuries of tyranny and oppression, still constitute the masses of the people.

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* Il ne faut pas supposer que ces langues du Mexique, dont, ainsi que nous l'avons dit, M. de Humbolt porte le nombre, à plus de vingt, ne différent entre elles que comme de simples dialectes; elles doivent au contraire dans bien des cas être considérées comme des idiomes différant entre eux radicalement et s'éloignant les uns des autres davantage par exemple que ne s'éloignent l'allemand du persan et le francais des langues slaves. Enfin, la plupart ne présentent de traces ne de parenté ni d'influence reciproque.—*M. Léon Vaïsse*, p. 74.

† Parmi les nombreuses langues indigénes qui ont survécu à l' indépendance des races qu'elles caractérisent, il faut donc compter au premier rang, comme ayant été de tout temps, ainsi qu'elle l'est encore aujourd'hui, la plus répandue, le Mexicain propre ou aztèque.—*Ib.*

There is, therefore, scarcely any similarity between this country and Mexico, so far as the populations are concerned. Here, it was the European race that rebelled against the mother country and established their independence; in Mexico, it was the aboriginal race that did so. The Spaniards would no more have thrown off the Spanish yoke in Mexico than they have in Cuba. True, it is not pure aborigines that have been the leaders of the principal rebellions against the power of Spain, but creoles—those whose parents had intermarried with them. It is true, that in general, the creoles prefer to identify themselves with the Spaniards or Europeans. But it is not so with the priests; in most instances the latter identify themselves with the oppressed race; and by doing so, they acquire a boundless influence over them. Hence we have the secret of the manner in which the Spanish yoke has been broken. For who was the first that attempted to get up an insurrection on a large scale? We reply that it was Father Hidalgo, a creole, the humble *curé* of Dolores, an obscure Aztec village. All historians agree on this point. We are told that Hidalgo was a person of more activity and resources than are generally found among the creoles, and had already taken part in several public-spirited undertakings. By his devotion to the Virgin of Guadaloupe, whom the Indians regarded as their protectress, he was looked upon by the eighteen thousand of his cure as a superior being. He does not seem to have made any direct or open appeal to the people until one of the *Cabildo*, or revolutionary society, with which he was connected, had been arrested; then he addressed his parishioners from the pulpit, as follows:

"This is the last sermon I shall ever deliver to you! I lament it, but there is no remedy! The Europeans *deliver us over to the French!* You see they have rewarded those who deposed our viceroy; they have displaced the good archbishop who protected us, and they have imprisoned our corregidor *because he is a creole.* Farewell, religion! you must become Jacobins. Farewell, Ferdinand VII.! *you must become Napoleonists!* 'No, Father,' shouted the Indians, 'you must save us from these evils. The Virgin of Guadaloupe for ever! Ferdinand VII. for ever!' 'Well,' replied he, 'the Virgin and Ferdinand for ever! and now follow your pastor, who has always been watching for your happiness.'"

From this brief passage we learn two facts which Louis Napoleon would do well to remember: first, that even the Spaniards, their ancient oppressors, were not more detested by the aborigines than the French, and that the name of Ferdinand VII. was used by Hidalgo, not because he had any wish to perpetuate the royalty of old Spain in Mexico, but because it seemed the best rallying-cry that could be used at the time, for the reason that great indignation had been excited among all class

es by the news that Joseph Bonaparte had usurped the throne of Spain, and put the king in prison. In order to understand how the ancient Mexicans could feel any sympathy for the king of a nation that had so cruelly oppressed them for centuries, it is necessary to bear in mind that they attributed none of their troubles to the king. They were simple enough to think that they were rather favorites of his than objects of persecution; a fact sufficiently explained by Bullock, who found it difficult to persuade them fifteen years later (1823,) that England, France, Germany, Holland and Italy were anything else than so many paltry provinces, with governors set over them by the King of Spain.*

No sooner did Hidalgo see what influence he possessed over his parishioners, than he cast aside the name of Ferdinand and reminded his people of the long and cruel persecutions of the Spaniards; but he added, that bad as the Spaniards were, the French were still worse, if possible; and such was the effect of his address, that in twenty-four hours he found himself at the head of an army, with which he succeeded in capturing three large cities. The several important victories which he gained in rapid succession spread consternation among the Spaniards; but finally he met with reverses, was captured with his two lieutenants, condemned to death, and executed.

His successor, Morelos, was also a creole and a priest. Having taken an active part in forming a national junta, as soon as that body was fully organized, (March, 1812,) he addressd a manifesto in its name to the Viceroy, Venegas, whose only reply was, to have the document burned by the public executioner in the Plaza Mayor. Morelos immediately took the field, and in the course of little more than a month, captured seven or eight cities. The insurgents invested him with the full powers of a dictator; but he modestly declined, preferring to invest a junta which he had formed for the purpose, with the supreme power, suggesting at the same time, that its first act should be a Declaration of Independence, which was accordingly published on the 13th of November of the same year. Morelos fortified the Declaration by new victories; but like his predecessor, he was betrayed and overwhelmed by superior numbers when he had no idea of the enemy being near. After a most heroic resistance he was made a prisoner, sent in chains to Mexico, sentenced to death, and executed.†

* Bullock's Travels in Mexico, p. 53.

† M. A. Aubin tells us, in his *Essai Politique*, that Morelos did not evince the least emotion when they were preparing him for execution until they deprived him of his sacred orders as a clergyman. Then, the historian informs us, his courage failed him for a moment. "Seigneur, dit il, en marchant au supplice, si j'ai bien fait tu le sais et tu m'en recompenseras; si j'ai mal fait, je récommende mon âme à ta

The massacres of the insurgent aborigines that followed the execution of their faithful and heroic leaders, showed that the Spaniards had lost none of their ancient ferocity and bloodthirstiness. No wonder that the unfortunate people became discouraged; but it was only for a short time. A full amnesty having been offered to all who took up arms, the only condition being that they would submit peaceably in future to the Spanish rule, the insurgents laid down their arms, but without any intention of relinquishing their ideas of freedom. In 1820 the news arrived that the Cortes, or Spanish Parliament, had been re-established in Spain. This was the signal for a new insurrection. The Spaniards promised in vain that the constitution would be modified; the Mexicans insisted on having their independence; and the creoles readily agreed with the latter that the former ought to be expelled from the country. It was at this crisis that Iturbide came into notice. He was but a lieutenant in a provincial regiment when the third insurrection broke out; but he was in the service of the Spanish government. The viceroy, seeing at once that he possessed military talents of a high order, entered into a compact with him, by which the crown of Mexico was to be secured for Ferdinand VII. Iturbide pretended to feel exactly as the viceroy did, and he was accordingly placed in command of the royal troops. Now be it remembered that he, too, belonged to the aboriginal race. His family traced its origin as far back as the time of Montezuma. It was subsequently proved that he was not only in favor of the success of the former insurrections, but that he had offered his services to Hidalgo. The latter was very willing to accept them, but so sensible was Iturbide of his own talents that no commission beneath that of a lieutenant-general would satisfy him. Hidalgo did not like to intrust such high command to one who at the time was utterly inexperienced, although scientifically educated; and hence it is that we find Iturbide in the service of the viceroy when the third rebellion broke out. Having fully gained the confidence of the Spanish government, and at the same time a complete ascendency over the army, he made himself complete master of Mexico without pulling a trigger. A provisional government was immediately formed, and the Mexican Cortes met for the first time, February 24, 1822. Having been opposed in his designs by that body, he excited a popular commotion, with the aid of his friends, which resulted in his being proclaimed emperor, under the name of Augustin I. His election was duly ratified by Con-

miséricorde. Après quoi, il se banda les yeux et commanda la feu."—*Es. Pol.*, p. 79.

gress, which also voted him a civil list of more than eight millions of francs.

All aware of these circumstances naturally supposed that Iturbide was firmly seated on the new throne. Certainly none could deny that his title was as good, at least in the eyes of the Mexican people, as any that could be conferred by Napoleon III., or any other sovereign. This the Emperor knows quite well, and so does the Archduke Maximilian; they also know that all did not enable Iturbide to hold the reins of government more than one year, when he was forced to abdicate and leave the country as an exile. Although possessed of military genius of a high order, he did not sufficiently understand the mysterious race to which he belonged himself, to know that they would not allow their representatives to be coerced or intimidated by him. It is needless to narrate here how this was done. Suffice it to say, that Iturbide was forced to betake himself to Italy. He soon grew tired, however, of his exile. After an absence of one year he returned in an English vessel, landing at Sota la Marina, July 16, 1824. Instead of finding an army ready to espouse his cause, as he had expected, he found himself a prisoner in little more than an hour after his arrival. Congress made no delay in bringing him to trial, in accordance with the wishes of the people. He was condemned to be shot, as Murat had been in somewhat similar circumstances, and the sentence was carried into execution the same day it was passed. If it be said that the Mexicans would be more afraid of Louis Napoleon than they were of Iturbide, then the question arises, Why were they not afraid of the great conqueror, Napoleon the First? That they were not afraid of him, but set him and his brother Joseph at defiance, we have already seen; and he who had the fatal rashness to undertake the subjugation of the Russian Empire, persistently refused to attempt the conquest of Mexico. But we would remind his Imperial Majesty that at a much later day (1838) the Mexicans have set the power of France at defiance. This his Majesty would learn from consulting any one of a half dozen of French books which describe the feelings of the Mexicans at the time. Thus, for example, one informs us that the French were made the objects of particular vengeance; that they were pillaged, and oppressed with taxes; that the commonest cry in the streets was, "Death to the French!"* France had to send a fleet to Mexico. Admiral Baudin did his best to frighten the Mexicans into submission to his demands; but his threats had no effect. Finally, he attacked Vera Cruz; after considerable

* ("On les reçonnait, on les pillait, on les écrasait d'impôts; on n'entendait dans les que le cri de: Meurent les Français."

fighting he effected an entrance into the city, but very soon retired, pursued by the Mexicans. "Ils se retirènt," says the French historian of the expedition, "poursuivis par les Mexicains qui se portèrent en masse sur la jetée. Là le feu des embarcations français les arrêta," &c. Thus the French government has had considerable difficulty in saving French citizens from being treated as enemies in the public highways of Mexico; and yet Napoleon III. thinks he can make a present of the Mexican throne to an Austrian Prince, whom he happens to like merely because a French army has succeeded after some hard fighting in reaching the capital, while the country was in such a distracted state that it could send but a comparatively small force to oppose him! We shall never believe that Maximilian will accept a throne offered under such circumstances, until we have learned on good authority that he has actually done so. If he does, then we would warn him of the fate of Iturbide. If his Imperial Highness thinks there is no danger, it is because he is not yet sufficiently acquainted with the Mexican character. We would therefore refer him to the works of some of his own countrymen—to Humboldt's *Essai Politique*, for example; or to the work of Eduard Muehlenpfordt, another German. The following extract from the latter, gives as true an estimate of the character of the aboriginal Mexicans as has been given by any other author, and we commend it, accordingly, to all whom it may concern:

"The Mexican Indian of the present day is generally grave and taciturn, and almost sullen, when not excited by music and intoxicating drinks to joviality and loquacity. This serious character may be remarked even in the children, who appear more knowing at the age of five or six *than those of northern Europeans at that of nine or ten.* But this appearance of steadiness is by no means consequent on a quicker development of mind, and the looks of these young people, dejected and void of all the cheerfulness and confidence of children, have nothing that gladdens. Gruffness and reserve appear to be essential features of the Indian character, and it cannot, I think, be assumed that these qualities were implanted in them exclusively by the long oppression which weighed down the Mexican race, first under their native rulers, and afterwards under the Spaniards, since they recur among the aborigines almost universally throughout America, even where these have never suffered any curtailment of their political liberty. To that cause may rather be attributed *the stubbornness and selfishness which constitute a striking trait in the character of the present Indians.* It is almost impossible to move an Indian to anything which he *has once resolved not to do.* Vehemence, threats, even corporal punishment, are *of as little avail as the offer of gold or reward;* persuasion, entreaties, and coaxing help as little. The Mexican Indian loves to give an appearance of mystery and importance to his most indifferent actions. If stirred up by weighty interests, he breaks his customary silence, and speaks with energy, but never with fire. Jokes are as rare with him as raillery and laughter; I never heard an Indian

laugh heartily, even when excited by spirituous liquors. His uncommon hardness of character allows him *long to conceal the passions of indignation and vengeance.* No sign betrays externally the fire that rages within, until it *suddenly breaks out with terrible and uncontrollable violence.* In this condition, the Indian is inclined to practise the greatest cruelties, the most fearful crimes. The Mexican aborigines bear always with great patience the taunts which the whites were formerly, and still are, apt to indulge in against them. They oppose to these a cunning, which they dexterously hide under *a highly deceitful semblance of indifference and stupidity.* Despite their long slavery, despite the means which have been employed to rob the Indians of every historical recollection, they have by no means forgotten their former greatness. They know right well that they were once sole lords of the land, and that those Creoles who are so fond of calling themselves Americans, are but the sons and heirs of their oppressors. I have myself frequently heard Indians, when their ordinary reserve has been overcome by spirituous liquors, declare that they were the true masters of the country, and all others mere foreign intruders; and that if the Creoles could expel the Spaniards, they had themselves a far better right to expel the Creoles. May the latter be taught by their own acuteness to grant the Indians, while it is yet time, the practical exercise of these equal civic rights theoretically conceded to them, for *a revolt of the copper-colored natives would be a fearful spectacle!* Once broken out on one point, it would quickly spread over the whole country, *and undoubtedly end in the utter extermination of the whites."—Essay of a Truthful Description of the Republic of Mexico.* By Edward Muehlenpfordt, vol. ii., pp. 28–9.

That Mexico is a beautiful country, and possesses most of those resources whose development could not fail to render any nation great, cannot be denied. Indeed, in this respect, it is not surpassed by any other country in the world. This is well known at Vienna as well as at Paris, and it will be the chief inducement to Maximilian if he accepts the throne. In the meantime, it is well that our own people should have some definite idea of the general characteristics of the country as well as of those who inhabit it. Mexico has still a sea coast of nearly 6,000 miles. Its length from San Diego to the extreme part of Chiapas, is about 1,987 miles, and its length is about 1,140 miles, forming an area which is estimated at 829,900 English square miles. This vast extent of territory embraces an almost endless variety of soil and climate. All travellers capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject, think that, capable as it is of sustaining an increased population, it is destined by nature to play an important part in the affairs of the world. The Cordilleras mountains, which extend through its whole length, give the country a highly romantic appearance, especially when viewed from the sea on the eastern side.

On entering Mexico from the south, the chain divides into two great trenches, one extending along the Gulf of Mexico,

the other along the Pacific Coast. The area between these trenches is computed to be little less than three-fifths of the whole country. It is nearly all a table-land, whose general elevation varies from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; and this is the secret of its climate being so temperate while most of it lies within the tropics.* "The belt of coast which intervenes on each side," says Homboldt, "between the mountains and the sea, forms a sure bulwark against foreign agression. Defended by resolute spirits and energetic hands, such a country would be impregnable, and, even with the listless and indolent race by whom it is held, would be found no easy conquest to an invader." Mühlenpfordt, who has surveyed the greater part of the whole chain, making experiments on the temperature at different elevations as he proceeded, tells us that "although the mountain-chain of Mexico appears to be one and the same with that which, under the name of the Cordilleras of the Andes, intersects all South America, from south to north, yet its structure on the north and south of the equator is entirely different. On the southern hemisphere we see the Cordilleras everywhere furrowed, lengthwise and crosswise, by valleys which seem as if they have been formed by a forcible severance of the mountains. Here we find traces perfectly level at a great absolute elevation. The richly-cultivated plain around the town of Santa Fé de Bogota lies 8,700; the high level of Coxamarca, in Peru, 9,000; the wide plains about the volcano of Antisana, 13,429 English feet above the sea. These elevated flats of Cundinamarca, Quito, and Peru, though quite level, have an extent of no more than forty-two square leagues; difficult of ascent, separated from each other by deep valleys, surrounded by lofty peaks, they have no connection with each other, and offer but trifling facilities to internal communication in those countries. *In Mexico, on the contrary*, we find the main ridge of mountains itself forming the table-land. High raised plains, of far greater extent, and equally uniform, lie near together, stretching from the 18th to the 40th parallel of latitude, in

* "Conformably to the law of nature, which makes the climatic effect of an elevation of 3,000 feet equal to a difference in latitude of ten degrees, we find in Mexico all imaginable variations and shades of climate, filed above one another, as it were, in stories; and many in a few hours, often several times in the course of a day's journey, descend from the world of hyacinths, mosses, and lichens, from the region of ever-benumbing cold, of perpetual snow and ice, into that of ever-dissolving heat, where the inhabitant goes naked, his brown skin anointed with grease, to make it less sensitive to the sun's burning rays, and dwells in bird-cage-shaped huts, open to the air. * * * * * Situations more or less sheltered from the wind, especially the northwest wind, more or less exposed to the influence of the sunbeams; greater approximation to the west coast, where the air is perceptibly milder than on the east; want or abundance of wood and water; are all circumstances which modify the temperature in the most surprising manner, at the same height above the sea, and in the same parallel."

unbroken succession, overtopped only by individual cones and lines of greater altitude. The direction of the table-land determines, as it were, the whole course of the mountain-chains. The craters of 16,000 to 18,000 feet high, are partly scattered on the table-land, partly arranged in lines, whose direction is not by any means always parallel with the general track of the Cordilleras. In Peru, Quito, Cundinamarca, as observed, the lofty platforms are divided by cross valleys, whose perpendicular depth amounts sometimes to 4,500 feet, and whose steep precipices are only to be climbed by travellers on mules, on foot, or carried on the backs of Indians. In Mexico, on the other hand, the table-lands are so continuous, that from Tehuantepec to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, nay, even into the territory of the United States, wheel-carriages might roll."

Of the wealth of the mines of Mexico, all are aware; but the best political economists are of opinion, that hitherto, they have done the inhabitants more harm than good. That it would have been otherwise under different management, need hardly be observed. But there is still abundance of both gold and silver. The region known to contain the precious metals in large quantities, comprises an area of not less than 12,000 square leagues. The paucity of navigable rivers is the greatest privation experienced in Mexico. If there were good roads, or even canals, the loss would be comparatively slight; but as it is, every kind of industry suffers more or less; but nothing more, or perhaps so much as the mining interest. Still, even during the civil commotions which have distracted the country for the last seven years, the annual produce of silver alone, has been estimated at about $35,000,000, and that of gold at about $32,000,000.

But in the number and variety of its animals and birds, Mexico surpasses all other countries. The bison is to be seen in large herds nearly throughout the whole extent of the country. Species of antelopes to be seen nowhere else, abound in the valleys of the Cordilleras, and are the most beautiful in the world. One hundred and thirteen species of led birds, that are natives of Mexico, have been discovered; and of these, eighty-five are supposed to be peculiar to that country. It is still richer, if possible, in flowers.*

"Indeed," says Humboldt, "there is scarcely a plant in the rest of the world which is not susceptible of cultivation in one

* Says M. de la Renaudière: "Le Mexique (semble le rendezvous des flores de tous les pais.) Les artres de la perse et de l'Inde viennent s'y mêler à l'orme féodal, aux chênes de la veille Gaule; les fruits perfumés de l'Asie aux fruits des artres de la Normandie; les fleurs de l'Orient à la violette aux bluets, à la mysterieuse verveine, a la blanche paquerette de nos prairees."—*La Mexique* dans *l' Univers pittoresque*, p. 3, *et Seq.*

or other part of Mexico; nor would it be an easy matter for the botanist to obtain even a tolerable acquaintance with the multitudes of plants scattered over the mountains or crowded together in the vast forests at the foot of the Cordilleras." Nor are domestic animals, or grain less abundant in Mexico in proportion to the amount of care bestowed upon them than they are in any other country, however highly favored in these respects. Those of the former, introduced by the Spaniards, have increased to such an extent that they roam the country in immense wild herds. There is no kind of grain grown in Europe or the United States, which the soil of Mexico does not produce to a greater or less extent. Probably nowhere else does Indian Corn especially, grow to greater perfection; but if the Mexicans had nothing else in the way of food but the banana, they need not at all events suffer from famine. It is estimated that an acre of ground planted with bananas is sufficient to support fifty men; and the only labor they require, is that of cutting off the stems when the fruit is ripe, and occasionally digging round the roots. The Mexicans have besides the *manioc*, which is somewhat similar to the potato; and quite as nutritive is the opinion of M. de la Renaudière and others, as that useful vegetable.

Although the manufactures of Mexico are insignificant when compared to those of the United States, or any of the manufacturing countries of Europe, they are of much greater extent and importance than is generally supposed in this country. They consist chiefly of woollen and cotton goods, glass, paper, oil, sugar, wine and brandy. In 1861, there were 9 glass factories, 13 paper-mills, 86 cotton factories, and 8 woollen factories, and some 90 hand machines for manufacturing silk. Not only do the Mexicans make excellent silk, though only in small quantities, but they excel in most of the ornamental arts, especially in making vases, carving and working in jewelry.

It is also true that they have much better literary and scientific institutions than we are apt to give them credit for. They have not, indeed, such a system of free schools as we have; but in most of the twenty-one states, primary schools have been established within the last five years. In the capital alone there were 132 of this class, in 1860, which were attended by more than 8,000 pupils. It has also a university which is ranked, by Europeans who have visited it, with the best in the United States. It was founded so early as 1541, so that it is nearly a century older than the oldest in this country; and it has a library annexed to it containing more than sixty thousand volumes. The Academy of the Fine Arts and of the Sciences is another institution of which the capital may be proud; and it has also a Museum of Mexican Antiquities, a Cabinet of

Mineralogy, a Military Academy, a College of Mining, the College of Ildefonso, &c.

In short, the country has resources enough of all kinds to become a great nation; all it requires is statesmen capable of developing those resources. It remains to be seen whether the class of men that Mexico needs for her regeneration are to come from either Austria or France. But, perhaps, the main question for us to consider is, Are we to look on with folded arms while the rulers of those countries are making experiments on a neighboring people, who, at least, sympathise with us so far as to be as much in favor of republican institutions as ourselves?

ART. IX.—1. *Historical Inquiry Concerning the Gypsies. (Histor. Versuch über die Zigeuner)* By GRELLMAN. Gottingen.

2. *Sur les peuples barbares qui ont habité les bords du Danube.* Par M. PEYSSONEL. Paris.

3. *Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India.* London.

4. *De l'apparion et de la despersion des Bohémians en Europe.* Par P. BATAILLARD. Paris.

Early in the fifteenth century a strange and eccentric people appeared almost simultaneously in the various countries of Europe. So dissimilar were their representations of their origin, antecedents, and present intentions that they soon came to be regarded with distrust and aversion. The French called them Bohémiens, having first heard of them from Bohemia. The Dutch named them Heydens *(heathens)*. In Denmark, Germany and Sweden, they were known under the general appellation of Tartars. The Moors and Arabians called them Charami, (Robbers), from their propensity for stealing. In Hungary they were termed Pharaohites. The Portuguese and Spaniards called them Gitanos; while the most universal, and certainly a very significant appellative, was Zigeuners, from *zigeuner*, to wander up and down. In Germany, Italy, and Hungary, they were called Tziganys. In Transylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia, Cygnanis. The Turks and the more eastern nations named them Tschingenes; the Russians, Tziggany.

Sir Thomas Browne says their first appearance "was in Germany, since the year 1400; nor were they observed before in other parts of Europe, as is deducible from Munster, Gene-

brad, Rrantrins, and Ortelins."* They appeared in Switzerland and in the country of the Grisons, in 1418, and in 1422, in Italy. In 1427 they were seen in Paris, from whence they are represented as having soon "straggled over the country." We find their presence in Great Britain recorded by an anonymous writer in a quarto volume, intended to "detect and expose the art of juggling, in which," he says, "the Gypsies beganne to gather an head as the first heere, in the southern parts of Great Britain, about the fifteenth century," where they soon gained an unenviable reputation for vagrancy, and were especially denounced by the anonymous author for having "pitifully cozened poor girls both of money, silver spoons, and the best of their apparelle, and any goods they could make."† And he also goes on to relate that these gypsies had a king by the name of Giles Fletcher, and a queen called Calot; and that these, "riding through the country on horseback, and in strange attire, had a prettie train after them." But neither their royalty or impish display seems to have inspired much consideration, since the author, after calling them vagrants and miscreants, and specifying innumerable vices and offences of which they were constantly guilty, tells us that the cruel fangs of the law soon fastened upon them, and exclaims regretfully, "What numbers were executed under these statutes, you would wonder! Yet, notwithstanding, all would not prevaile, but they wandered uppe and downe as before, meeting once a year at a place appointed; sometimes at the Peake's Hole in Derbyshire, and other whiles by Ketbrook, at Blackheath."

Spellman, a Latin author of about the same period, seems to have regarded these visitants with still greater disgust. He pronounces them "Nigredine deformes, excocti sole, immundi veste, et usu rerum omnium fædi!" which, in the vernacular, signifies that they were disfigured by swarthiness, sun-burnt, filthy in their clothing, and indecent in all their customs! Indeed, these poor vagrants seem to have made good use of their time in rendering themselves obnoxious, for in the short period of ten years after the king and queen and "prettie train" rode through England upon their horses, they were banished from the country. It is not to be inferred that the gypsies would willingly vacate a country they had travelled so far to visit. Besides, they had represented themselves as Egyptians, and obtained the confidence of the lower classes for their pretended arts of magic, and their sojourn was not only comfortable, but profitable. They were accustomed to persecution, and they certainly appear to have endured it with great equanimity, since they gave little heed either to the statutes or the numbers

* Heszischen Chronik. Scit 229, beyn Jahr 1414. † Vulgar Errors, p. 287.

executed under them. These proving ineffectual, an act was passed in the reign of Henry VIII. "setting forth that the said vagrants, in case they remain one month in the kingdom, shall be proceeded against as thieves and rascals;" and it was further decreed, that on the importation of any such Egyptians, he, the importer, should forfeit forty pounds for every trespass. These penalties proved but temporary restraints to the persistent gypsies, and they continued to increase and thrive to such an extent that efforts were made to reship them at the public expense and send them back to France, from whence they were supposed to have come, as will be seen by the following entries taken from the Book of Receipts and Payments of the 35th of Henry the VIII.:

"Item: to Tho. Warner, Sergeant of the Admiraltie, 18 Sept., for victuals prepared for a shippe appointed to convey certain Egupcians, 58s. Item: to the same Tho. Warner to the use of John Bowles, Ap. Rice, Esq., Sheriff of Huntington, for the charge of the Egupcians at a special gaile delivery, and the bringing them to be conveied over the sees; over and besides the sum of £4 5s. 0d, growing of 17 horses sold at 5s. the piece, as apperythe by a particular book, £87 17s. 7d. Item: to Will Weaver, appointed to have the charge of the conduct of said Egupcians to Callis, £5."

Neither fines, executions, imprisonments, nor reshipments purified the country of these social pests. They disappeared from one township only to reappear in another in still more formidable numbers. Every drop of blood shed brought forth a full harvest of gypsies, more thievish and more intolerable than the victim. Scarcely a century had elapsed since their appearance in England, before they had numbered 10,000 souls! Exasperated to the last degree, Elizabeth, more merciless than her predecessors, determined to strangle the growing monster while yet its body could be compassed. So that "In the year of the raigne of the Queen's Majestie, several Acts, certeyne provisions and remedies had been ordeyned for the suppressinge and punishinge of all roags vacabonds, sturdy roags, idle and loyteringe persons," which were ordered to be put into immediate execution, "to the glorie of Allmightee God and the benefite of the commonwelth." Many gypsies were executed under these severe statutes, both by the ordinary modes of execution, and after extreme tortures, some being broken upon the wheel and others quartered alive. Judge Hale himself bears witness that "at one Suffolk Assize, no less than thirteen miserable gypsies were executed under these statutes." Happily, they were the last executions recorded of this cruel nature, and death by torture was repealed under George III.

In Scotland the gypsies appear to have enjoyed greater protection, since a writ in favor of "John Farn, Lord and Earl of

Upper Egypt," was issued by Mary, Queen of Scotts, in the year 1553; and in 1554, he obtained a pardon for the murder of a man by the name of Small; but in 1579 we find the gipsies as usual, included in the laws of "all vagrants sic as make themselves fules" and ordered "to be put in the kinges waird or irons, sa long as they have any gudes of their awin to live on; and fra they hav not yuhair to live of their awin, that their eares be nayled to the trone, or to anuther tree, and their eares cutted off, and banished the countrie, and if they be found againe, that they be hanged."

Regardless of this peril to their ears and persons, the gypsies managed to evade the law to such an extent that more rigid measures were resorted to, and they were banished the kingdom under pain of death.

It would seem incredible that among such an unseemly hord of "roags and vacabonds" a hero could be found, with attractions sufficiently powerful to fascinate a Countess (Cassiles,) and cause her to forsake her husband and elope with him. In the criminal courts, many of the same name as this adventurer were brought to trial for various offences and for having been found in the country after banishment was declared in 1609. In 1613 four gypsies named Faa were condemned to be hanged. In 1616 two more of the same name; and in 1624, one captain Faa and five others bearing his name were sentenced to death. These executions were followed by the condemnation of Henen Faa, widow of captain John; Lucretia Faa, together with nine other females, all condemned to be drowned for being Egyptians, and being found in the country in violation of the decree of banishment, and also for having committed thefts and misdemeanors. This sentence was afterwards commuted to perpetual banishment.

Pasquiers gives a lively description of the appearance of the gypsies in France:

"On August the 17th, 1427, came to Paris twelve penetents *(Penanciers)* as they call themselves, viz.: A Duke, an Earl, and ten men, all on horse back, and calling themselves good christians. They were from Lower Egypt, and gave out that not long before the christians had subdued their country and obliged them to embrace christianity on pain of being put to death. Those who were baptised were great lords in their own country, and had a King and Queen there. Sometime after their conversion, the Saracens overran their country and obliged them to renounce christianity. When the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and other christian Princes heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them both great and small to quit their country and go to the Pope of Rome, who enjoined them seven years penance, to wander over the world without lying in a bed. They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris, first the principal people and soon after the commonality about 100 or 120 reduced from 1,000 or 1,200 when they came

from home; the rest being dead with their King and Queen. They were lodged by the police out of the city, at Chapel St. Denis.* Nearly all of them are represented as wearing silver rings in their ears, which they said were considered ornaments in their own country. As for the women, the author says, "they were remarkably black, all their faces scarred, *(seployer,)* their hair black, their only clothes a large old shaggy garment, *(flossoye,)* tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cordsash, *(lien,)* and under it a ragged petticoat *(roquet)*. In short, they were the poorest and most miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France."

These manifold and certainly not attractive possessions were soon rendered still more odious by their "picking people's pockets of their money, and getting it into their own, and through looking into people's hands." Upon this occasion the difficulty was compromised by the vagrants promising to vacate the country, which, as usual, they did not do, but lingered in France until an edict was issued in 1561, commanding all officers of justice to turn out of the kingdom in the space of two months, under pain of the gallies and corporal punishment, all men women and children, who assume the name of Bohemians or Egyptians!

The gypsies were numerous in Lorraine and Alsalia before the French Revolution, especially in the forests. Here, as elsewhere, they were regarded with dislike, and by an order of the provincial council held at Tarragona, in 1591, they were denounced to the magistrates as people "who are scarcely allowed to be christians, seeing they are liars, thieves, cheats, and accustomed to other kinds of wickedness."

In Spain, the gypsies have given to themselves and to their language the name of Romanny, a word of Sanscrit origin, signifying *husbands, or that which pertaineth to husbands.* It is difficult to conjecture what fanciful connection they may have supposed to exist between the appellative and their own deserts; although it may have been suggested by the fact of this race seldom marrying without the tribe, having little affection or sympathy beyond their own circle, and being capable of making the greatest sacrifices for the interests of each other. As an example of this devotion, we might instance the circumstances attending the trial and death of a gypsy who had murdered a Spaniard with a manchegan knife. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed in the Plaza. From the hour of his trial to that of his execution, his tribe were unwearied in their efforts to obtain his release. All that the truest friendship could dictate or the most abject importunity effect, were resorted to, but the friends of the murdered man were powerful, and both were vain. They offered money with-

*Recherches de la France, b. iv. c. 9.

out stint or measure; one Fruto alone, offering 5,000 crowns as his own part of the ransom. When, at last, the criminal was led out to die, the whole tribe broke out into demonstrations of sorrow, and left Cordova; nor did they return until many months of absence had rendered the place of their companion's death more tolerable to them.

It has been asserted that the gypsy children of Spain and Italy are the most beautiful infants in the world. The young maidens, too, despite their grotesque attire, their gross freedom of manners and dingy persons, are yet sufficiently attractive to the young Spanish noblemen to draw them away to the gypsy camp-fires, and wield such influence over both Don and Señor, as to render the administration of legal justice very difficult, whenever the gypsies are guilty of encroachments; for what could be expected of a father who feared to concentrate the fury of the whole tribe upon him for hanging the relation of a woman with whom his son was madly infatuated; or what from a husband whose duenna relied upon a gypsy's skill for her charms and love-powders? As for the gypsy wife, with her unceasing hardships and privations, doomed to daily beggary and shame, with no home but a smoky hut, no companion but a brute who browbeats and lashes her, what can be expected but that she should cease to retain a single emotion of kindliness, modesty, or any other virtue.

"If," says Borrows, "there is one being in the world who more than another deserves the title of sorceress, it is the female gypsy in the prime and vigor of her understanding. The gypsy wife, the mother of two or three children—mention me a point of deviltry with which that woman is not acquainted!"* In selecting a wife the gypsy seeks for the woman most skilful in the art of pilfering, since she is expected to supply the domestic necessities by her dexterity in that accomplishment. Frair Melchior, of Guelama, states that he was aware of the fact of two gypsies having exchanged wives, and as one was more beautiful than the other, the man who secured the beauty gave a sum of money to the unfortunate possessor of the ugly one.

Among all tribes of gypsies it is exceedingly difficult as might well be supposed, to recover stolen property. If the offender is caught in the act of theft, with the goods in his possession, the leader of the band punishes him in the presence of the complainant, by lashes; this seemingly just sentence is not so much to satisfy the complainant, although the goods are promptly restored, as to teach the offender henceforth to practise more tact in his manipulations. As the females are most

* Gypsies of Spain, vol. 1., p. 115.

prone to indulge their thievish propensities, they are oftenest the victims of the lash.

The gypsies of Spain, as well as those of other countries have been accused of child-stealing. It is difficult to ascertain how far they may have been guilty in this respect. It is not improbable that formerly children may have been stolen for the purpose of being sold to the Moors as slaves, and they may occasionally have been taken from motives of revenge, or for the purpose of securing proffered rewards; but that they should have any desire or intention of increasing their tribes in this manner, is not probable, since they have always more children of their own than they can easily provide for. The most recent authors who have written in regard to the gypsies, have acquitted them of this revolting crime. There is, however, an incident of the kind on record, which is sufficiently authenticated to have become historical, and is alluded to as forming an era in the history of the gitaños of that country: Doubtless, like all remarkable events, more or less romance has been added to the simple details. In the middle of the sixteenth century there resided in the city of Lorgroño, the chief town of Rioja, a province on the borders of Aragon, a bookseller by the name of Alvarez. This man was known to have travelled much, and to be learned in men as well as books. Among those who sought his society was a priest, between whom and himself the closest intimacy existed. Upon one occasion, when the priest was paying him a casual visit, Alvarez was observed to be moody and abstracted. Being pressed to reveal the source of his uneasiness, he confessed that he was overwhelmed with the most gloomy forebodings of coming evil, not only for himself, but for the whole city. The good priest rallied him in regard to the folly of giving way to imaginary afflictions, when Alvarez frankly related to him the reasons for his oppression. In his youth he had been made captive by a band of gypsies who had spared his life on account of his proficiency in music. After some time the count of the band gave him his daughter in marriage, and after the death of the father, Alvazez and his wife had become the rulers of the tribe. Weary of the evil habits of the gypsies, and disgusted with the wickedness of his wife, he had made secret arrangements for returning to his native country, when his designs being suspected, she caused him to be arrested and sold into Moorish captivity. From the latter condition, he was redeemed by a missionary, and sent back to Spain, where his life was rendered burdensome through a constant fear of being discovered by the tribe whose vengeance he had provoked. The evening previous to the priest's visit, having occasion to pass an old building in the suburbs of the city, he

recognized the peculiar dialect of his tribe. As he listened, he distinguished the word *droo*, the name of a subtile poison known only to the gypsies, and reserved by them as an agent of secret but sure destruction. The broken sentences which had reached him were sufficient to assure him that the fountains of the city had been poisoned, and that the inhabitants were already doomed to speedy and inevitable death. That night a strange pestilence broke out in Logroño. Alvarez, disguised as a gypsy, mingled with his tribe and learned that at noonday, while the city was shorn of its strength, it was designed to attack, pillage, and burn the whole town. Summoning the priest, Alvarez collected such as were able to do duty, and prepared to defend the city—it was saved through the valor of sixty men whom the pestilence had spared; but Alvarez was never seen more. A citizen testified that he had seen him in advance of the party, struggling with three Gitaños, who appeared to be urged on by a woman wearing a barbaric crown.

If scenes like these were often repeated, the wheel and the rack might lose half their horrors ; but when, as has been the case with the gypsies, their victims have been forced by tortures to accuse themselves of crimes, to appease the malice of their tormentors, one ought at least to receive their confessions with great leniency, and rely upon other proofs rather than self-accusations wrung from lips quivering in the agonies of dissolution. In the town of Jaraicejo, some gypsies, being put to the torture by command of Don Martin Fajarado, who could find no more serious charges against them than that being gypsies they must necessarily have committed offences, confessed while upon the rack that they had killed and eaten a female gypsy in the forests of Las Gamas. On being put to the rack the second time, they confessed that they had murdered and eaten a female pilgrim, &c. After these horrible confessions, the gypsies were released, and allowed to be executed! Indeed no monstrosity was too absurd, if attached to the name of this miserable people. It is gravely related that one Fajarado, having gone in pursuit of a lost animal, arrived at a ruined house, and upon entering it, found some gypsies who were preparing their dinner by roasting a portion of a human body! Yet it must be admitted that cannibalism has been practised among them; it is recorded that one hundred and fifty gipsies were imprisoned for this revolting crime.* The Empress, Maria Theresa, unwilling to believe that these poor creatures could be so utterly depraved, sent commissioners to examine into the truth of these

* Gazette of Frankfort, 1782, Nos. 157, 207.

charges, and they proved to be but too well founded. Indeed, so low had the miserables fallen in the scale of being, that the Spanish Inquisition regarded them with too much contempt to give itself the slightest trouble in looking after their religious interests. An old man of eighty years, who had formerly been an inquisitor at Cordova, testified that he had never known a gypsy to be persecuted for his religion. In Spain, as in other parts of Europe, they adapted themselves to the prevailing faith, although in no country can they be said to belong to any religious sect, since they have no ideas of God or a Saviour, and no belief in any future state of existence. When Borrows preached to them in the Rommany language, and explained the Christians' belief of a future state, they made answer, "We have been wicked and miserable enough in our lives here; why should we live again?" And when they had listened still further, one of the old men said: "Brother, you tell us strange things, though perhaps you do not lie; a month since I would sooner have believed these tales, than that this day I should see one who could read and write Rommany."

It is also related that a gypsy youth, having died at a school where he was being educated, received Christian burial, the friends of the deceased were asked if they believed their friend would rise again. The answer was, "No, why should he? we think it no more probable that he will rise again than that the horse will do so that we flayed the other day." Yet they allow their children to be baptized or circumcised, as custom dictates, wear crosses to please the Russians, and profess to anything that suits their convenience. They will allow a priest to say prayers over their dead, and just as willingly dispense with any ceremony, or suffer it to be performed by one of their own number. As might be supposed, their burials are conducted with little solemnity, the deceased being simply laid away in running streams of water, when practicable, otherwise in the earth; the leaders of the tribes are buried with more display and intoxication.

In Hindoostan there are many tribes embraced in the general appellation of Nuts, that greatly resemble the gypsies of Europe, both in person, habits, and character, but one alone is supposed to be identical with them—that known as the Panchparee or Budee Nuts. These people, like other gypsies, have no particular religion, are very expert in all kinds of juggling, tumbling, dancing, &c., and are considered adroit thieves. They bury their dead with the solitary ceremony of getting completely intoxicated; solemnize their marriages by clinching them with liquor; and when they are so unfortunate as to be detected in crimes, they never assemble to arrange their difficulties until the plaintiff and defendant have furnished liquor

sufficient to maintain the dignity of the occasion; whether it is begged, borrowed or stolen, being a matter of indifference to the judges, who are always selected from their own tribe. The person non-suited, has ultimately to bear all the expenses, unless the referees become so oblivious that they stupidly confound the merits of the case and fine the wrong party. If the offence is one of peculiar gravity, the offender not only pays his fine, but submits to the undignified ceremony of having his nose rubbed to the ground.

The Panchparees pay no attention to cleanliness or diet, eating dead jackals, bullocks, horses and birds—the latter being also dried and used as medicine. The gypsies every where esteem all animals which have died of disease, pestilence or fire, as the greatest of luxuries, and make great exertions to visit places where food of this description is to be found. Being questioned as to the reason of this preference, the answer was: "The food that God kills is better than that slain by man."

Gypsies are found in Poland, Lithunania, Courland, and scattered over Moldavia so plentifully that every baron has several families of them in vassilage. They are abundant in Wallachia and the Sclavonian mountains, and so numerous in Bessarabia, Tartary, Bulgaria, Greece, and Constantinople, that these places literally swarm with vagrants. In Romania, there is a large tract of Mount Hemus to which these miserables have given the name of Tschenghe Valkan, *The Gypsy Mountain.* This district, which extends from the City of Abydos to Phillipopolis, is said to contain more gypsies than any other province in the Turkish empire.

In Russia, Tartary, and the Crimea, the gypsies are by no means strangers. Dr. Clark, who observed their manners and customs in these countries, alludes to them as having originally been one of the castes of India, driven out of their territory, and known among Indian tribes by a name signifying thieves. The Fins called them by a similar appellation. This writer observes "that the extraordinary resemblance of the female gypsies to the women of India, was remarked by the British officers and men of Egypt when General Baird arrived with his army to join Lord Hutchison. The Sepoys had many of their women with them, who were exactly like our gypsies."* In the travels written by Bell, mention is made of a horde of these people, some sixty in number, which he noticed during his stay in Tobolski. These travelled with horses and asses, and professed to be travelling towards China. The vice-governor refused them permission to proceed, and compelled them

* Travels in Russia. p. 209.

to return whence they came. The Russians, in common with all other nations, hold these vagrants in utter abhorrence, and yet at Waronete they are said to be of mixed race, "resulting from their intermarriages with the Russians."* The Countess of Tolstoy, whose beauty, grace, and maternal goodness were alike the theme of admiration, was originally one of the principal attractions of a Rommany choir at Moscow. The gypsy choirs of that city are admitted to be unrivalled, and a charming incident is upon record of one of those wierd musicians. Though often repeated, it is ever new, since it embodies a delicate acknowledgment of genius. The celebrated Catalani, an Italian strongstress, in the zenith of her glory, had enchanted a Russian audience, and remained gracefully receiving the tributes of its admiration, when a gypsy appeared suddenly by her side and burst forth into such wondrous gushes of music that every heart stood still to listen. The noble-souled Catalani recognised her superior in the young creature before her, and the grace with which she made this acknowledgment was only equalled by the sweetness of her radiant countenance, as taking a cashmere shawl of rare elegance from her person, she enveloped the shoulders of the gypsy in its rich drapery, saying that having been presented by the Father of Rome to "*the matchless songster*," it could no longer be retained by herself, who recognized one more gifted in the stranger before her.

Bishop Pococke, who met these people further to the eastward, speaks of them as the "Chingani who are spread all over the world;" and it is pleasant to meet with even one traveller who finds some redeeming virtues in this people. This writer assures us that the gypsies he met there were of superior intelligence and morals to their relations in Hungary, England, and elsewhere; and that they not only had better characters, but were ingenious and industrious, making a coarse sort of tapestry, or carpet work, for hanging saddles and other uses.

In Transylvania and Banat they seldom steal or beg, and have little or no intercourse with their tribe, ignore the name of gypsies, and prefer to be called Bräschen *(gold collectors)*. In Hungary, the better class call themselves Aranyasz, and working in iron is so common among them that the Hungarians have a proverb, "So many gypsies, so many smiths." These tribes are not only dexterous and industrious, but manage to render themselves comfortable and sometimes to amass small fortunes. The gold collectors are taxed four guilders annually in gold dust, which the Princess receives for pocket money. The Consort of the Wallachian Hospodar, Stephen Rakowitza, received in 1764 from her Rudars, twelve hundred and fifty-

* Belle's Travels, vol. 2., p. 157.

four drachms. The gold-washers dispose of their own share at the Royal Redemption Office in Zalatuya. The Empress Theresa, despairing of effecting any reformation of the gypsies themselves, resolved to separate the children from their parents at the early age of five years, and reclaim them by education. In Fahlendorf, in Schütt, and in the district of Presburgh, the children of the gypsies were carried away in wagons during the night of the 21st of December, 1773, by overseers appointed for that purpose, removed to a distance, and boarded for eighteen guilders yearly, which was paid by Government. April 24th, 1774, between five and six in the morning, the children were again seized and removed from Farlendorf and Hideghid. Among those removed upon this occasion was a young bride of fourteen years, in her bridal attire. It is recorded that "she tore her hair for grief and rage, and was quite beside herself with agitation." It is inferred that no very serious consequences followed this unusual violence, since it is added that "she obtained permission to solemnize her nuptials in 1776, in Fashing."

The Emperor Joseph, in 1783, not only endeavored to enforce the laws enacted by the Empress Theresa, but rendered them more stringent. If the efforts of the Empress and of Joseph failed to effect a reform in the bad habits of the gypsies, it was certainly not because the laws were remiss in specifying their errors, or that they were dictated with severity or injustice. It is not probable that the officers to whom the unpleasant oversight of the tribes was committed, entered upon their duties with much zeal, and the little good that could be effected by a few seizures of children must have been very limited indeed. Certain it is, that after a few years those efforts subsided, and the gypsies have gone on eating their favorite food, wearing their unsightly garments, as heedless of the laws of both God and man as if Theresa and Joseph had never interested themselves in their hapless fate.

During the year 1782, the gypsies were brought to trial in Hungary for creating disturbances, and were convicted, among other crimes, of having fed upon human flesh. They confessed to having killed three persons, and served up their bodies as bridal and festive luxuries. This band was known to have continued together twenty-one years, and to have committed eighty-four murders. Thirteen of them were put to death in Frauenmark, in August; fifteen at Kameza, in September, and thirteen at Esabrag. Of these, eighteen were women, who were beheaded. Many others were condemned, but respited; while one hundred and fifty remained in chains.

M. Oliver found a race of gypsies in Aleppo, and Lieutenant

Pottinger met them in Beloochistan. In Germany, these people procured sympathy by representing themselves as pilgrims and holy persons. Munster affirms that they carried about passports and seals from the Emperor Sigismund and other princes, and that he had himself seen an attested copy of such a letter, in the possession of some gypsies at Eberbach. The gypsies at Bologna showed an instrument from Sigismund, but this he granted to them not as Emperor of Germany, but as King of Hungary. They also exhibited a pass from Nladislaus II.; but this was given as a mark of their sanctity as pilgrims. They soon destroyed the favorable impressions with which they had been received in the early part of the fifteenth century, and were again and again exiled, first under Maximilian I., at the Augsburg Diet, in 1500, by a public edict which read as follows:

"To all ranks of the Empire, according to the obligations under which they are bound to US and the Holy Empire, it is strictly ordered, that in future they do not permit the said gypsies, (since there is authentic evidence of their being spies, scouts, and conveyers of intelligence, betraying the Christians to the Turks,) to pass or to remain within their territories; nor to trade; neither to grant them protection or convoy. And that said gypsies do withdraw themselves befor Easter next ensuing from the German dominions; entirely quit them, nor suffer themselves to be found therein; as in case they should transgress after that time and receive injury from any person, they shall have no redress, nor shall such persons be thought to have committed any crime."

America has suffered but few annoyances from these miserable people. Occasionally, small bodies of vagrants stroll through the country, whose manners, language and attire resemble those of the European gypsy, but they are of modern date, having made their appearance since the country has become more affluent in resources, and consequently more inviting as a field for the successful exercise of their peculiar gifts. Persecution everywhere has relaxed its cruel grasp, and if nothing has been done successfully to better their condition, their peculiarities are regarded with more leniency, and occasionally, as in Spain, efforts have been made to civilize and Christianize them.

It is not easy to influence a people destitute of every religious impression, and if the gypsy possesses one peculiarity more preeminently than another, it is to be found in this seeming inability to be impressed by any of the recognized forms of theology. Unlike the Indian, he sees no ruling power in nature or himself, and lays his dead to rest neither expecting or hoping to meet them again. It is true, that in all countries they conform more or less to its religious ceremonies; but when questioned in regard to their belief in the efficacy of any of these religions, they frankly avow their skepticism of all. It is therefore un-

generous to attempt to fasten the odium of this people upon any religious sect, as some over-zealous writers have attempted to do, since it is evident they believe in nothing that exerts the least restraint over their animal passions and depraved appetites. The Turks, who receive so readily all converts to their faith, have no confidence in the gypsies' professions; and the only advantage the latter receive from embracing Mohammedanism, is that of being allowed by the Turks to wear the white turban.

They have few sympathies beyond their own tribe, and regard the world outside of their own circle with jealousy and hatred. Of no other race can it so truly be said, "among the world, not of them." Whatever social or individual virtues may exist among themselves, they present no phase to others but cunning, treachery, and hate. If they smile, it is only to allure some victim to their snare—if they flatter, and who can flatter like them? it is but to render you credulous and unwary. It is scarcely just, to charge the perpetuity of fortune-telling by palmistry and physiognomy to the gypsies, as is so often the case, since it certainly is known to have existed in Europe before their advent, and prevails everywhere in countries never visited by these wanderers. Yet it is their most prolific source of emolument, and they not unfrequently make as profitable investments of shrewdness, as officials are said to do.

The dress of the gypsies is too familiar for description. Green is a favorite color, while red and scarlet are their especial admiration. They wear large patches of black silk upon both temples, in Spain, and hang every conceivable ornament in their ears and upon their necks. As for shoes and stockings, they are by no means essential, since when cold weather approaches, a rag wound around their feet and ankles, fastened with a cord or thread, and allowed to remain until they remove themselves, are more economical and convenient. Although they have no appreciation of the comforts of life, they are notable for a desire to possess and retain as a kind of heir-loom, some single trinket of value, and they not unfrequently dispose of every penny to purchase a silver cup, or some similar token that can be preserved in the family to their credit. These people have at least one redeeming quality. Whatever may be the provocation, a gypsy's child is seldom punished, and yet with all this parental fondness, when excited to fury, the women will tear their tender infants from their breasts seize them by their feet, and hurl them as weapons against their antagonists. The women continue to nurse their children during many years, and it is said not to be unusual to

see several children of various ages taking alternately their share of nourishment. The gypsy mother seldom carries her babe in her arms after three months. It is then carried in the hood of her cloak or strapped around her neck. When the child attains five years, he is expected to enter upon his individual portion of life's trials, to share the deprivations of his tribe, and to add to its resources by beggary and theft. The faces of the merest children look impish with innate cunning, and they seem to imbibe wickedness with their mother's milk, which one can readily believe since they are fed with liquor from their birth, and are so early intoxicated that it is difficult to say when that degrading habit commences. Notwithstanding this terrible ordeal of the children, it is claimed, that when separated from their tribe, and reared in more favorable circumstances, the skin becomes fair, and although they may have attained some fourteen years previous to their removal, the gypsy peculiarity of features will so far disappear that their race cannot be distinguished by their countenances; from which it may be inferred that they are indebted for their swarthy complexions to their exposure to the sun and smoke. Their peculiarities are so distinctly marked, that one who has had an accurate description of their appearance, seldom fails to recognize them. They then have a sullen, scowling expression, and wear their hair clipped at the ear, leaving a square lock upon the cheek, which adds to the oddity of their appearance. The women have black eyes and hair, and these together with their blooming faces and robust appearance, give them a certain kind of beauty not unpleasing to such as are satisfied with mere physical attractions. Both sexes are remarkably healthy and live to a good age, being seldom deformed. When sick they rely upon bleeding and saffron tea, seldom resorting to physicians.

The habitations of the gypsies are as well known as their habits. In summer, when travelling from place to place, they are satisfied with an open camp-fire, above which two forked poles make a convenient crane for the boiling pot of soup, from which they make their meals in the most primitive fashion imaginable. Nothing is necessary but a spoon! The ground forms a mattress always ready prepared, and with their feet to the fire they sleep far better than many crowned heads on pillows of eider. A traveler who had associated freely with these people, asserts that he has seen them night after night throw themselves upon the earth, saturated with damps, and while the rain poured upon them in torrents, with scarcely a blanket or rag for protection, sleep such wholesome slumbers and awaken with such vigor, that he envied them their powers of endurance. Whenever the luxury of a covering is indulg-

ed in, they pitch cloth tents or erect rude buildings which vary in different countries. A Hungarian writer thus describes their winter huts:

"They first dig a hollow almost a fathom broad, far enough into the hillock to bring their floor on a level with the rest of the plain, in order to form a firm upright wall for the back of the building. Into the wall they fix a beam about six feet from and parallel to the floor; this beam reaches as far as the intended depth of the house, seldom exceeding seven or eight feet. One end being fastened in the wall, the other rests on, and is fixed to a pillar or post driven into the ground. When that is done, they lay boards or such other wood as they can find against it in each side in form of a pointed roof, which viewed at a distance exhibits a front in the shape of an equilateral triangle. The business is finished by covering the whole building with straw, sods and earth."

The magnet is regarded as an object which endows its possessor with a charmed life. Such a person they believe, can never be harmed by any other human being, since it is through his own magical gifts that the magnet attracts. It would be supposed that a race who were constantly playing upon the duplicity of their victims would learn to distrust others; yet they are exceedingly superstitious and firm believers in omens and bad Fridays. In pitching their tents, they prefer to spread them near willow trees, believing some protecting virtue rests among their long branches.

Nothing can be more absurd, nor at a distance more picturesque than a group of gypsies in their uncouth attire. In Spain it is no uncommon sight to see them parading the street with the embroidered waistcoat or laced coat, with silver buttons, from some nobleman's rejected wardrobe, barefooted and hatless, or sporting a pair of scarlet breeches with an entire disregard of the accompaniments. Grellman says:

"Nothing pleases Hungarian gypsies more than a pair of yellow boots and spurs; no sooner do these glisten upon his feet but he bridles up and marches consequentially about, often eyeing his fine boots, at the same time totally unmindful of his breeches which may have lost a portion before or behind, or be in many other respects extremely shabby."

Evil-disposed as they are, they are naturally cowards. In countries where they have served as soldiers, it is said they require long discipline to be able to fire a ball manfully. There is a proverb in Transylvania to the effect, "You may drive fifty gypsies before you with a wet rag." Thicknesse reports the same of them in Spain. They require to be robbers many years before they dare rob their victim, until they have first wounded him in ambush. They are timid through fear, and insolent for revenge. Some tribes became exasper-

ated with a respectable German Prince, because he persecuted them for their misdeeds, and drove them from his territories. Desiring revenge, they threatened publicly to kill him, and offered a reward among themselves to whoever would destroy him; nevertheless, no one had courage to attack the Prince. In Spain they are not allowed to be soldiers, being precluded on account of their cowardice and treachery; but in two regiments, mentioned as having existed in Hungary, every eighth member was a gypsy. As an inducement for them to join the army, the Government orders, that as soon as they become soldiers, they shall cease to be called gypsies. An amusing instance, illustrative of their soldierly bearing, is related in the Hungarian Annals. During the troubles in Zapoly, in the year 1557, the Castle of Nagy Zola, in the county of Ahanynar, was in danger, and Francis Von Perenyé who had command, being badly supplied with men, sent a thousand gypsies who were stationed in the outworks. Imagining themselves protected from danger, everything went on finely, while Francis himself garrisoned the Citadel. Presently the gypsies were victorious, and the enemy retired in confusion. The gypsies sallied out of their coverts, and elated with their success, shouted after the flying fugitives, "Go and be hanged you rascals! Thank God we had no more powder and shot, or we would have played the very devil with you." "What, replied the besiegers, turning to look upon the gypsies, are you the heroes?" "Is it so with you?" and returning as rapidly as they had retired, they drove the gypsies away, and thus the affair ended. When connected with the army they are not necessarily fighters, but oftener prepare cannon balls as was the case at Crupa and with the Turks. The Swedes have had bodies of gypsies in their armies, and in 1686, when Hamburgh was besieged by the Danes, there were three companies in the Danish army whose office it was *to pillage and destroy*. They have also been used as spies, and agents where tact and treachery were required. During the troubles excited by John Zapolya, in Hungary, in the sixteenth century, many spies and incendiaries were taken which proved to be gypsies. A French engineer, a spy by the name of Peter Durois, was concealed among the gypsies nine years, during which time he had made drawings of all the principal fortifications in the whole Russian Empire and the imperial hereditary dominions, taken in the concisest manner, with notes indicating where each place was the least defensible. His detection was brought about by some gypsies being arrested upon suspicion of being incendiaries, with whom

was discovered Peter Durois. His papers were found upon his person.

In all countries, the gypsy assumes titles befitting the dignity of his tribe, the leader being called Waybode, Prince, Duke, Count or Lord, according to the customs of the place in which he resides. The title is elective, but the candidate is more or less eligible according to his age which must not be too immature; to his stature which must not be small; to his ability to dress as becomes a ruler; and it is especially desirable that he should be a descendent of a former wayrode. He is installed into office, by being lifted up three times, amid the cheers of the tribe. His wife is treated to the same ceremony, and the increased dignity of both immediately recognized by all the people. In some countries, this Wayrode claims entire independence of the government of the dominions in which his tribe locate themselves, and renders his people obedient to him, taking their life at his pleasure, without considering himself accountable to Emperor or Prince; while in other parts of Europe he exerts little control over his tribe individually. but keeps cognizance of all companies, as strolling tumblers, jugglers, and dramatists, from whom he demands a small fee. They acknowledge a rude kind of judiciary, which consists of a trial before five or more men. Every individual arraigned is required to test his innocence or guilt by touching his tongue with hot iron. If he is not burned he is innocent! If guilty, as he is pretty sure to be under the circumstances, he pays the fine of liquor, previously alluded to.

These titles are not only assumed by themselves, but recognized by others in power. King James, of Scotland, granted a pass and recommendation to the King of Denmark in favor of Anthony Garvins, an *Earl* from Little Egypt, in which he records that the band of wanderers had come to Scotland under the protection of the Pope, and that having no cause of complaint against them, and regarding them as properly disposed persons, he recommended them, by their own desire, "to his royal uncle in Denmark, whither they were bound," adding the very lucid deduction, that these people must be better known to him than to himself, "since Denmark was nearer to Egypt than was his own Kingdom of Scotland!"

When confidence is placed in the gypsies they are said very seldom to betray it. They have also a kind of pride in paying their taxes and just dues without constraint. They are uniformly lovers of music, and improvise both music and verses with considerable skill, as may be seen by reference to collec-

tions of their poetry.* They invariably have two languages—one modified by that of the country around them; the other, peculiar to their tribe, which they will neither repeat or explain to any without their circle.

The question of the origin of this remarkable people, will probably never be satisfactorily arranged; since, while the earliest authorities considered them to have come from Egypt, others assert, that although they may have entered Europe from Egypt, it would not necessarily follow that they were originally Egyptians, since they have been so constantly wandering from one country to another, that residence in either could scarcely be allowed as an argument.

Etymologists consider gypsies to have had their origin in the East, possibly in Hindoostan, since the construction and inflexion of both languages indicate a common origin. The Hindoo language has but two genders, neither has that of the gypsies. In the Hindoo, every word in the feminine terminates in j, the rest being masculine; this peculiarity exists also in the gypsy. The Hindoo makes the inflexions by the article, adding it at the end of the word; and this is also true of the Rommany. There also exists a striking similarity in the pronouns. Indeed, the language bears so much resemblance to others of the Eastern languages, that the linguist can easily decipher the one by the other, especially if he has a knowledge of the Italian or Spanish. The gypsies themselves are not willing to admit that their private communications are anything more than mere "gibberish," it being desirable to retain this medium of concealment for the more successful accomplishment of their machinations.

Borrows, who seems from his boyhood to have been peculiarly attracted by these people, learned their language so perfectly that the gipsies themselves took him for a Rom., and it was through this deception that he acquired so strong an influence over them, and became so intimate with their habits. Few have had the desire or inclination to follow his example, since the Rommany covers no literary wealth to tempt the linquist. Indeed, from the first to the last, it is difficult to conceive of a race so destitute of attractions; and yet what child but leaves every other for a gipsy book; what novelist but weaves their destinies into the woof of his plot; and what young man or maiden but turns aside to obtain glimpses of a gypsy camping ground and lose their shillings from the hope of discovering some love-secrets, which time would much more truthfully re-

* Gypsies in Spain. Part II.

veal to them? If they regard us with hatred, we retaliate with contempt and disgust, yet we are fascinated and well nigh awed by the mysterious isolation that envelopes them. What people upon the globe have been so hunted, exiled, slaughtered and utterly rejected by the whole civilized world? One would suppose them the descendents of the Wandering Jew, doomed to perpetual restlessness, or of the branded Cain, driven out to be a "fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." The bitter camomile plant flourishes the more when most it is trampled upon; so this singular race has cast vigorous roots into the soil, enriched by the blood of its children. From the few bands of adventurers that in the fifteenth century crept over Europe, have descended not less than one million of gypsies, who to-day are wanderers and outcasts.

The inquiry naturally arises, why were not the united efforts of so many crowned heads effectual in crushing out this people? In the first place there was no unanimity of action among them. When any one government became too highly exasperated to endure the thousand and one annoyances arising from the presence of these thievish and mischief-making tribes, it resorted to statues and edicts, little heeding what became of the nuisance, provided they themselves were safely rid of it. No sooner, however, was one tribe banished than another drifted into its place, which had itself been exiled from a neighboring kingdom. Again, it is contrary to the laws of nature that any race of human beings should be wiped out by persecution. In all ages and in all countries the hand of oppression has been uplifted in vain to pluck up what God has planted. The weaker may recede before the stronger, but his extinction is gradual, never violent. There can, therefore, remain but one way to render the presence of the gypsies more tolerable, and that lies in the direction which the Empress Theresa so ineffectually attempted—in the education of the children and the moral elevation of the young people. Where are the noble hearts willing to wear themselves into their graves in this life-long struggle? From whence are to be gathered the treasures upon which the foundations of this stupendous work is to rest? And more than all, where in this selfish and money-making world can be found the undying patience, the depth of love and unextinguishable hope that must exist in each martyr-spirit, to enable it to surmount one of the many difficulties presented by such depraved habits and universal degradation? In considering their numbers, together with their rapid increase, we may well ask ourselves, what is the gypsey's mission upon the earth, and what the duty of the philanthropist in regard to him?

Art. X.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

EDUCATION AND SCIENCE.

Mental Hygiene. By I. Ray, M.D. 16mo. pp. 338. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

We have been much interested in the perusal of this volume. It is written in a popular style; and this is a sufficient recommendation to a large class of readers, especially with such a subject as the author has chosen—a subject, too, which he has had ample opportunities of studying. If this be the first book of Dr. Ray on Mental Hygiene, it is not his first literary effort in the same field; and from whom should we expect more valuable suggestions on the state of the mind than from one who has had long experience as the chief-physician of a Lunatic Asylum?

This was the feeling with which we opened the volume before us, and we cheerfully admit that wherever the author has confined himself to the results of his own experience and practice, he has satisfied our most sanguine expectations. But the difficulty is, that he does not adhere to his theme; he introduces too many theories, which are more curious than useful, and with the most honest intentions, we have no doubt, sheds more darkness upon them than light. He makes the mistake of addressing his readers as if they were all insane. He tells us in his preface that his main object is to present some practical suggestions "relative to *the attainment of mental soundness* and vigor." It is almost superfluous to remark that the necessity of attaining mental soundness presupposes mental *un*soundness. But we are not thus left in doubt as to the meaning of particular words or phrases; the whole tenor of the Doctor's arguments, so far as we can pretend to understand them, is in the same direction. Thus, in his analysis of Chapter III., he tells us that a "partial cultivation of the mental powers is to be avoided"—speaks of its "mischievous efforts," &c.

Depending on certain "phrenogical principles" never accepted by scientific men, Dr. Ray says: "But it may now be received as a settled truth that no power of the mind can be entirely neglected without detriment to some of the rest."—(p. 14). "His mind will present a one-sided and imperfect character, wanting that full and rounded development which is necessary to practical achievement in the great purposes of life."—(p. 142). But this is not all. "Whatever form of mental activity they display," our author continues, "they are too apt to be led away by it into the pursuit of unprofitable schemes instead of directing it to fruitful results. It may even get beyond control, altogether, *and then begins to be morbid.*"—(Ib.). The meaning

of this is, that instead of devoting ourselves to the one pursuit for which nature seems to have best adapted us, we should devote ourselves to several, on pain of "losing entirely the healthy balance of our faculties."—(p. 142.) According to this, Homer should have been a mathematician, as well as a poet, Newton, a poet as well as an astronomer, and Locke a chemist, as well as an metaphysician.

Such notions are, however, not new; they are as old as the time of Aristotle and Aristophanes, both of whom ridicule them as pretending to make the finite infinite. In no other instance is the division of labor more necessary than in the development to the full extent of those faculties by the superiority of which we have been favored by nature. La Fontaine puts this in a forcible light, when he tells us that to learn Hebrew, the sciences, history, &c., is to drink up the sea.

> "Si j'apprenais l'Hebrew, les sciences, et l'histoire,
> Tout cela, c'est la mer á boire."

Our author is also of the opinion, that all who would avoid becoming insane should eschew animal food. He would not prevent us from taking a little—that may do us no particular harm until we can discontinue it altogether; but if we wish to keep our minds in the right state, nothing will effect that object so well as turnips, potatoes, pumpkins, beans, cabbage, &c.! The sort of logic by which this is proved, is the following: "If this is the law in regard to the inferior animals, what reason is there for supposing that it is not also the law in regard to man."—(p. 83.) That is, a cow or a donkey will thrive on vegetables and not get insane, and why should not their master or mistress do the same!

But our author's ideas of drink are somewhat different. "Are not tea, coffee, wine and spirits, necessary in some degree to maintain the bodily and mental powers—in their most vigorous condition, amid the exhausting influences—the duties, the pleasures, the joys and the sorrow, the toil and the conflict—of artificial life."—(p. 86.) The Doctor answers himself somewhat cautiously, as follows: "If the powers are habitually urged beyond an easy activity, or the stamina of the constitution have become enfeebled by hereditary defects, *those articles may be salutary* just as medicine is salutary when actual disease is present."—(Ib.). In proof of this, we are reminded that, "Pitt, during the latter years of his life, if not before, never encountered the labor and excitement of a parliamentary debate without enormous libations of wine."—(p. 86,) &c. But those "libations" we are told prolong life; and the Doctor has informed us more than once, that what is good for the body is good for the mind. He settles the drinking question, as follows: "When men habitually overtask their brains and accompany their imprudence by a disregard of many other rules of health, *they may*,

not improbably prolong a precarious existence by resorting to such means."—(p. 87.) This may explain the superiority of vegetable food, as compared to animal food, since the former contains more "spirits," than the latter!

But it is those that contemplate marriage who will find most to interest them in "Mental Hygiene." No one should attempt to make any daughter of Eve his better-half, no matter how amiable, accomplished, talented, or virtuous she may be, until he has first made a series of careful researches into the mental character of her ancestors for at least nine generations. If he finds a single flaw of that nature in her whole genealogy he is to shun her as he would the plague! A young lady's grandfather, or great grandfather, may have been a robber or a murderer, and may have paid the penalty of an ignominious death for his crimes, but this is scarcely an objection compared to the fact, as to whether one or the other had an attack of insanity; for if the latter was the case, it is ten to one but her offspring will be insane. This may well be regarded as burlesque, yet it does not in the least exaggerate the absurdities put forward in the very first chapter of "Mental Hygiene." "One of the most prolific sources of mental unsoundness or imperfection," says our author, "is the existence of insanity *or remarkable eccentricity, in some previous generation.*"—(p. 18.) Further on, we are told that, "To those who are yet to form the most important of all connections in life, the facts here stated speak in tones of solemn admonition, &c. The highest mental and personal accomplishments will prove to be no compensation for the evil; nor will they furnish any excuse for compromising the welfare of those who derive from us their existence."—(p. 19.)

In our article, in last number, on "the Insane and Their Treatment," we quoted Horace and other ancient authors to show to what extent insanity prevailed among the ancients; we would now beg leave to call the attention of our author to a passage or two in Juvenal, who was a pretty shrewd judge of the difference between science and nonsense. He gives us to understand in his second Satire, that the Romans regarded a depraved taste as much more to be shunned and much more disgraceful, especially in the matter of choosing a wife, than insanity.

Nudus agas! *minus* est *insania turpis.*

But it is the same satirest who laughs so unmercifully at that sort of insanity which he calls *scribendi cacoethes*, and which he tells us rather grew worse than otherwise in his time, according as the patient grew old:

Tenet insanabile multos,
Scribendi cacoethes, et aegro in corde senescit. *

It is no more than might be expected from all this, that Dr. Ray

* Sat. vii. 51.

finds mental activity more common in modern than it was in ancient times. "The present," "he says, "is an age of great mental activity." —(p. 294.) Of course it is; everybody thinks now, or at least, imagines he does, which is nearly the same; whereas, the probability is, that the ancients did not think at all except on extraordinary occasions, since they had no free schools or other appliances to teach them such as we can boast; although they do, it seems tend to render us insane. Oh, shade of Plato! how wonderfully wise and profound we moderns have become! Yet the Doctor lectures us as if we were all members of his asylum, forced to live on vegetables, or any other regimen he might prescribe for us.

But let everybody read "Mental Hygiene;" for the "Maitre de Philosophie" in Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* instructing Monsieur Jourdan, as to the particular positions in which he is to place his mouth in pronouncing certain vowels, is scarcely more amusing in his gravity and self-importance, than is the author of this volume in teaching us how we are to avoid, or rather how to cure ourselves of insanity. Had the book not been useful in some way, Ticknor & Fields would never have published it; but anything that makes one laugh, though it were a five-act tragedy, intended to make him *cry*, is good for the mind as well as for the body; and therefore we would not at all alter the title of *Mental Hygiene.*

HISTORY BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

The Battle Fields of the South, from Bull Run to Fredericksburgh, with Sketches of Confederate Commanders and Gossip of the Camps. By an English Combatant, Lieutenant of Artillery on the Field Staff, with two Maps, 8vo, pp. 517. New York: John Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady. 1864.

This is a very different work from that bearing a similar title published some time since by Richardson, of this city, and which did not contain a fair or reliable statement from beginning to end, relative to any event, or incident affecting the character of the Federal army, but was so undisguisedly prejudiced, and so full of bitterness and hatred against everything Northern, that the rebel author himself, expressed his surprise that any Northerner, however avaricious or greedy, would dare to publish it. Similar surprise was expressed by several English journals, each of which came to the conclusion, that we would do anything for the almighty dollar. The logic that would make a whole nation responsible for the avarice of a single individual, can have little influence except among a class whose opinions are not worth much. The friends of the Union, generally, evinced their appreciation of the publication alluded to, by persistently refusing to buy it; so

that if the New York publisher is not indemnified by Jefferson Davis, he has lost much more than he gained by the speculation in question.

But although the work before us is by no means friendly to the North, its statements are in general, fair; and its sketches and descriptions are always more or less interesting. But what perhaps will be most relished by Unionists, is the author's gossip of the camp; not because this is the most important part of the work, but because it is by far the best written; for however brave and skilful "An English Combatant" may have proved himself in the several battles in which he took a part, he is not so happy in describing the latter as he is in giving the reader an insight into the effects which they produced on public opinion among all classes, black as well as white, throughout the South. That he indulges in considerable exaggeration in this as in other respects, it is hardly necessary to remark; but there is an undercurrent of truth and love of fair play in his pages, which makes one overlook even his too obvious disposition to make out a good case for his employers. The following sketch of his interview with a contraband, after the battle of Frazer's Farm, contains so quaint a mixture of fact and fiction, amusing grotesqueness and humor, that, although it is rather long for our space, we make room for it *in extenso:*

"Returned from viewing as much of the field as was possible in the darkness, I observed a light in Frazier's house, from which also there was smoke ascending. Feeling somewhat cold, I entered, and, as I expected, found it occupied by many of the wounded. Before the fire, sat a middle-aged negro wrapped in a blanket and shivering.

"What's amiss, uncle?" I inquired, taking a coal and lighting my pipe.

"De Lor bress you, massa!—de chills, de chills, sar!"

"Supposing a little liquor would not hurt him, I gave him a drink, as also to the wounded, as far as it went.

"Were you here, uncle, during the fight?" I asked, taking a stool.

"No, sar!—dis chile was in de woods! de best place, *I* tink, when dem ar bullets come a whistlin' and singin' roun' yer head. Was I scart, eh? I tink I *was* scart—it was worse nor half a dozen scarts to dis darkie. Well, you see, massa, it was dis way. When ole massa hert de Lincumbites was comin' roun' dese diggins, 'Pete,' says he, 'I'se gwine to Richmon', an' I wants you ter see to things, an' mine de Lincumbites don't run off with anything; dey won't hurt you,' says he, 'but if dey only catches *me*, I'm a gone chicken!' Well, massa, one ebenin', while I eat supper, up comes a whole lot of Lincumbites, and says dey, 'Where's de master, nigger?' 'In Richmon',' says I, an' went on eatin'; but a big fellow says to me, 'Hi, nigger, you're wanted out here,' an' I went out. 'How many chickens has yer got?' says one. 'Who's dem turkeys 'long to?' says another. 'If yer don't bring me out some milk I'll burst yer head,' says some one in de crowd. 'Pull dat bed out here,' says some one. 'Tuch him up wid de bayonet,' cried another, an' 'kase I couldn't begin to speak to 'em all, somebody kicks me on de shin, and I runs in de house. One of de men wid traps on shoulders next comes, and makes 'em kind o' quiet, but I finds out dey hab taken my supper, and de bed, an' de chairs, and didn't leave me my ole pipe!

"Ef dis is de Union folks, tinks I, dey won't suit dis darkie, sure! so after dey stole all de chickens, and de turkeys, and cabbage and taters, I tought it was about time for dis chile to leave. So I packs up two or tree things in a yaller handkercher, and puts out. 'Halt, dar!' says a big feller wid a gun. 'Where's you gwine, darkie?' 'I'm gwine to Richmon',' says I, 'to massa, to get somethin' to eat.' 'Oh! yer tick-head nigger,' says he, 'doesn't yer know we'se de Grate Liberation army ob de Norf, an' come to set all de niggers free?' 'I'se a free colored pussun, any how,' says I, 'an' kin go anywhere I'se a mind,' says I; an' was goin' to pass him, when he hits me wid de gun, and two soldyers seizes me by the scruff ob de neck, an' hauls me up before de kernel.

"'Where did you find this colored feller?' says he, smoking a cigar, big like, and frowing out his legs. 'Where did you cotch de counterbran'?' says another, drinkin' whiskey. 'I guess dese unfortunate peoples don't know de blessin' of de Union, an' de ole flag!' 'I'se a free man, sar,' says I. 'Hole yer tongue,' says he, getting kind o' red; 'if dese people don't know de blessin' ob liberty, an' don't 'preciate us, dey must be taught, *dat's* all!' 'Is dar no diggin' to be done, captin?' says he to another one lyin' on a bed. 'I guess so,' says he, 'dare's nofing like it.' 'Take him off to de guard-house, sargent,' says he, and kase I said, 'I'se free,' de sargent begins an' kicks de clof out ob my pants. An' dare dey hab me, massa, more nor a week, diggin' ebery day, an' feedin' me an' lots of other darkies on black beans an' pork massa's hogs won't eat. But when I hear de firin' goin' on—'now's de time for dis chile,' says I, and I gets out ob de way rite smart for an ole darky. Fust I gets to de right, but de bullets fly so mighty thick I runs off somewhar else; den one ob dem big screechin' things comes along, an' I begins to say my prayers mighty fast; den while I lay b'hind a tree, our folks comes up, makin' big noise, an' I lays bery close to the groun'; but which way I go, it seems as if *some* darned bullet was chuckin' in to me, so I gets mighty scart, an' runs clar into de swamp, and dar I stays until jist now, when I crawls home agin' shiverin' in ebery joint! Nobody talk to me, massa, of de Norf. I knows how it is—dey only wants to work de life out ob de colored folks, an' den dey gives 'em deir 'free papers,' to let 'em starve when dere's no more bressworks to dig. Dey can't fool dis chile—*he* knows more nor he wishes to know about deir Grate Norfern Libratin' Union army; but ef all de darkies are done to as dey did to dis pussun, de darkies better stay wid ole massa, an' lib as he like, and have doctors to look at 'em, and hab dimes to spen'. Lor' hab mercy on us, massa, but dere's many dead folks lying aroun' ole massa's place. De Yanks used to talk big ebery day 'fore yer come along, and dey was going to do debble an' all, but I guess dey knows as much about ole Virginny *now* as I did *before* dey trabbled from the Norf to give de Suvern boys a shake! Big fools, an't dey, to tink dey're good as us, whose born on de ole place, and grow up wid white folks' children? Why, dey an't half as good as some darkies, if dey *is* white folks and talks big!"—Pp. 363–365.

It seems that the Irish who fought so bravely at Bull Run, had no more formidable or deadly enemies to encounter than their own countrymen. Thus, speaking of the Louisiana Irish, (Wheat's battalion,) our author says:

"Now, the battalion would keep up a lively fire from the woods, creep through the brush, make a sudden charge, upset a cannon or two and retire. Again, they would maintain a death-like silence until the foe were not more than fifty paces off; then delivering a withering volley, they would dash forward with unearthly yells, and as they drew their knives and rushed to close quarters, the Yankees screamed with horror."—Pp. 45, 46.

The Federal prisoners taken at Bull Run are described as "more dead than alive."

"Men so pale and exhausted I never saw. Their uniforms were in tatters; they were, for the most part, shoeless, hatless, and literally gasping for water. With hair dishevelled, powder-begrimed and dusty faces, bloodshot eyes, and unstrung nerves, they were more the objects of pity than derision. As night came on, bodies of troops were moving in all directions; cavalry jingled by with strings of prisoners, and such were their pitiful appeals for water in passing, that several of our negroes were constantly employed in drawing it for them."—P. 53.

The New York Fire Zouaves receive rough treatment at the hands of our author. "In one place" he says, "were several hundreds of muscular fellows in red trowsers and caps, blue jackets and white gaiters; these were the famous Fire Zouaves of New York, about whom so much had been said and written at the North. Their behaviour was scandalous and outraged all decency," &c., p. 56.

The author does full justice to the bravery as well as to the military genius of McClellan. Speaking of the battle of Gaines's Mills, he says:

"McClellan's position was *admirably chosen* and well fortified. To defend it he had brought over many troops from the south bank (his south centre) by bridges not more than a mile distant, protected from all attack by a strongly fortified camp and hill in the south-eastern corner of the field, its foot being washed by the creek before mentioned, which empties here into the Chickahominy."—P. 336.

A page or two farther on he shows that if McClellan was defeated, it was for no lack of either courage or military skill:

"While dispositions were being made for the final struggle, the sun sank upon the scene, and perhaps mistaking the cause of our inactivity, McClellan moved up heavy masses of infantry to drive us from the woods. *Their advance was beautiful*, and as they came on in unbroken line, with colors waving and men cheering, *a thrill of admiration was felt by all.* When within a hundred yards, our men, who lay close to the ground in the edge of the timber, received the volley, and rose to their feet at a 'ready!' *The Federal commanders then sprang to the front*, and led on their men to the 'charge!' They advanced a few yards in unbroken line—a few paces nearer their line began to waver, and swayed from wing to wing like a curving wave, and ere they recovered from their apparent indecision, our whole line delivered an accurate and deadly volley."—Pp. 339, 340.

We can only make room for one extract more, and that must be brief. In discussing the merits and claims of the different Federal generals after the "week's campaign" before Richmond, "An English Combatant" observes:

"Politics had much to do with these appointments. McClellan was a Democrat, and though opposed to abolitionism, *never allowed party feeling to influence him, always taxing his capacity to the utmost to gain success.* He had been defeated many times, and still was looked upon as an able man, particularly in the South, *where military critics reviewed his course impartially*, and awarded that praise *which ability and bravery deserved.* Pope and Banks were both uncompromising negro-worshippers, and as military men, *were laughed at by the whole South.* McDowell, also, was known to be a Democrat, and, though too good a soldier to allow politics to interfere with duty, was discarded, and assigned an unimportant command, while striplings of the East, *from political influence*, were placed above him. All these things were fully known to us, and no movement occurred in either army of which we were not cognizant."—P. 403.

It must be confessed that there is a good deal of truth in the charge of political favoritism here made. In short, "Battle Fields of the South," will amply repay perusal. It contains a large amount of multifarious information on all subjects relating to the war, "from Bull's Run to Fredericksburgh." But it is impossible to read it, or indeed any work bearing on the same subject, without being forced to admit that a President of a Republic, as well as a King, Emperor, Czar or Sultan, who, under no circumstances will take the field when the country whose chief he is, is in danger, is an anomaly among the functionaries of the world. By this, we do not mean that Mr. Lincoln should have become a military chieftain as soon as he was elected president; but we venture to think, that before his election it ought to have been taken into consideration that the Constitution presupposes that the President should be qualified to *act* as the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the United States. We sometimes hear it said, that the place of the President in time of war, as well as peace, is not at the head of an army, but at the head of his cabinet; but who will pretend that Washington, or Jackson would have remained at the

"White House" in safety or comfort as President, while the very existence of the nation was in danger.

In short, the chiefs of all republics, ancient and modern, have regarded it as their sacred duty to take the field in such circumstances if only to encourage their troops to deeds of valor. Of course there have been individual exceptions, the same as among kings, emperors, czars, &c.; but in nine cases out of ten, the heads of republics have set a good example in this regard, to those whose destinies they had undertaken to guide. The eloquence of Pericles would have availed him little, had he confined himself to his cabinet when Athens was threatened with destruction; and a similar remark will apply to Leonidas. What would the Romans have thought of the consuls who would shut themselves up in their palaces when Hannibal or any other enemy was marching on Rome?

Nor would it have afforded them any excuse to say that they had not been instructed in the art of war. This was in fact the case with most of them. Yet they did not hesitate to fight. It was not expected that those who had not received a military education should take the supreme command; they were only required to take such a position as they found themselves qualified for. In modern times it has been the same. Cromwell had no better military education than Mr. Lincoln, but this did not prevent the former from using a sword the moment it was necessary, though first only as the captain of a company. Nay, have not women headed their troops, and led them to the field at all ages of the world, when invested with sovereign power? and are the presidents of the most spirited nation in the world, while styling themselves Commander-in-Chief, to shrink from encountering dangers which women so tenderly reared as Zenobia, Cleopatra, and Maria Theresa, had the courage to despise?

History of the Sioux War and Massacres of 1862 *and* 1863. By ISAAC V. D. HEARD, with Portraits and Illustrations. 12mo, pp. 354. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1863.

Seldom have we read any volume with more painful interest than this, although the author has but little pretentions to eloquence or graphic power. But with materials such as he had, no gifted pen was required to make a deep impression. The facts possess an eloquence of their own which is often so startling, that it would be only weakened by comment. The massacre of white people—men, women and children—detailed by Mr. Heard, makes one's blood run cold; but however much our feelings revolt against the savages capable of such fiendish crimes, it is impossible to examine the circumstances and compare them with each other, without coming to the conclusion that

the Indians had ample cause for resentment. Had they possessed from their youth all the resources of the most advanced civilization, it would have been too much to expect, that as husbands, fathers and brothers, they would long continue to submit to such treatment as they were subjected to, and which was the obvious and acknowledged cause of the terrible outbreaks alluded to.

The author of the narrative before us has had ample opportunities to make himself acquainted with the facts. He tells us in his preface that he has resided in the State of Minnesota twelve years, commencing at a time anterior to the removal of the Sioux from their ancient possessions, that he was a member of the expedition against the savages, and acted as the recorder of the Military Commission which tried some four hundred of the participants. He has carefully availed himself of all the information thus placed within his reach. It is not to be expected that the recorder of a military commission appointed under such circumstances would take a very favorable view of the case of the savages. Nor does he do anything of the kind; his narrative throughout has an official air about it. Yet the truth presents itself in his pages in various forms, as if refusing to be concealed, and, as the avenger of the murdered victims on both sides, it sternly accuses the government of having been the instigator of the revolt. This is so plainly done, that if the censor of the press saw the book before it was published, or was bound to see it, that functionary has been guilty of a serious dereliction of duty. In short, if we are to believe the statements of this semi-official volume, our government shamefully swindles the poor Indians out of their lands, under pretence of paying them large sums of money, which are never received by them. True, it is not alleged that the government is guilty of this conduct in the person of its own members; but if it allows others to do so, or adopts no means to protect the Indians, but rather encourages favorite speculators in their nefarious plans, must it not be held a *particeps criminis?* But we will let Mr. Heard tell, in his own words, how the Indians are defrauded:

"The traders, knowing for years before that the whites will purchase the lands, sell the Indians goods on credit, expecting to realize their pay from the consideration to be paid by the government. They thus become interested instruments to obtain the consent of the Indians to the treaty; and by reason of their familiarity with their language, and the assistance of half-breed relatives, are possessed of great facilities to accomplish their object. The persons deputed by the Government to effect a treaty are compelled to procure their co-operation, and this they do by providing that their debts shall be paid. The traders obtain the concurrence of the Indians by refusing to give them farther credit, and by representing to them that they will receive an immense amount of money if they sell their lands, and thenceforth will live at ease, with plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and plenty of powder and lead, and of whatever else they may request. After the treaty is agreed to, the amount of ready money is *absorbed by the exorbitant demands of the traders and the expenses of the removal of the Indians to their reservation.* After that, the trader no longer looks to the Indian for his pay; he gets it from their annuities. He therefore does not use the same means to conciliate their good will that he did when he was dependent on their honesty. *Claims* for depredations upon white

settlers are also *deducted out of their moneys before they leave Washington, on insufficient testimony;* and these are always, when based on fact, double the actual loss, for the Indian Department *is notoriously corrupt*, and the hand manipulating the machinery *must be crossed with gold.* The "*expenses*" of obtaining a claim *enter into the amount demanded and allowed.* The demand is not only generally unjust, but, instead of its being deducted from the moneys of the wrong-doer, it is taken from the annuities of all. This course punishes the innocent and rewards the guilty, because the property taken by the depredator is of more value than the slight per centage he loses.

"Many of the stipulations as to establishing schools, and furnishing them with farming utensils, are never carried out. Building and supply contracts are entered into at outrageous prices, and goods belonging to the Indians are put into the traders' stores, and sold to their owners, and the moneys realized, *shared by the trader and the agent.* About four hundred thousand dollars of the cash payment due the Sioux under the treaties of 1851 and 1852, were paid to the traders on old indebtedness. So intense was the indignation of the Indians that there was serious apprehension that they would attack the government officials and traders. The opposition of Red Iron, the principal chief of the Sissetons, became so boisterous that he was broken of his chieftainship by Governor Ramsey, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and one of the commissioners who made the treaties."—Pp. 33-35.

If people who are not savages at all were treated in this manner, would they not be likely to rebel? and if they did rebel, who could expect that they would act gently towards their oppressors? And be it remembered, that the Indians complain with good reason, not only that they are cheated out of their lands, but that outrages are habitually committed on their wives and daughters by white persons armed with the credentials of our government. When the chiefs threaten to resent treatment of this kind on the part of the children of their Great Father, as they call President Lincoln, they are hunted up and seized somewhat after the Gesler fashion. The following fragment of a dialogue will serve to illustrate this:

"Governor Ramsey asked, 'What excuse have you for not coming to the council when I sent for you?'

Dakota Chief. 'I started to come, but your braves drove me back.'

Governor. 'What excuse have you for not coming the second time I sent for you?' *Red Iron.* 'No other excuse than I have given you.'

Governor. 'At the treaty I thought you a good man; but since you have acted badly, and I am disposed to break you. I *do* break you.'

Red Iron. '*You break me!* My people made me a chief. My people love me; I will still be their chief. I have done nothing wrong.'

Governor. 'Why did you get your braves together and march around here for the purpose of intimidating other chiefs and prevent their coming to the council.'

Red Iron. 'I did not get my braves together; *they got together themselves to prevent boys going to council to be made chiefs to sign papers*, and to prevent single chiefs going to council *at night to be bribed to sign papers for money we have never got.* We have heard how the M'dewakantons were served at Mendota; that by secret councils you got their names on paper and took away their money. We don't want to be served so. My braves wanted to come to council in the daytime when the sun shines, and we want no councils in the dark."—P. 36.

In reply to certain other authorative remarks on the part of the Governor, Red Iron said, "We sold our land to you and you promised to pay us. The snow is on the ground, and we have been waiting a long time to get our money; we are poor; you have plenty; your fires are warm; your temples keep out the cold; we have nothing to eat; our hunting season is past; a great many of our people are sick for being hungry; *we may die, because you won't pay us.*" But the appeals

of the warrior were in vain. Instead of being paid what was due to his tribe, or any part of it, he was arrested and put in prison, because he had not paid more respect to the Governor. Is it any wonder that the Indians were enraged at seeing their chief treated in this way? After noting several other instances of gross and shameful frauds on the Indians, Mr. Heard remarks: "Most of the large amount due under these treaties went into the pockets of traders, *government officials, and other swindlers.*"—(p. 42.) Any intelligent person who had any knowledge of Indian character might easily have predicted that frightful scenes would result from conduct like this. The wonder is, not that there have been outbreaks and massacres such as would appal the stoutest heart, but that they did not take place at least a year earlier than they did. As in most instances of the kind, it was not those who caused the mischief that suffered from its effects, but chiefly innocent people, many of whom had been the friends and benefactors of the savages. The following extract refers to a case of this kind:

"Early on Wednesday, Antoine Freniere, the Sioux interpreter, who had been dispatched from Fort Ridgely on Tuesday, by the agent Galbraith, to ascertain the condition of affairs at the Yellow Medicine Agency, where he had left his family, went into a house a few miles below the agency to get a match to light his pipe. There he saw seven little children, the eldest not over eight years of age, Germans. One of them, a girl, was wounded in the hand. They appeared to be stupid and unconscious of their condition. Frenicre asked the eldest where her mother was, and she pointed out of doors in a particular direction. He went out, and, passing down a little path toward the spot indicated, suddenly came upon a sight which froze his veins with horror. There, closely grouped together, were twenty-seven dead bodies, pierced with bullets, and hacked with knives and hatchets, pale and ghastly, and clotted with blood. The only living creature was a little child on the breast of a woman, probably its mother, vainly seeking for nourishment. Terrified by the sight, knowing that the savages were close around him, and that he could not save the children, he hastened away, leaving them to their fate.

"On the same day they began murdering at Lake Shetek and Spirit Lake, in Iowa, and also in the neighborhood of Forest City, one hundred and twenty miles apart.

"About seven o'clock four Indians came to the house of a farmer named Anderson, residing with his family thirty miles west of Forest City, on Eagle Lake. They had often visited there before, were well acquainted with the family, and had received many favors from them. One was called John, and could talk English a little. They were all dressed in white men's clothes, wore hats, and had their hair cut short. Each one carried a double-barrelled shot-gun. When they came to the door, they shook hands with Anderson, and asked for some milk to drink, which he brought them in a pan. They drank it and handed the pan back, and he set it down and passed out the door. Then two of the Indians fired and killed him instantly. A son of Anderson had gone into the garden to dig potatoes for the Indians at their request, and they fired and killed him. Another son, standing in the door, was wounded in the shoulder and left for dead. The mother, with her little child, rushed down cellar and escaped notice. A daughter, named Julia, ran into the high grass with a little sister aged ten years. The Indians, after a long search, discovered them, and placing them on a pony, carried them west a mile and a half, where they camped, one of their number keeping watch upon the captives during the night. Early in the morning their ponies ran away, and the Indians started in pursuit. Julia and her sister ran into the bush, and reached Forest City two days afterward, "camping," to use her own words, on the open prairie at night, and sucking the cows for sustenance."—Pp. 96–98.

Still more revolting, if possible, are the outrages detailed in the following extract:

"The women were compelled to witness the murder of most of their children.

The children who accompanied them are believed to be the only survivors of their respective families, with one exception.

"One of the lady captives was severely wounded in the foot by a gunshot, from which she suffered excruciatingly. She was *enciente* at the time; but, notwithstanding her delicate condition, had the dreadful alternative presented to her of submitting to the vile embraces of her captors, or seeing her only surviving child brutally murdered. This brutality produced premature labor; but even this did not relieve her from the foul treatment to which she was continually subjected. From the time of her captivity to her release she was five times sold to different Indians, and as often been compelled to submit to the gratification of their brutal passions.

"The other lady, a very intelligent and respectable woman, who, at the time of her capture, had an infant several months old, after having been compelled to submit to the same heartless indignities for the sake of saving the life of her infant, had it wrested from her arms and its brains dashed out against the wagon she was driving. She, too, was changed from owner to owner in the same manner as the other, and forced to submit to the same treatment.

"One little girl, ten years old, who had received several wounds at the hands of the savages, was held prostrate on the ground by four of her captors, and violated by more than twenty young men of the tribe at a time. This treatment was kept up from day to day, until her system became completely prostrate, and herself well-nigh lifeless.

"Another little girl, nine years of age, was subject to treatment still more brutal. In consequence of her tender years, the savages resorted to horrid mutilations of her person to enable them to gratify their lustful desires. It is improper to detail publicly all the cruelties to which they were subjected. Imagination can hardly depict the enormities perpetrated upon these poor women. While suffering these barbarities, their cries are represented to have been of the most heart-rending character."—Pp. 99-101.

These were horrible crimes, even for savages, but the perpetrators had been goaded on to desperation, as we have already seen. They were well aware that a terrible retribution awaited them, but as they said themselves, they preferred to die any death rather than submit to be treated worse than the cattle of the field. When the outbreak occurs, our troops kill as many of the savages as possible. This, perhaps, is right enough. By no less stringent means could it be put down. But this is not sufficient. After peace has been restored, a Military Commission sets to work and condemns the prisoners to be slaughtered in hecatombs and in cold blood. Thus, for example, we are told in the volume before us, that "the scaffold fell and thirty-seven lifeless bodies were left dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and the body of Rattling Runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken; but he was immediately hung up again."—(p. 292.) Such is the manner in which our Government civilizes the Indians—to exasperate them beyond the bounds of endurance, and then hangs them up in scores, like dogs! How consistent this is with the solicitude (sham) of the same Administration for the liberty and comfort of the Negro!

It is a remarkable commentary on the favor shown the black, as compared to the red man, that some of the most atrocious butcheries committed during the Sioux war were perpetrated by a negro. Thus we are told in the "first specification," that "Godfrey, a colored man, did, at or near New Ulm, Minnesota, on or about the 9th of August, 1862, join in a war party of the Sioux tribe of Indians, &c., and did,

with his own hand, murder seven white men, women and children, more or less, &c." The second specification goes on to say that, "the said Godfrey, a colored man, did at various times and places, &c., join and participate in the murders and massacres committed by the Sioux Indians, &c."—(p. 259.) For our own part, it is our wish to see black, white and red, treated fairly; we have, certainly, no hatred to the son of Ham; nor would we consign him to slavery if it were in our power, although we regard him as decidedly the lowest grade of the human race, both physically and mentally. But being thus in favor of treating all races in accordance with the laws of justice and humanity, we could not conceal our contempt and scorn for those crafty politicians, who, while pretending to be the friends and benefactors of the negro, for certain obvious reasons, will rob and plunder the Indian, encourage those who oppress and insult him, and then when he gives vent to the same natural feeling of resistance which William Tell did against Gesler, will put the halter about his neck by martial law, or no law at all, without caring much whether it was himself or his neighbor that committed any of the overt acts charged against his tribe. For the credit of the country, we should be glad to believe that the charges against the Government and its emissaries, in their relations with the Indians, are at worst greatly exaggerated; but the more we have investigated the subject, the more we have become convinced that the simple facts of the case are sufficient to cause the blush of shame to mantle on the cheek of every honest citizen who takes any interest in the reputation of his country. "There is not a man in America, says Bishop Whipple, who ever gave an hour's calm reflection to the subject who does not know that our Indian system is *an organized system of robbery, and has been for years a disgrace to the nation.** We earnestly hope that real philanthropists will turn their attention to this subject, bearing in mind, that it would not require many military commissions to slaughter the scattered homeless few that now remain of those who were once the sole masters of this continent.

Reports of Municipal Election. December, 1863.

That our journal is not the organ of any political party, but professes to treat all parties alike, not according to their pretensions or "platforms," but according to what they accomplish, is no reason why we should not take an interest in our municipal elections. It were easy to show that it is a question of much greater importance than is generally supposed, who shall be the Chief Magistrate of a city like New York, even for two years. We do not think it is a position in which any man should be placed merely on account of his political creed. Intelligence, enterprise, and success in business, afford a much

* An appeal for the Red Man by Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota.

safer guarantee than any amount of partizan zeal. For these reasons we confess we are glad that C. Godfrey Gunther has been elected.

Although it has not been our privilege to know anything of the gentleman personally, we have entertained no doubt from the day of his nomination to the present, as to his being the best qualified of all the candidates to discharge the duties of Mayor of New York. This opinion we have formed altogether independently of his administrative ability, or his acquaintance with the science of government; for we do not know that he has any pretensions to either. Nor is it at all necessary that he should. For the exercise of all the power vested in the Mayor of New York at the present time, nothing more is necessary than intelligence, good common sense, and integrity; and we believe that in a moment of reflection, even those of his opponents who feel most annoyed and disappointed at his success, would hardly deny those qualities to the Mayor elect.

Nor can it be said of him, as of Fernando Wood and one or two others, that it was the rabble that elected him; we are in possession of facts ourselves that go far to prove the reverse. As well might his opponents say that it is the rabble who buy those magnificent furs, by which he has made a fortune, while distinguished much more for off-handed liberality than for any unseemly love of gain. There was, however, one feature in the opposition to Mr. Gunther which we cannot pass over without reprehension; for we have heard some object to him for no better reason than that he is a German, or of German parentage. We had hoped that all such feeling as this had passed away with the defunct "Know Nothings;" but we hasten to add that there was not much of it; and this little was confined to those who have yet to learn how to reason.

By all means, let Germans, Irish, French &c., or their descendants, be treated according to their deserts; according as they are good or bad citizens. This we hold to be the true American sentiment; and it is creditable to the nation. Thus, for example, Mr. Steinway is a native of Germany, but what intelligent American is a whit the less willing on this account to acknowledge the decided superiority of his pianos, or the less proud of the European medals which he receives for them as an American citizen? We might add similar instances from other nationalities, but we trust it is not necessary—that whatever the thoughtless may say for a day or a year—*merit* will still be the true passport to the favor of the American people.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Tales of a Wayside Inn. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. 12mo. Pp. 225. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1863.

There is no article scarcer at the present day than genuine poetry, although there never was a time when a larger number of persons

affected to be poets. If all who would have the world believe that they are minstrels of no mean grade could only be induced to shoulder their muskets in the defence of their country, there would be no need for a conscription for at least six months to come; and if all who consider themselves poetesses would become nurses to mind them, when wounded, there would be no lack of sympathetic hearts and fair, tender hands in the hospitals. And of no part of our country may this be more truly said than of New England.

But far be it from us to rank Mr. Longfellow among this class; on the contrary, we think that among living poets whose language is the English, he has no superior in the peculiar range of thought to which he is daily becoming more and more devoted. It would not be fair criticism to say that we should admire our author more than we do, did he draw more of his inspiration from the traditions and scenery of his own country than he does. This is too narrow a view to take of intellectual productions of any kind, but especially of poetry. The patriotic strain, when it has the true ring, is always to be esteemed; but it is not necessary to make scenes or incidents in one's own country his theme in order to be patriotic. It may be doubted whether Mr. Longfellow could inspire his countrymen with nobler aspirations did he take every one of his characters from Massachusetts or Vermont, than he does by selecting them from the land of Odin and Hiawatha. But were it otherwise, we should remember that we are too apt to forget the past and the distant, even if once familiar with both. Besides, it is natural that we should all take an interest in the manners and customs of a country which we believe to have been the native home of our ancestors; for those who call themselves Anglo-Saxons, especially, must regard ancient Scandinavia in that light; and it is the ancient people, not the modern, of whom our author takes account in his quaint and weird strains.

Yet, before we proceed any farther, we have to find fault with Mr. Longfellow. There was no need for his going back to old Chaucer to borrow the idea of the volume before us from his *Canterbury Tales*. Chaucer himself has been censured for having borrowed his plan from Bocaccio's *Decameron*. The latter supposes ten persons to have retired from Florence during the plague of 1348, and amused themselves by relating tales in a sequestered villa. They remained ten days, and thus we have the famous hundred tales of the *Decameron*. Chaucer's characters are twenty-nine pilgrims, each of whom relates a story at the Tabard Inn, Southwark. For the rest, we refer the reader to the *Canterbury Tales*.

The original effort—that of which the "Tales" of Chaucer and Longfellow are imitations—is undoubtedly the best. It is the most lively, most humorous, and most poetical, but the least moral; that is, if it is

immoral to tell fascinating stories, in the purest Italian, of intrigues which a modern lady would blush to read, but which will be read notwithstanding, as long as the best specimens of modern literature endure. There is much less variety in the "Tales" of Mr. Longfellow than in those of either Bocaccio or Chaucer. The characters of the American bard are few. They consist of the Landlord of the Inn, a University Student, a Spanish Jew, a Sicilian, a Musician, and a Theologian. Each of these relates a characteristic story; and none fail to interest or please. We are presented with sketches of the different characters, as well as of the inn in which they met, in the form of a Prelude. The Landlord is hit off as follows:

"But first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore,
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight."—Pp. 6–7.

The poet may well be pleased with the portrait given of him. Had he been inspired with the spirit of Homer, Virgil, or Shakspeare, he need not have found fault with the estimate given of him here; but we readily overlook the exaggeration, for the sake of the very agreeable and attractive form in which it appears.

"A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown!"—P. 13.

It is not the poet who tells the best or most poetical tale, however, but the musician. Indeed, to our taste, that of the latter, is one of the best efforts of Mr. Longfellow. Certainly no other poem of the same

extent, with which we are acquainted, gives such a charming insight into the habits and customs of the ancient Northmen. A series of truly beautiful fragments are thus introduced in the interlude:

"And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norroway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

"And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place."—Pp. 69-70.

To us, our author does not seem quite so happy when handling more familiar subjects. His stanzas on the fate of the Cumberland, destroyed by the Merrimack, are by no means deficient in spirit or patriotic fervor; but they are far inferior, both in tenderness and melody, to many a passage suggested by scenes and incidents in "Odin's land." We extract the two first as a specimen:

"At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

"Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak."—P. 215.

There are six more stanzas, but they are too cumbrous, and at the same time, too artificial, too suggestive of the precept of Boileau:

"Souvent la peur d'un mal nous conduit dans un pire
Un vers était *trop faible* et vous le rendez *dur*."

But no such remark will apply to other short pieces in the same volume—to the following, for example:

"SNOW-FLAKES.

"Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

"Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

"This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field."—Pp. 218, 219.

This is, undoubtedly, a charming *morçeau*, and we cheerfully admit, that we could give ten extracts from the present volume, which we could recommend to the most fastidious, for one that we could feel justified in condemning as unpoetical or devoid of merit. The imprint on the "Tales" renders it almost superfluous to say that the volume is gotten up in tasteful style.

Poems. By JEAN INGELOW. 16mo, pp. 256. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864.

We are sorry that this really charming and tasteful volume did not reach us in time to enable us to devote that attention to it which its manifold merits so eminently deserve. All we can attempt now, is merely to take a hurried glance at Poems, which under more favorable circumstances we should like to linger among, pointing out beauties in stanza after stanza, and not unfrequently turning back to one that had impressed us more forcibly than others by its melody, its freshness, or its pathos. This, indeed, we have done in private, in company with those whose admiration for the new poet is still greater than our own, although they are not gentlemen whose gallantry might prompt them to bestow undue praise; but ladies, who, having themselves some pretensions to poetical inspiration, might naturally be expected to feel a little jealousy towards one of their own sex. But is Jean Ingelow really a lady? We have been asked this question by several, and now we think we can give a satisfactory answer. True, we have never seen the lady; nor do we know any one that has been more fortunate in that respect than ourselves. But we have been favored with a glance at her autograph letter to her American publishers, of the genuiness of which, as a lady's missive, there can be no doubt. "I am aware," writes Miss Ingelow, "that there is no international copyright, but since you propose to make honorable arrangements with me of a share of the profits, I shall give you due notice of such fugitive pieces as I publish here." * * She then proceeds to observe in reply to some queries respecting her biography: "I don't know that there is anything in my circumstances likely to interest your countrymen, unless they might care to know that I am of a Lincolnshire family, and that I have seen the window which your townsfolk gave to Boston Church."

Without any such testimony, there is sufficient in the Poems themselves—nay, in almost every one of them—to show, that although they are certainly masculine in vigor of thought and boldness of conception, they possess that nameless grace, tenderness, and deep sympathy, with all that is noble and good in human nature which are peculiar to the female intellect. But a specimen or two will give a better idea of the powers of the new minstrel than any description that we could give; and were it otherwise we should prefer to afford our readers the satisfaction of judging for themselves; not however, without reminding them in justice to our author, how difficult it is in general, to detach a good passage from the context without considerably marring its beauty, and consequently, giving an erroneous impression of the merit of the *tout ensemble.* This is true of the very first piece in the book, entitled, "Divided," which gives as agreeable, and withal as truthful a picture of human life in its various shades in the form of an allegory as we have met with in a long time. The first view is presented as follows:

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

As the author proceeds she becomes more and more poetical and fascinating. There is true inspiration in the third verse; although no elevation of thought is affected, no effort is made to transcend the region of common sense; but, on the contrary, simplicity in the best sense of the term, is the predominant characteristic of the style:

A dappled sky, a world of meadows,
Circling above us the black rooks fly
Forward, backward; lo their dark shadows
Flit on the blossoming tapestry.

Flit on the beck, for her long grass parteth
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And, lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one steps over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.—Pp. 10, 11.

Leaving the reader to make his own comments on these unconnected fragments, we pass on to a poem of another character. Of "Supper at the Mill," we can only say that it is in the form of a dialogue, each of the interlocutors managing to say something that is novel, humorous, instructive, or amusing, not unfrequently all in turn. But to our taste the songs interspersed through it, are the best part of the poem. When it comes to George's turn, he asks, what must he sing, and is answered by Frances,

"The ballad of the man
That is so shy he cannot speak his mind."

This being agreed upon he proceeds with the following effusion, which though rather long for our space we cannot permit ourselves to mutilate. We imagine that few readers of taste will differ with us when we say that there are few lyrics of its kind in our language superior to this; the middle stanzas, especially, are scarcely surpassed by the best similar efforts of Mrs. Browning:

My neighbor White; we met to-day,
He always had a cheerful way,
As if he breathed at ease;
My neighbor White lives down the glade,
And I live higher, in the shade
Of my old walnut-trees.

So many lads and lasses small,
To feed them all, to clothe them all,
Must surely tax his wit;
I see his thatch when I look out,
His branching roses creep about
And vines half-smother it.

There white-haired urchins climb his eaves
And little watch-fires heap with leaves,
And milky filberts hoard;
And there his oldest daughter stands
With downcast eyes and skillful hands
Before her ironing-board.

She comforts all her mother's days,
And with her sweet obedient ways
She makes her labor light;
So sweet to hear, so fair to see!
O, she is much too good for me,
That lovely Lettice White!

'Tis hard to feel one's self a fool!
With that same lass I went to school;
I then was great and wise;
She read upon an easier book,
And I—I never cared to look
Into her shy blue eyes.

And now I know they must be there
Sweet eyes behind those lashes fair
That will not raise their rim:
If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
Why then the worse for him!

My mother cries, "For such a lad
A wife is easy to be had
And always to be found;
A finer scholar scarce can be,
And for a foot and leg," says she,
"He beats the country round!

"My handsome boy must stoop his head
To clear her door whom he would wed."
Weak praise, but fondly sung!
"O mother! scholars sometimes fail—
And what can foot and leg avail
To him that wants a tongue!"

When by her ironing-board I sit
Her little sisters round me flit,
And bring me forth their store;
Dark cluster grapes of dusty blue,
And small sweet apples bright of hue
And crimson to the core.

But she abideth silent, fair,
All shaded by her flaxen hair,
The blushes come and go;
I look, and I no more can speak
Than the red sun that on her cheek
Smiles as he lieth low.

Sometimes the roses by the latch
Or scarlet vine-leaves from her thatch
Come sailing down like birds;
When from their drifts her board I clear,
She thanks me, but I scarce can hear
The shyly uttered words.

Oft have I wooed sweet Lettice White
By daylight and by candlelight
When we two were apart.
Some better day come on apace,
And let me tell her face to face,
"Maiden, thou hast my heart."

How gently rock yon poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored!
She sees them all, sweet Lettice White;
I'll e'en go sit again to-night
Beside her ironing-board!—Pp. 55–57.

"Scholar and the Carpenter," "The Stars Monument," and "The Letter L," are as different from each other as if they were the productions of as many different minds, each having peculiarities more or less striking of its own. "The Letter L," is a charming specimen of an English fairy tale. We would gladly copy it, but it is too long for our space; although those capable of appreciating its intrinsic merits will rather think it too short, when they come to read it in the book, surrounded as it is by so many other attractions to which we cannot even allude. Although the following stanzas are extracted at random, we think they will fully justify us in our estimate of the poem as a whole:

"O speak to us, and break the spell!"
"The spell is broken," she replied.
"I crossed the running brook, it fell,
It could not bide.

"And I have brought a budding world,
Of orchis spires and daisies rank,
And ferny plumes but half uncurled,
From yonder bank;

"And I shall weave of them a crown,
And at the well-head launch it free,
That so the brook may float it down,
And out to sea.

"There may it to some English hands
From fairy meadow seem to come;
The fairyest of fairy lands—
The land of home."
Pp. 120–121.

Even when we take up a poem whose title seems suggestive of dulness or undue gravity, we are sure to find something in it that is marked by freshness and originality; if it is not lively or gay, it is thoughtful, suggestive, and pathetic. This is true, for example, of "Afternoon at a Parsonage" which is also in the form of a dialogue and interspersed with songs. We transcribe the conclusion of the piece, and with it, we must close our extracts:

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.

Yet dreaming on earth's clustered isles,
He saith "They dwell not lone like men,
Forgetful that their sunfleck'd smiles
Flash far beyond each other's ken."

He looks on God's eternal suns
That sprinkle the celestial blue,
And saith, "Ah! happy shining ones,
I would that men were grouped like you!"

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star
That cluster'd with its peers we see;
Only because from us so far
Doth near its fellows seem to be.—Pp. 163-4.

We have but few faults to point out in Miss Ingelow's *Poems;* nor are these by any means grave, or such as cannot be easily avoided in future efforts by a little attention. Were it otherwise, it would be an ungracious task to censure one who has afforded us so much genuine pleasure, because she has not attained perfection; what was denied even to the genius of Sappho. Indeed, all we can say with justice, is, that our author makes too frequent use of what are called pet expressions, and is rather prone to use hissing words in her rhymes. Even in these respects, she errs far less than the author of *Aurora Leigh*, which, with all its faults, is one of the finest poems in the English language. To this, we will only add one suggestion, which includes all that is required to secure our author a place among the best of modern poets:

> "Travaillez à loisir, quelque ordre qui vous presse,
> Et ne vous piquez point d'une folle vitesse."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Insurance Reports and Papers for last Quarter. December, 1863.

Much money has been gained and lost by insurance during the quarter which has just closed. We are glad to report, that upon the whole, there is a decided improvement in insurance morality. The reason of this is obvious enough; sham companies whose impostures have been exposed are either becoming extinct, or trying to mend their reputation. We know from experience what a diabolical thing it is on our part to make observations of this kind. Several presidents have informed us that there is no such anomaly as a company that cannot or will not discharge its legitimate indebtedness; but it is proper to add that they belong to those companies whose capital is "impaired," which may account for the fact of their veracity being somewhat impaired also, if indeed, they ever possessed any such quality.

In no instance, however, has this saved us from abuse when we ventured to allude to the facts. Still we cannot blame what is called the "Insurance Press," since it is as much its duty to raise an outcry when any of its patrons are exposed, as it is to deliver weekly, or monthly eulogies on the same parties. Besides, why should we have "hard feelings" towards the conductors of the insurance journals, since they abuse each other in the veritable gypsy style—that is, in language scarcely decent enough for the fish-market. Alas, poor fellow! not at all. Abuse away by all means—we will take no notice of your bad manners, which will hurt nobody but yourselves and your employers. All we ask of you, is to be a little more considerate to each other, and not to make an onslaught on the one who happens to be more successful on a particular occasion than yourselves. Even dogs that are well-bred do not snarl and bark in this way at the one

that happens to get a bone, but let the poor brute pick it in peace. It would be unjust, however, to place all insurance journals, or their conductors, in this category; we cheerfully admit that there are honorable exceptions. There is no need to point out either class; suffice it to say, that gentlemen, or men of culture, never descend to the language of the fish-market—still less do men of honor act the bully for hire in order to screen rascality, or imposture.

Now we repeat again, that there are always a considerable number of sham Insurance Companies, adding as before that they have been somewhat diminished lately. Were we not sure of the fact, we should not state it; but we have sufficient proof at hand. Thus the Superintendent of the Insurance Department of the State of New York, tells us in his last report, that he has "personally examined the condition and affairs of *twelve* Fire Insurance Companies, [here the names of the companies alluded to are given] and *reported them to the Attorney-General for dissolution;* and every company so examined, has either by default, or after more or less litigation, *been dissolved by the judicial tribunals of the State.*"—(*Insurance Report of* 1863, *p.* vii.) This is sufficiently explicit; but Mr. Barnes adds: "In four other cases commissioners have been appointed by the Superintendent to make examinations, which resulted in similar reports, on which the Superintendent requested the Attorney-General *to apply for dissolutions*, which were granted by *the courts.*"—(*Ib*). But this is not all; after mentioning several other instances the Superintendent observes: "The best defence of the judiciousness of these special examinations is afforded by the fact, that the decisions of the Superintendent and Commissioners have *been invariably sanctioned by the courts; and the necessity for the existence* of these summary statute proceedings *and their rigid enforcement are fully demonstrated* by the history of the above-named TWENTY *dissolved and defunct corporations.*"—(p. lviii). Now does it follow that we are actuated by feelings of hostility towards the insurance fraternity, when we warn the public against sham Insurance Companities? And we have similar testimony from various sources. We will give one more example. Thus, the Philadelphia *Exchange and Review*, a journal conducted with ability, and not prone, so far as we have seen, to sully its pages with abusive language, says in its October number, (p. 241):

"Philadelphia has possessed three or four very meagre concerns, which have been hanging on to the insurance system within a few past years, without conferring any credit upon themselves or the business. One of these, called the *Exchange* has quietly glided out of existence, and the similar corporations would do well to follow so excellent an example. They have got to go sooner or later, and the sooner the better."

When such are the facts that stare us in the face, it is clear that it is the duty of all who pretend to discuss the subject of insurance at all, to warn the credulous against being duped by impostors; but we

admit that it is equally their duty to distinguish the good from the bad. Without the latter, only half the work is accomplished. If we are obliged conscientiously to tell an inquirer that a certain company is not reliable, we are bound as honest neighbors or fellow citizens to tell him where a reliable company is to be found. This course *we* have always pursued, and we will continue to do so. All we intend on the present occasion, however, is to state such facts relative to companies good, bad and indifferent, as we have gleaned during the past quarter, and which may serve in one way or other to put the unwary on their guard, and enable them to distinguish mere *brass* from the precious metal, which it is sometimes made to resemble.

In the first place, we are not a little concerned to find that one of our great functionaries has had to pay rather dearly for a lesson in the "principles of politeness." We are sure that many of our readers will sympathize with the gentleman alluded to and regret that he had not received somewhat gentler lessons in his youth. The Chicago *Insurance Register* which is quite an enthusiastic admirer of the injured official, tells the story as follows, in its November number:

"The 'Mutual Life' office was recently the scene of an *interesting* occurrence. The president, Mr. Winston, as the story goes, was applied to by a sutler in the army, for the rates on parties in his position. Mr. Winston replied, that he knew nothing of rates; that was not his business; any clerk would answer the question; and then added that he had no confidence in that class of risks, anyhow, *as he deemed sutlers, contractors and their associates, to be a set of infernal scoundrels.* Upon this the sutler, without any further parley or argument, struck Mr. W. in the face, knocking him down, but only slightly injuring his phiz. The combatants were then parted by the clerks, and the excitement subsided. It has created much talk in the street."

We do not vouch for the truth of this, although we have heard facts substantially the same from several sources, and we confess we were not at all surprised at the language or conduct attributed to the principal actor, or rather principal talker in the affair. There are some two or three other presidents in New York who might profit by a similar lesson. May we not humbly suggest, that in future, when the "Mutual Life" is issuing its miraculous policies, it ought to inquire whether the person whose life is sought to be insured is so insolent or rude that his health might be injured by the collision of his nose, or a less exposed and less vital part with the fist or boot of a sutler?

We learn that Mr. Pliny Freeman, of the New York Life Insurance Company, with which he has been connected for twenty years, has resigned his position as actuary. The gentleman's numerous friends will be glad to know that he did not do so without having accumulated a large fortune by his ability and industry as an underwriter. If remarkable success may be regarded as an inducement to early retirement from official life, we may soon expect to hear that Mr. Morris Franklin, president of the same company, has also resigned, since, in addition to various other evidences, we are informed by the State Super-

intendent in his last report, that "the New York Life issued three thousand three hundred and two (3,302) new policies during the year."

We see it announced, in various forms, that Mr. John A. Nichols, of the Chicago Insurance Register, has accepted the position of General Agent to the Knickerbocker Life, establishingh is headquarters at the company's office, in this city. The insurance papers go on to say, that he is "a genial gentleman," "possessed of great urbanity," &c. We have no reason to to doubt the fact; we refer to it only because we think that just such a person was very much needed by the Knickerbocker Life, if only to prevent the possible occurrence, on its premises, of an affair like that of the sutler.

In proportion as bad companies are becoming extinct, as indicated above, the good are growing more and more successful. This is particularly true of the marine companies—at least those of them that are sufficiently known to be appreciated by the public as they deserve. Thus it is, for example, that the rapidly increasing success of the Columbian Marine would be a matter of surprise, even in Wall street, were the shrewdness and general ability of its president and vice-president less known than they are. It has added more than a million to its capital during the past year, and has a surplus on hand of over $500,000—a larger amount than its original capital—while it divides no less than 66 per cent. of the earnings with policy-holders, who incur no liability in return.

That a company so well established, and so favorably known throughout the country as the Mercantile Mutual, should be successful in a high degree, is only what might have been expected; although its success during the past year has been unusually great. We see it stated in the money article of an evening journal, that its assets amount at the present time to nearly $2,000,000. It must not be inferred, however, from our remarks on the success of marine companies, that all have the same record. We are sorry to say that the case of the Neptune Insurance Company seems very different, if only as indicated by the following "extract from its minutes:"

"Whereas, it appears by the statement of the business of this company, for the last fiscal year, that the stock capital thereof *is deficient in the sum* of $2,694.61; and whereas, pursuant to Article VIII. of its charter, the directors are authorized to *lay an assessment on each share of the stock* to make up the deficiency; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That an assessment of one dollar and twelve cents be, and the same is hereby laid on each share of the capital stock."—*Superintendent's Report*, p. 375.

Let us hope that this will settle the difficulty, for we have no reason to doubt that the company is honestly inclined.

The Washington Marine Insurance Company affords another agreeable illustration of the importance of persevering in well doing. This company has largely increased its cash capital during the past year;

and its business has been increased in a still larger ratio. Its aggregate income during the year has reached nearly half a million; whereas its aggregate amount of expenditures is less than $180,000. We have another Washington Insurance Company, which is equally worthy of its name, and equally successful—we mean that whose principal officers are Mr. Henry Weston, and Mr. Wm. K. Lothrop. This company combines the Fire and Marine business; although we believe the latter branch is confined to lakes, rivers and canals. It even goes so far in its enterprising spirit, as to insure vessels navigating the Mississippi; and thus far it has gained vastly more than it has lost by doing so.

We have often lately had inquiries made of us in regard to the Continental Insurance Company, but as we had nothing very encouraging to say of it, we have hitherto refrained from making any reply. We knew Mr. Lamport, the Secretary, not many years ago, as a bookseller and publisher; but we must confess we never knew him to publish a good book. As it occasionally happens that those who could not insure themselves from failure in any business requiring the slightest exercise of their brains, prove quite adepts in insuring their neighbors, we did not know but Mr. Lamport would turn out one of the lucky ones, especially when we found him associated with a member of the Hope family. But lately we have been too often reminded of that passage in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," in which it is said, that

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And clothes the mountain with its azure hue."

Of course a continent is much larger than a mountain, even when the latter is in labor; at all events, it seems to us that a company calling itself by so huge a name as the former, should have more cash on hand to meet its liabilities than $1,913.88, and a larger "total of cash items," than $38,096.16.—(*Vide* Supt's. last Report, p. 54.) The "amount of claims for losses *resisted*" is, upon the other hand, pretty large, viz.: $4,200.—(*Ibid.*) There are certain other little "items" in the report, which seem to us somewhat questionable, like the Ghost in Hamlet; but we may be entirely mistaken. Perhaps we might have viewed the whole affair in a different light had we not remembered that a certain class of publishers have a peculiar system of arithmetic —we mean that by which they show that the twentieth edition had been sold before the second. At all events, we hope to see the company somewhat more prosperous next year.

We are glad that we need express no such hope for the Hope Fire Insurance; although we wish it to "go on and prosper," as it has during the past year. It has paid dividends to stock holders within the current year, of $18,000, and yet retains the handsome surplus of $43,000. This will account for the fact that its stock is now selling

at $110. We know no other Company that has been equally successful during the past year, but the New England Fire Insurance, of Hartford. This is worthy of its name—suggestive as it is of intelligence, enterprise and industry. Before the war, this Company had 500 agents, each doing a considerable business. When hostilities commenced it became more cautious; but, as already intimated, it renewed its former activity during the past year, and it has been rewarded by more than its former success. These facts will be more or less interesting, not only to our readers throughout New England, but also to those of this City and State, since we learn that the Company has already made arrangements to establish a permanent agency in New York. We are glad of this; for we know no more reliable company. Its President and Secretary are esteemed throughout New England as men who have no superiors in ability and experience, as underwriters; and its Directors include the wealthiest merchants and shrewdest business men of Hartford. It is a remarkable fact, that while the New England Fire Insurance Company would not grant a single policy in New York until it has fully complied with the provisions of our State laws, the State Superintendent has had to denounce the Liverpool and London Fire and Life Insurance Company as follows:

"After repeated suggestions to the New York Agents and officers of the Company on the subject, the Superintendent charged, as he is, by the Statute organizing this Department, deemed it his duty in the month of November last, to prosecute the principal agent of the association in New York, Alfred Pell, Esq., for the recovery of the penalty prescribed by the Statute for transacting business in this State, without holding the requisite certificate of authority."

If the public were only aware that this "Alfred Pell, Esq.," is scarcely less overbearing towards the holders of the "London and Liverpool" policies than he is defiant of the authorities and laws of our State, we think it would be able to make a distinction between him and those of our own presidents whose success we have had the pleasure of recording in these hurried remarks.

Snow Flakes: a Chapter from the Book of Nature. American Tract Society, Boston.

We have seen no holiday-book intended for the young during the present season that is at once so beautiful, interesting and instructive as this. The contents embrace the following subjects, viz: 1. Snow Structure; 2. Unity in Diversity; 3. Perfection; 4. Purity; 5. Grace; 6. Beauty; 7. Weakness; 8. Power; 9 Gladness; 10. Gloom; 11. Beneficence; 12. Instruction. All these are illustrated by appropriate selections, in poetry and prose, from various authors. But by far the most beautiful part is that devoted to "Snow Structure." In addition to the letter-press descriptions of the snow flakes, we are presented with several elegantly executed plates, each of which contains a con-

siderable number of beautiful specimens of the crystals formed by the snow in falling.

None but those who have investigated the subject would believe that the flake which seems so irregular in outline to the naked eye, is formed with such strict regard to mathematical precision. Even in those that often pass away almost before they are formed, it is impossible not to admire the skill of the great Artificer; they alone might well put those to shame who attribute the wonders of the creation—even man himself—to "a fortuitous concourse of atoms." Children could not be engaged in any exercise, especially during the forthcoming holidays, more instructive, or better calculated to inspire them with due admiration of the Deity and His works than that of examining these simple figures: "How beautiful is nature!" they will say, in substance, if not in the same words; "and how ungrateful are those who will only credit blind chance with her noblest operations!" A book of this kind is worth a thousand sermons, so forcibly and beautifully does it combine example with precept; and accordingly, we take pleasure in recommending it to parents and guardians.

The Bishop's Little Daughter. 18mo, pp. 336. New York: Gen. Prot. Episcopal S. S. Union.

No intellligent child can read this story carefully without learning from it many a useful lesson. It teaches obedience to parents, self-denial, and the necessity of storing the mind with moral and religious precepts, in language so lively and attractive as to make the little ones forget that they are engaged in any study, except it be that of amusing themselves as much as possible; and this is the chief object to be attained in writing books for the young. Children do not like grave sermons. Even the most important truths must be given to them like their medicine; that is, they must be coated, as it were, with sugar or honey.

It is to this precept, which she always acted upon as much as possible, that Miss Edgeworth owes her success more than to any other means. We do not know who the author of "The Bishop's Daughter" is; but we think we hazard little in attributing it to a lady, for it is marked with the best characteristics of the female mind. The portraitures of Lady Fleming, Ethel, Mary St. Clare, Ridley and Melville, are sketched with such skill and judgment, without affectation, and with but little, if any effort, that many of our "sensation" novel-writers might learn a useful lesson from them. To this we need only add, that there is no other religious society in this country whose publications are less sectarian, in any objectionable sense, than that whose imprint is on "The Bishop's Little Daughter."

OBITUARY.

There are few of our readers who will not regret the death of Mr. John McClenahan, who has been a regular contributor to this journal almost from its commencement, and whose articles have always been distinguished by vigor of thought, soundness and force of argument, and a lively and perspicuous style. A graduate of Dublin University, and an admirer of the classic languages, Mr. McClenahan was really learned, without betraying the least tinge of pedantry.

Before coming to this country, he had contributed more or less to each of the principal periodicals of England and Ireland, including the Westminster Review, Blackwood's Magazine, and the Dublin University. In this country, he was identified principally with the daily and weekly press. For several years, he was editorially connected with one of our leading morning journals, in which his articles were easily distinguished by their brilliancy, the epigrammatic terseness of their style, and the large amount of information which they always embodied.

His contributions to the "National Quarterly," are those entitled "Hungary, Past and Present," "A Glance at the Turkish Empire," "Berkeley, His Life and Writings," "Peruvian Antiquities," and "Ancient Scandinavia and its Inhabitants." The merits of these it would be needless to describe; suffice it to say, that they are such as might be expected from a vigorous and analytical mind, possessed of a high degree of culture.

We have known no literary man of equal ability who had less vanity than Mr. McClenahan. While indifferent writers would be highly indignant on learning that any alteration or omission had been made in their performances, he would always say, "Don't spare anything you don't approve; cut and hack as much as you like!" When handing in the manuscript of his last article—that in our September number—he apologized for having detained it until it was rather late, adding that he would be sure to be ready in time for the December number, as he would commence in the middle of October, at farthest; but he died on the thirteenth of that month, after a painful illness of six weeks, thus affording a new illustration of a sentiment in one of the odes of Horace, which we often heard him quote:

> Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam,
> Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,
> Et domus exilis Plutonia.

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ART. I.—1. *Vishnu Paruna.* Translated by H. H. WILSON, Esq. London. 1843.

2. *Histoire de l'Inde ancienne et moderne.* Par LACROIX DE MARLES. 6 vols. Paris. 1828.

3. *Theatre of the Hindus.* By H. H. WILSON, Esq.

4. *Pococke's India in Greece.* London. 1852.

5. *Introduction à l'histoire du Buddhisme indien.* Par E. BURNOUF. Paris. 1844.

6. *Annals of Rajahstan.* By Col. JAMES TOD. London. 1861.

7. *Works of Sir William Jones.*

WARREN HASTINGS, while he plundered India, and insulted her princes and people, to gratify the insatiable cupidity of his employers, was at the same time the first to open to European research the rich treasures locked up in her antiquities. Before his time, the nations of the West had regarded India only as a mysterious El Dorado; they had heard of the gorgeous court and immense riches of the Great Mogul, and had pressed forward in the track of Vasco de Gama to glean the golden harvest of the East. But the language, the manners, the laws, the literature and religion of the Hindu people were very imperfectly known. By means of the Asiatic Society, projected by Hastings, and instituted under the auspices of Lord Cornwallis, a fruitful field was opened to the literary inquirer. That eminent scholar, Sir William Jones, who was

the first President of the Society, was also the first and most successful explorer in this new sphere of research; and a number of able scholars, such as Wilford, Wilkins, Colebroke, Tod, and Wilson, have prosecuted with much ability the work so favorably begun.

The early publications of the Asiatic Society created an extraordinary sensation among the learned. The scholars of Europe were surprised at the copiousness of the Sanscrit language, its startling analogy with the Greek, the antiquity of the Hindu annals, and the manifest connection developed as existing between India and the nations of the West at a period anterior to the beginning of classical history.* And though the results have not entirely corresponded to the first ardent anticipations, enough has been produced to excite our deepest interest. Indeed, it may well be a subject of wonder, even in the age in which Champollion has found the key to the buried treasures of Egypt, and Layard unsepulchred the story of Nineveh from the mounds of Nimrod, that we should now also have first become acquainted with the details of a history more ancient than that of the Pharaohs, an architecture as gigantic as that of Luxor and Karnac, a *living* religion which may have been the parent of Egyptian, Tyrian, Greek, and Tuscan superstition, a literature which flourished before Homer sung, and continued to flourish long after the Augustan Age had ended.

The study of the antiquities of Hindustan has not only unfolded to our view a new world of ideas, but seems capable of affording us the connecting link necessary to bind in one harmonious whole the scattered fragments of classical antiquity. In fact, under the influence of this new light from the Orient, the legendary lore of the ancient world assumes a novel aspect, the darkness of fable seems in a measure to yield, and the cloud to be lifted that envelopes the early dawn of History.† And if, even as yet, the truth eludes our grasp and we

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* There is a similar analogy between the Sanscrit and several of the languages of the East. Speaking of those still cultivated and spoken in Hindustan, M. Lacroix de Marles observes: "Quatre langues, étrangères au sanscrit, sont parlées dans le Dékan méridional: ce sont le *télingua*, le *canara*, le *tamoul* et le *malaydla*. Quelque diverses qu'elles soient entre elles, elles ont cependant assez de rapports pour qu'on puisse leur assigner un fonds commun, et regarder les petites nations qui les parlent comme ayant forme originairement un même peuple, les *Dravidas* (du nom de ces langues et du Dékan méridional)."—*Hist. de l'Inde ancienne et moderne*, vol. i., 195.

† It is agreed upon all hands that the ancient Hindus purposely abstained from writing the history of their own country. "L'Inde n'a pas écrit son histoire. Exclusivement préoccupée du point de vue de la métaphysique religieuse, elle a toujours trop méprisé la vie réelle de l'humanité pour en garder un souvenir exact. Cette histoire est un monument dont la construction est réservée

appear only to have entered upon a wider field of conjecture and speculation, certainly our views are enlarged and our aspirations for knowledge have received a new impetus, while at the same time we are brought into intimate contact with a strangely interesting people.

The history and the religious system of the Hindus are so intimately blended, the former so peculiarly subordinated to the latter, that it is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to distinguish fact from fiction, the substratum of truth from the superstructure of fancy. The difficulty is enhanced by the prevalence of an idealistic or Pantheistic Philosophy: the acute Brahmin sometimes regards the material world as an illusion, sometimes as the mutable manifestation of the Divinity, and not unfrequently blends external realities with the fanciful notions of his extraordinary Theogony. Yet, amid the confusion, we can discern the grand outlines of Hindu history, as well as much of the tradition of the primeval world in a better state of preservation than among any other people, with the single exception of the children of Israel. We can also trace some of the early migrations of the nations, and connect, to some extent, the period of the Noachidæ with the period of the Hellenes. The Sanscrit language may not prove to have been the parent of the Greek and other Western tongues, as was at one time supposed, but in the hands of able scholars, it has been an Ariadne's clue to thread the labyrinthine course of popular and national movements in the early times.

The Hindus yield neither to the Egyptians nor to the Chaldeans in their claims to an extravagant antiquity. Indeed, the fabulous thousands of years, invented by the two latter in default of a proper idea of creation and of the relations of time and eternity, are thrown into the shade by the untold millions in which the Brahmins revel. It must be confessed, however, that even in some of the wildest fancies of the former there is a germ of truth easily recognized by those acquainted with the Mosaic and Christian dispensations. Passing over these inadequate attempts to explain what, in the absence of revelation, seems inexplicable, it is agreed that the great landmarks of Hindu history are indicated by the *avatars* or incarnations of Vishnu. The notion of an incarnation of the Divinity is common to all theological and mythological systems; but in none of them has it assumed such startling proportions as in those of Hindustan. Not once

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tout entière aux travaux de l'érudition moderne."—*Introduction à l'histoire du Buddhisme*, vol. ii., p. 201.

alone, but time and again, has the second person of the Hindu Triad assumed human shape; and that not only to save a guilty world from the mysterious primordial stain, but to rescue a drowning earth from the deluge of waters, to snatch the Sacred Books from threatened destruction, to vindicate the cause of the priesthood against the hostile assaults of the rajahs, to overthrow tyrants, and to reform religion. The hero is not deified after his death, as among the Greeks; but the Divinity has been incarnate in the hero from his birth. Ten principal *avatars* are recorded; for there are many minor ones. The last of them is yet to come, being entirely analogous to the Apocalyptic manifestation of a warrior riding on a white steed, that is to close the drama of terrestrial existence. The first three commemorate the various phases and incidents of the grand cataclysm that overwhelmed and renovated the earth. The remaining six are historical. Though the evidences which these afford us of the revolutions of the Hindu Peninsula are rather meagre, yet with the additional aid of the analysis of language and our fragmentary acquaintance with the other ancient nations, the results are much more than conjectural.

Hindustan would seem to have been mainly peopled by two great races, afterwards subdivided into numerous tribes and ramifications. The Nara Sing, or Man-Lion Avatar, justly considered by Sir William Jones to refer to the impiety and punishment of Nimrod and the dispersion from Babel, designates the cause and the period of the settlement in India of the Sourya-vausa or Solar Race, of Hamite origin, and descendants of Cush, who entered from Arabia and along the shores of the Persian Ocean. They spread themselves over the central and southern parts of the country, and possessed it for many ages before the arrival of the Chandra-vausa or Lunar Race, the real Hindus, who gave name to the peninsula in after times. These were an Arian or Shemitic people from Central Asia. They entered from the northwest, apparently about 2234 B. C., the era of the accession of Belus to the throne of the Assyro-Babylonian monarchy, and probably in consequence of the conquests of that chief. That an Arian or Median line of princes ruled over the Assyrian or Great Iranian Empire prior to the accession of the Belid Dynasty is asserted by Berosus, and seems to be supported by the traditions of the Persians. The fifth *avatar* represents Vishnu as Bahmun, or a Dwarf humbling the pride of the magnificent Bali. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the successful usurpation of Belus led to the secession of various Arian tribes and their colonization in India as the Indu or

Lunar Race, under the lead of Pururavas. To the hostile feelings incident to these movements, more than one writer has attributed the attempts of the Assyrian monarchs to reduce these so-called rebels, culminating in the grand invasion and conquest, but subsequent defeat of the illustrious Semiramis, to whose legend the Hindus are no strangers. Their annals distinctly mention the encounters of Sama Rama with Virasena Stavrapathi (King of the Lower World), the Staurobates of Diodorus and the Greeks.

At some indefinite period after the advent of the Chandravausa or Indu race, the contest arose between the regal and the sacerdotal power, in which the latter, under the lead of Parasu Rama, a prince of the Solar Line, and the sixth grand *avatar* of Vishnu, aided by the Hindu or Indu strangers, achieved a signal and lasting triumph. Most of the princes of the Solar Line were cut off in the conflict; but their race survived, and ruled over all Hindustan for many ages, though of course in entire subjection to the priesthood. From this victory of the sacerdotal class we may commence to date that peculiar system of caste yet existing in India.

Two tremendous civil wars, in which all the princes of Hindustan engaged, form the most remarkable epochs in the annals of the nation. The events of the Ramayuna and the Mahabharat—the facts on which they are founded—like the story of Ilion, float indistinct in the misty horizon which forms the ill-defined division line between truth and fable in the history of nations. The Solar Line of Princes, descended from Ichswaca (probably Ham), the son of Menu Vaiwaswata (the Scriptural Noah), had reigned for fifty-five generations at Ayodia or Oude, and its princely branches had spread over all Hindustan. Dasaratha, the imperial head of the Dynasty, had a son born to him, to whom he gave the name of Rama, and who, according to Hindu Theology, was the seventh *avatar* of Vishnu. Rama, when he grew to man's estate, soon gave indication of the greatness which he was to attain. He bent the enormous bow of King Ganaka, which no other could bend, and thereby gained for his bride the beautiful Sita, the daughter of that monarch, who had been eagerly sought by many suitors. Meanwhile his stepmother intrigued with her husband, Dasaratha, to procure the exile of Rama, as she desired to place the imperial crown on the brow of her own son, Bharata. The prince and his bride retired to a solitary forest, where they devoted themselves to a rigorous course of penance, in accordance with the mystical system of the Brahmins, to obtain a more intimate union with the Soul of the Universe, and a more complete power over the elementary

world. At Dasaratha's death, Bharata refused the proffered crown, which he considered the birthright of his brother, and went in search of the exiled Rama. That prince announced his intention of remaining to fulfil his stated term of penance, and Bharata administered the government of the kingdom in his absence. Meanwhile the fair Sita, separated for a brief time from her husband in the forest, was stolen by the gigantic tyrant Ravan, king of Lanca or Ceylon. Rama, informed of the ravishment of his bride, like another Menelaus, immediately raised a numerous army to punish the ravisher. Assisted by his general, Hanuman, in command of a promiscuous force of angels, men and monkeys, or satyrs, he invaded the Deccan, constructed a bridge of rocks across the straits to Ceylon, which is yet known by his name, and after tremendous contests with Ravan around his capital, stormed the city, slew the tyrant, and recovered his bride. The fair one proved her fidelity by the ordeal of fire, and Rama, returning in triumph to Oude, was received with great rejoicings, but soon resigned his crown to his brother Lacshman, and ascended to his native heaven. Such is the outline of a story which, like the War of Ilion, originated in the abduction of a lady, and, like it, constitutes an era among the Hindus such as the great Argive expedition constituted among the Hellenes. It is considered to have transpired about eighteen centuries before the Christian era, and forms the subject of the "Ramayuna," the first great epic poem of Hindustan.

About 500 years after the time of Rama (1350 B.C., or, according to some, 1113 B.C.) occurred the Mahabharat or Great War of the Princes of the Lunar Race for the imperial throne of India. Pandu, the son of Vichitravirya, had been excluded from the succession on some suspicion of illegitimacy, and his younger brother ——— promoted in his stead. In course of time, the five sons of Pandu commonly styled the Pandava brothers, the chief of whom were Yudisthira and Arjuna, asserted their rightful title to the throne. Their rivals, Duryodhan, of Hastinapur, and his hundred brethren, who took the designation of Kurus from one of their ancestors, prepared to maintain their possession by force of arms. All the princes of Hindustan took part in the quarrel. Prominent among them was Krishna, of Guzerat, an *avatar* of Vishnu, and the friend and brother in arms of Arjuna. After numerous complications and remarkable episodes, the rival armies came to battle on the plains of Panniput, near Agra. A tremendous contest ensued of eighteen days' duration. The greater part of both armies perished;

Duryodhan and his hundred brethren were slain; the Pandavas triumphed; but grieved at the terrific slaughter, most of their chiefs abandoned India, and crossed the Himalayas, where they were lost to history. These remarkable events have had their poet as well as the exploits of Rama: on the groundwork indicated Vyaso has constructed the second great Hindu Epic, under the title of the *Mahabharat* or Great War.

Several circumstances indicate the presence of a religious element in the controversy of the Mahabharat; but it was not until some centuries later that the religious revolution occurred which produced such important results in succeeding generations, and the consequences of which are visible to the present day. The year 1013 B. C., according to the most discreet writers, witnessed the beginning of the first Buddhistic Reformation. It is yet doubted, indeed, whether Buddhism be the more ancient religion whence Brahminism sprung, or the bold effort of an able and ambitious reformer to reduce the tenets and practice of the Brahminical priesthood to their pristine purity. The latter is the more common and the more probable opinion, and the period of this reformation is by some assigned to the twelfth or thirteenth century before the Christian era. We will not probably err much in selecting 1013 B. C. or 1030 B. C. as the time. How far the influence of Buddhism extended on this, its first propagation, cannot well be determined. Opposed in its native land, it spread into China and Tartary, and may have found its way through the deserts of Scythia under the legendary Odin (identified by Col. Tod with Buddha), as well as to the highlands of Greece, where its mystic ceremonial and abstruse dogmas might have been veiled in the innermost shrines of Eleusis and Dodona. The author of this revolution was Gautama, the ninth *avatar* of Vishnu, whose name is yet cherished over a great part of the Oriental world.

Princes of the Solar Line continued to rule in many parts; but the principal thrones were occupied by sovereigns of the Lunar Race, until about 650 B.C., when both were swept away by the invasion of the Snake or Dragon Race from Scythic Asia, coeval with the irruption of the same people into Media, during the reign of Cyaxares. They held possession of a considerable part of Hindustan for 300 years, and established the Jain faith and worship, understood to be in most respects analogous to Buddhism. The second and most important establishment of this latter system was inaugurated by Sakya Muni during the period of the Scythic domination, about 500 B.C., whilst Darius Hystaspes sat upon the throne

of Persia. It is rather remarkable that the second Buddhistic and the second Zoroastrian systems should have been contemporaneous in their foundation. The Buddhistic Propaganda, however, did not reach its full efficiency until two centuries later, when Asoka, the imperial ruler of Hindustan, becoming a convert to its doctrines, dispatched its enthusiastic missionaries to Ceylon, Farther India, China, Tartary, and other adjacent regions. The extraordinary success of their efforts is attested by the fact that, ever afterwards and even to the present day, the votaries of Buddha have constituted more than a third part of the human race, and form the most numerous religious denomination in the world. Buddhism was bitterly persecuted by the Brahmins, and is said to have entirely disappeared from the land of its birth; but its prevalence in the countries above mentioned has more than compensated for the loss.

Cyrus did not advance far, if at all, beyond the Indus. The Indian possessions of Darius Hystaspes comprised only the Punjaub and some districts along the frontier. Alexander was compelled to halt on the very threshold of his El Dorado. The unexpected display of military strength made by Chandra Gupta (Sandrocoptus), the newly elected and enterprising monarch of India, no less than the ambitious projects of Antigonus and Demetrius, deterred Seleucus Nicator from the prosecution of his schemes of Indian conquest. The Greco-Bactrian, and subsequently the Parthian monarchs, made extensive inroads into the Hindu territories. But by the year 56 B.C., Vicramaditya, the illustrious King of Avantu, had purged his country of her invaders, and began a new era for Hindustan. From this period till the time of Salomdhi, who is regarded as the last native monarch of all Hindustan, about A.D. 720, is a time of comparative obscurity. During the reign of Salomdhi commenced that series of obstinate and oft-repeated invasions, which, though repulsed at first and for a time interrupted, eventuated in the final subjection of the richest country in the world by the fanatical hordes of Tartary and Arabia, and the triumphant establishment of Islam where the altars of Brahma had hitherto ruled supreme. Here, as elsewhere, the conquerors sought to compel the people by force to embrace the tenets of the Arabian impostor; here, as elsewhere, they directed their energies to destroy all vestige of the ancient religion, literature and civilization. But the descendants of Mahmud of Gazni, and of Timur have passed away; and the ancient religion, literature, and civilization of the Hindus yet remain. A soulless commercial corporation from an obscure island in the Western Ocean has supplanted

the Mogul and the Afghan, as these formerly supplanted the children of Rama and Arjuna. The former have left but insignificant monuments of their existence; the latter have become deeply interesting to the civilized world.

If the vast and varied peninsula of Hindustan were no otherwise remarkable than as the seat of powerful and prosperous states, as the theatre of important events that yield not in their magnitude to those of any age or country, as the native land of the sciences of Arithmetic and Algebra, as well as of some of the most wonderful religious systems ever invented by man, it would be most worthy of the attention of the scholar, the historian, and the humanitarian. But it is principally in its external relations, in its alleged connection with the ancient classical nations, and the influence of its language and religion upon them, that India has become interesting, and to the investigation of these supposed relations much of the inquiries of Orientalists have been directed.

At an early period of his researches, Sir William Jones was struck with the numerous analogies which he discovered between the Hindu Mythology and that of the nations bordering upon the Mediterranean. He found not only a similarity of legends, in which the natural conformation of the human mind might oftentimes cause widely different nations to coincide, but frequently even an identity of names. In his learned treatise "On the Gods of India, Greece, and Italy," he elaborates several of these analogies, and establishes beyond a doubt the intimate connection of the religious elements of those countries and their derivation from a common origin. In Iswara and Isi he discovers the prototypes of Osiris and Isis; in Ganesa and Indra Dynpetir those of Janus and Jupiter—names for which the Romans were at a loss to account: the story of Krishna is repeated in that of Apollo, and the warlike Minerva finds her counterpart in Kali Durga. Sir William Jones does not determine the occasion of these coincidences, nor whether they are referable to any other cause than that common heritage of falsehood and perversity derived to all the nations from the rebellious builders of Babel. He observes:

"We cannot justly conclude, by arguments preceding the proof of facts, that one idolatrous people must have borrowed their deities, rites and tenets from another; since gods of all shapes and dimensions may be framed by the boundless powers of imagination, or by the frauds and follies of men, in countries never connected; but, when features of resemblance, too strong to have been accidental, are observable in different systems of polytheism, without fancy or prejudice to color them and improve the likeness, we can scarce help believing, that some connection

has immemorially subsisted between the several nations who have adopted them."*

Again he says:

"Since Egypt appears to have been the grand source of knowledge for the western, and India for the more eastern parts of the globe, it may seem a material question, whether the Egyptians communicated their Mythology and Philosophy to the Hindus, or conversely; but what the learned of Memphis wrote or said concerning India, no mortal knows; and what the learned of Benares have asserted, if anything, concerning Egypt, can give us little satisfaction."

After the time of Sir William Jones, the Sanscrit language was more diligently studied and compared with the Greek. The result was remarkable. The radical syllables of the greater part of the idiom of Homer and Herodotus were found in the sacred language of Hindustan. The mythological and legendary stories of Hellas were compared with those of the Puranas; enthusiastic Orientalists readily traced their mutual resemblance; and even the less credulous, while naturally hesitating to accept such inferences and conclusions as would revolutionize all our preconceived opinions, were constrained to admit the cogency of their reasonings and the strong evidences adduced from the analogies of language. Wilford and Wilkins were among the foremost to invest the ancient Hindus with the prerogative of having colonized their language, religion, and surplus population, under various modifications, among the nations of the West. Mr. Wilson has demonstrated the fallacy of many of their assumptions, and exposed the impositions of the crafty Brahmins, who succeeded even in deceiving Sir William Jones. In one of the works before us—that of Pococke, to which he gives the peculiar title of *India in Greece*—the author has made an able, ingenious, and, as yet, the boldest attempt to trace the origin of the population, manners and religion of Greece entirely to the Hindus. On each familiar promontory and highland of that classic land, on each mountain and river—whose names were a mystery to the Hellenes themselves in the time of their

* Similar opinions have been put forward by the most eminent critics of Continental Europe. Referring to the earlier Arian migrations from the East, M. Lacroix de Marles observes:—"On a conjecturé également, mais sans plus de certitude, que c'était cette lutte violente au sein de la famille arienne qui était rappelée dans le plus immense des poëmes indiens, le *Mahâbhârata*. A ce compte, les *Koravas*, fils du soleil, représenteraient le peuple zend, chez qui le culte du soleil était spécialement en honneur; et les *Pandavas*, fils de la lune, soutenus par le divin *Krishna*, seraient les *Argas* de l'Inde, qui adoraient plus spécialement *Indra*, dieu lunaire, Mais on sent qu' il n'y a dans tout cela que de pures hypothèses, qui ne sont pas susceptibles d' une vérification positive."—*Hist. de l'Inde*, &c., vol. v., p. 79.

greatest enlightenment—he finds the indelible impress of the Sanscrit tongue and the vestiges of a Hindu colonization. In the mysteries, the religious strifes, the obscure myths of the Hellenic people, he discovers the lineaments of the Buddhistic superstition. Much that has been abandoned as inexplicable, much that has been rejected as the mere invention of the poet's brain, he forces by his theory from the domain of fable into that of fact. With him Cadmus is the great Gautama; Achilles a Rajput warrior; the Amphictyonic Council a synod of the Buddhists. He recognizes the truth of the Argonautic expedition and of the conquests of Bacchus; and finds in the Sanscrit the proofs alike of the existence of the Amazons and the actual establishment of a Lydian colony, bearing with them the traditions of the East, in Etruria.

Though his theory is startling, and the author commits the fatal mistake of proving too much—attempting even to show that the relative position of the transplanted tribes was the same in their new home as in their native India—we must allow much weight to the interpretation of geographical and proper names, which the Sanscrit language supplies, and which was lost in the subsequent modifications of the Greek. In regard to the importance to be attached to this evidence of language, his argument is certainly conclusive. He instances the fact, that the presence of the Romans in Britain, of the Saracens in Spain, and of the Indians in those parts of America whence they have now disappeared forever, might be shown—and this perhaps may be the only means of proof in after times—by the indelible traces of their respective dialects impressed on the great geographical features of those countries. The gentle poetess of Norwich has elegantly and truthfully written, in regard to the American Indians—

> "Their name is on your rivers,
> Their baptism on your shore,
> Your everlasting mountains
> Speak their dialect of yore;"

and the sentiment is as true of Greece as it is of America.

We do not choose to follow Mr. Pococke through his ingenious train of investigation, nor to weigh the correctness of his derivations. Many of these are undoubtedly well-founded; some are extremely fanciful and visionary. Let us take, for instance, his explanation of the term *Autochthones* (Αυτοχθονες),—a designation applied to themselves by the Athenians. This has been commonly understood to signify, as the Athenians themselves understood it, that they were sprung from the earth on which they dwelt. Ignorant of their real origin, or choosing rather to claim an indefinite

antiquity, those proud republicans fabled themselves the children of the soil of their own Attica, and not indebted to any other nation for their existence. In fact, the word may be considered as entirely equivalent to that of *Aborigines*, in use among the Italians. But Mr. Pococke is not satisfied with this interpretation. He finds one more in accordance with his theory by regarding *Autochthones* as a corruption of *Attak-thanes*, and thus restores to the self-considered earth-born denizens of Attica their true and proper appellation of *Lords of the Attok*. We need scarcely remark that the Attok is a river of India, and that the inference sought to be drawn is that the Athenians were in reality a tribe from the banks of that stream. This is but one of several instances scattered throughout the book, and may serve to show the unstable basis of much of the theory. Similarity of sound or expression does not argue identity of meaning. Mr. Pococke likewise developes, with much learning and ability, what he conceives to be the unmistakeable evidences of Buddhism in Greece. He seeks thereby to explain that vexed subject—the Grecian mysteries, and from the strange religious system of the Oriental world derives, through this channel, the corruptions of Christianity. We were not a little surprised, indeed, to find the Pope of Rome proved, not figuratively alone, but actually and in fact, a Grand Lama of Buddhism—the rival of the mysterious potentate of Lahsa. Notwithstanding such blemishes as these, Mr. Pococke's work abounds in suggestions well deserving of the consideration of scholars, and will amply repay the thoughtful student of history for its perusal.

Colonel Tod, whose magnificent volumes, published under the auspices of the East India Company, are principally devoted to the history of the seven native Hindu States or Heptarchy of Rajahstan, contents himself with calling attention to some remarkable analogies, the principal of which is that between the Hellenic Heracleidæ and the Pandavas of Hindustan. These last are said to have left India on the close of the Mahabharat or Great War, which was, according to him, about 1101, B. C.; this was also the period of the return of the Heracleidæ to the Peloponnesus. Yudisthira, the *Hericula-es*, or chief of the tribe of Heri, was the leader of the Pandavas; Eurysthenes was the first king of the Heracleidæ after their settlement, and an almost similar name (Eurystheus) was born by that Argive king connected in Grecian Mythology with the twelve labors of the "Son of Jove." A Pandu Chief, Baldeva—"God of Strength"—might also have been identified with the Grecian Hercules; or rather might have

been one of those "strong men of old," whose separate qualities and characters the later Greeks combined in their one ideal Hercules. And why might not the Heracleidæ and the Pandavas have been identical?* "Alexander," remarks Colonel Tod, "with a mere handful from far-off Corinth, planted his victorious banners at the head-waters of the Indus; why might not Yudisthira have led his followers from the Indus to Greece?" When we consider that the distance from Cashmere to the Mediterranean does not much exceed that from Cashmere to Ceylon, which Hindu armies have often traversed; when we consider, too, that the period was one of migration, change, and revolution; the supposition is in no wise improbable.

The conspicuous place which India holds in the traditions of the Greeks, manifestly points to relations broken up and almost forgotten, when the great Assyro-Babylonian and Persian empires rose up between the East and the West. Nor is it to be supposed that the relations, for which modern Orientalists contend, are to be referred merely to the period of the Dispersion from the plains of Shinar, or to the time of that progressive tide of emigration of the whole human race from a primitive Arian stock, which some writers have indirectly substituted for the Mosaic Dispersion. These are universally acknowledged. More recent connections are intimated.

What we have been accustomed to call the pre-historic ages, it is now satisfactorily ascertained, were neither rude nor uneventful, but eminently marked by cultivation, refinement, commercial, political, and intellectual activity. Fragmentary though their evidences be, the monumental ruins of Egypt and Assyria prove that the long period from Nimrod to Pul, from Semiramis to Sardanapalus, was not a blank. There were great movements during that time among the Asiatic nations, and there is reason to believe that the priests and warriors of Hindustan then played a prominent part in the affairs of the world. Some of the results of these movements and of the Hindu element and influence in them, our modern Orientalists have discovered not only in Greece and Asia Minor, but on the shores of the Red Sea, in Egypt, Abyssinia, and Syria, and in the vast forests of Sarmatia and Scandinavia. The legendary Odin of the North has been

* Dans les mythes grecs, says M. F. Baudry, des conquêtes de Bacchus et d'Hercule, mythes qui s'étendaient dans des régions plus lointaines à mesure qu'avançaient les connaissances géographiques des Grecs, on a depuis longtemps reconnu une confusion de légendes grecques et indiennes, qui prit naissance lors de l'expédition d'Alexandre. Dans Bacchus on retrouve le culte orgyaque de *Çiva*, et dans Hercule les exploits de *Vishnu-Krishna.—Encyclopédie Moderne*, Art., Inde.

identified with Buddha or one of his votaries who propagated his religion; his holy city of Asgard is the Tartarian Kashgar, noted in the annals of Buddhism. The dwellers by the fountains of the Nile are supposed to have brought with them their designation of Abu-sin from their original residence on the Indus, one of the names of which is Sin. The priests of the Pyramids and of Luxor must have maintained intimate relations with those who invented the story of Osiris and Isis; and a strong suspicion of the existence of Hinduism in Greece is afforded by the clearly Asiatic origin of the Pelopid and Perseid families in the Peloponnesus, by the mystery that hangs over the account of the Thessalian Centaurs and even the first appearance of the Hellenes themselves, by the Oriental character of the Orphic mysteries and of the political institutions of Minos (or Menu), by the yet unexplained voyage of the Argonauts, as well as by the military expeditions of Bacchus and Sesostris, distorted as they have been by ignorance and national vanity.

It is certainly a curious speculation which would thus deduce not only the Hellenic heroes, but even the warriors of the Nile and the followers of Scandinavian Odin from the children of Rama and Yudisthira. Much has been done in the volumes before us to elucidate the theory. Unfortunately of a great part of that which might throw some light on the subject—the history of the nations occupying the plains of Shinar and the great table-land of Iran—all record is lost. Successive inundations of barbarian hordes and ruthless conquerors have swept away the valuable archives of Nineveh and Babylon. And it is questionable whether our knowledge of these early times will ever be more than a mere approximation to certainty. Circumstances have been evolved which tend to prove an important connection between such events as the Bacchus migration, the establishment in India of the worship of Shiva, the accession of the Fifth or Arab Dynasty of Berosus to the throne of Babylon, the settlement of Colchis, and the first appearance of the Hellenes in Thessaly. For it will be remarked that these events were nearly contemporaneous. The ingenious scholar may yet trace the self-exiled heroes of the Mahabharat assisting in the promotion of the Sixth Dynasty of Berosus to the imperial throne of Assyria, 1273 B. C., and employed in the subsequent wars of Ninus II. and Semiramis II. in Asia Minor. He may find the royal Pandu Yudisthira become the slave and footstool of the beautiful Omphale; his brother Arjuna reproduced in Argon, the founder of the Heracleid monarchs of Lydia. He may find in the return of the Heracleidæ to the Peloponnesus the renewal

of a contest begun a century before in Asia. He may conclusively trace to its origin in the Indo-Gangetic Peninsula a great part of that mass of legendary history that characterizes the period of the mythic times and which was localized in their own country by the Hellenes. As yet the whole subject has been so far developed as to excite, but not to satisfy, our curiosity. But whatever opinion we may entertain with regard to these assumed migrations from Hindustan, the external influence of Hindu ideas and of the theological and philosophical systems of the Brahminical priesthood, is unquestionable. The old Zend language of Iran, the sacred dialect of Zoroaster, constitutes the connecting link between the Sanscrit and the Greek, as the old religions that flourished on that great table-land manifested the transition state from Buddhism and Brahminism to the sensual polytheism of Hellas.

We have referred to the astonishment caused by the discovery of the copiousness, beauty, and grandeur of the Sanscrit language, in which qualities it does not yield even to the Greek. Further developments have not diminished our admiration. That the people who are now, with reason, presumed to have been the inventors of mathematical, astronomical, and physical science, of the game of chess as well as of the zodiac, the forerunners of the Greeks and Egyptians in their philosophical systems, and of Solon and Lycurgus in legislation, must have been a highly gifted, intellectual, and cultivated race, will be easily recognized; but few were prepared to find among them that highly polished literature which they are now known to possess. The fact of the existence of such a literature in the far East, at a date anterior even to the dawn of classical cultivation on the shores of the Mediterranean, may well seem startling. It is true, as Mr. Henry Hayman Wilson says in his Introduction to the Vishnu Purana, that neither the Ramayuna nor the Mahabharat, nor even the Vedas and Puranas, as they now exist, are older than the fourth century of the Christian Era. They have all been frequently revised and interpolated. Foreign matters, legends of other countries, and circumstances originally concerning personages very different from those with whom they are now connected, have been inserted in these books and localized in India. The proud Brahmins have not always been, nor are they now, insensible to foreign influence, whatever pretensions they may make to the contrary; they have not disdained to borrow from the West. Yet, that these works, in their essential parts are of unquestionable antiquity, and of a date apparently more than a thousand years before Christ, is asserted by Sir William Jones, and assented

to by the ablest Oriental scholars. Thus, long before the Egean heard entranced "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," or Sappho's fate rendered Leucadia's steep memorable to lovers, Valmika sung the deeds of Rama, and Vyasa told the tragic story of the Indu Line. The Muses played in the bowers of Vraja and the groves of Vrindavan, before they appeared in the vale of Tempe or the glades of Helicon; and they sung as sweetly by the Yamuná as by Ilyssus.

The history of a nation's literature is to the enlightened mind the most interesting portion of its annals. Its political greatness, its preëminence in arms, will pass away; but in its literature we have a never-failing evidence of its power. Cities sacked, towers levelled with the dust, may show the conqueror's path in blood; but without the peaceful student to chronicle his deeds, his very name is forgotten. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi, sed caruere sacra vate.* Hindustan had her chiefs and heroes before Agamemnon; but they had their poets and historians. Long before that splendid assemblage of the Hellenic powers against Troy, the shores of Lauca shook beneath the tremendous contest of Ravan and Rama, and all the princes of India flocked to take part in the great war of the Lunar Race for the imperial throne; and Valmika and Vyasa sung their several stories ages before the birth of Homer. The poems of the Ramayuna and the Mahabharat hold a position among the Hindus analogous to that of the Iliad among the Hellenic populations; and the modern rajah takes no less delight in the recitation of the exploits of his ancestors, than did the liberty-loving Greek in the "tale of Troy divine."

We have already very briefly sketched the respective subjects of these two great epics. That the themes are as grand as any within the range of Greek or Roman literature, will not be denied; that their treatment and execution are not inferior to those models which have delighted *our* world for 2,000 years, is fearlessly maintained by such a judge as Sir William Jones. We might produce numerous passages of striking beauty and sublimity from both poems—specimens of animated narration and fine description, equal to Homer and Virgil. We might also instance passages quite repugnant to our tastes and habits of thought. But it is not our purpose to enter at length into the merits of Valmika and Vyasa; the limits of our article forbid it. We would only observe the injustice of weighing by our immemorial standards of taste, what may be deemed the extravagances of oriental imagination. We may as well hope to find the Iceland moss beneath the sultry skies of Zanguebar, as to meet Hellenic cor-

rectness where Nature herself dictates a tropical luxuriance. Accustomed as we are to the polished and subdued effusions of the Grecian muse, whose influence has moulded the taste of Europe, we can also respect the bold exuberance of fancy that characterizes the literature of Hindustan; just as the traveller, who has gazed with delight on the exquisite proportions of the Parthenon, is not thereby prevented from admiring the gigantic structures of Elephanta and Ellora.

The wonderful machinery of the Hindu theology affords to Valmika and Vyasa a grander scope for invention than was allowed by the Greek mythology. In comparison with the Brahminical system, the lineaments of the Olympic Pantheon sink into puny insignificance. Should we be disposed to consider the former as extravagant, we must remember that the latter is, in fact, no less ridiculous; and that to peruse any literature properly, we must enter with a liberal spirit into the manners and modes of thought of the nation to which it appertains.

Valmika was the Homer of Hindustan, the Father of Hindu poetry. At what period he flourished, it is not easy to ascertain; but it may be presumed that it was before the Mahabharat, and probably about 1450 B.C. Vyasa—if the name be really a proper one, and not a generic title; for it means a *narrator*—though regarded as contemporary with Valmika and deriving his inspiration from him, must, of course, have lived at a considerably later period. In the poem, he is represented as the common grandsire of the rivals of the Mahabharat, and as relating their tragic story himself. This might seem to confirm the idea of the generic character of his name, and that the true appellation of the author, as well as the time in which he lived, is unknown. The scope of his work is more comprehensive than that of Valmika; philosophy and science enter into it equally with the legitimate Epic. Both the Ramayuna and the Mahabharat, like the Iliad among the Greeks, afforded an almost inexhaustible fund of materials to subsequent writers, as appears from the fact that both lyric and dramatic authors have sought in them the subjects of some of their best efforts. Rama and Chrishna are often reproduced in song and story; and the azure god of Methura is an especial favorite in their amatory narratives.

The Hindus are an eminently poetical people. The minstrel of the Scottish Highlands, the wandering bard of the Egean, and the royal troubadour of France, have all had, and have now, their counterparts among them. Every chief has his Poet Laureate, and the people have their rhapsodists, who sing to them of the glory of their ancestors. Colonel Tod

mentions one of the princes of Rajahstan, who neglected all the affairs of his government to give himself up entirely to singing the praises of Chrishna and Radha. Our specimens of the efforts of the Hindu Muse are yet too fragmentary to enable us to sketch their progress in literature with any tolerable degree of accuracy. The Rig-Veda and some of the Puranas have appeared both in a Sanscrit and English form from the London press. Parts of the Ramayuna and Mahabharat have also been translated into English. But, with these exceptions, the most important publications we have yet had from Hindustan, are the Gitagovinda of Jayadeva, translated in the fourth volume of Sir William Jones's works, and the *Theatre of the Hindus*, by H. H. Wilson, Esq. Jayadeva has been styled by his translator the Pindar and "the sublime lyric poet" of Hindustan. His "Gitagovinda, or The Loves of Chrishna and Radha," is a mystical poem in the style of the Song of Solomon, one of those bold efforts of imagination in which the Eastern nations delight, and in which all the sensuousness of the human heart is evoked to adorn the mysterious intercourse of the soul with the Divinity. In its peculiar sphere we presume that the Gitagovinda is unrivalled in any language. In its warmth of fancy, in its beauty of description, in its exquisite appreciation of external nature, and in that most respectful deportment of the hero to the heroine, so peculiar to Hindu ideas, it will not easily find a parallel. The readers of the *Theatre of the Hindus* have no doubt seen with equal pleasure and surprise that the Drama has reached among this Oriental people a state of perfection which it never attained in Greece or Rome, and which is scarcely surpassed by the civilized nations of modern times. Calidasa, the chief dramatic poet of India, lived before the Christian era, and flourished, it seems, at the court of the famous Vicramaditya. He possesses all the feeling and delicacy of Calderon, whom, among European dramatists, he most resembles. His exquisite play of *Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring*, has been read with delight by those who are familiar with Shakespeare and Massinger; and the Hindu poet has not lost by comparison with those of England.

An examination of the theological and philosophical writings of the Hindus would greatly transcend our limits. The doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras, Pantheism, Idealism, Fatalism, all the tenets that have at various periods agitated European minds, were propagated in Hindustan before they were broached in the West. In these especially is the acuteness of the Brahmins visible; into these their subtle minds

have penetrated as far as it seems possible for man to penetrate without the aid of revelation.

That eminent and enlightened scholar, Sir William Jones, whose name we have so often mentioned in the course of our article, remarked, that the mind, fatigued with the continued repetition of Grecian images, gladly hailed the accession of the new materials developed in the literature of Hindustan. His own works are a proof of his remark and an instance of its application. These materials have not yet been made fully available; our scholars have not given them the attention and importance which they merit; but a cursory examination will satisfy the critical inquirer, that Hindustan, which has proved such a tempting scene of operations for the adventurer, offers a field no less ample to the historian, the poet, and the philosopher.

Art. II.—1. *D. Junii Juvenalis Sexdecim Satiræ ad codices Parisionos Recensitæ cum Interpretatione Latina, &c., &c.* N. E. Lemaire. Parissiis.

2. *Decii Junii Juvenalis et A. Persii Flacci Satiræ notis novissimis illustravit Josephus Juvencius cum appendice de Diis Heroibus Poeticis ad poetarum Intelligentiam Necessaria, &c.*

3. *The Satires of D. Junius Juvenalis. Translated into English Verse.* By William Gifford, Esq., late Editor of the "Quarterly Review." With a Dissertation, &c. London. 1836.

4. *Juvenal.* Translated by Charles Badham, D.D., F.R.S., &c. New Edition, with Appendix, containing imitations of the Third and Tenth Satires, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, &c. &c. New York.

It would appear that a disposition towards satire marked the first literary efforts of the ancient Romans. In the rude and early period of Roman power, when every social feature exhibited an unadorned plainness, and when polish was a thing unknown, we may well suppose what was the character of the amusements and the style of address in vogue at the relaxations of a people so uninformed and overbearing. They had not yet acquired that pastoral softness which, as afterwards exhibited by Virgil's gentle shepherds, corre-

sponds with our own idea of rural manners; nor are we to suppose that an ancient Roman village, with its assembled inhabitants seeking amusement when the day's business was over, bore any very strong resemblance to that picture which our imagination calls up when Goldsmith's "Auburn" is mentioned. In many minor points, of course, there must have been a likeness; but in a society where Christianity was wanting, where its restraints were not felt, and where no redeeming influence ever contributed to check the arrogant egotism of the nation, or the coarseness and wantonness of the individual man, ere yet an advanced civilization taught them to check, in some measure, their primitive rudeness—in such a society there must have been a type and an aspect different from any with which we are acquainted. We are told that the pastimes of the ancient Romans were marked by coarse jokes, wantonness, buffooneries, and personal animadversions, launched under the pretext of pleasantry. When, after the lapse of time, the recurrence of these amusements suggested the idea of improvement in their form, then appeared the Fescennine* and Saturnine verses, which, though showing a step in advance, were still far from being what would seem to us commendable. Horace expresses a not very exalted opinion of them, inasmuch as they were neither elevated in sentiment nor marked by much ability. The names, Fescennine, from Fescennia, a city of Etruria, and Saturnine, it is to be presumed from Saturn, do not prepare us, by their suggestion of antiquity, for much that is elegant or well digested. In truth they were nothing more than extempore pleasantries, in which the witticisms were more original than admirable, and more pointed than neat. They were accompanied by gestures, dances, and grimaces, in which liveliness and aptness supplied the want of other qualities. But those performances had a merit in this, that they were unsophisticated, and that they were earnest. They showed by their vigor that whence they proceeded more was forthcoming—they marked the beginning of something.

They took strong hold of the people, and in a more or less improved form constituted the only popular scenic amusement for over a hundred years. In them the first rude efforts of Roman intellect took a shape; and in them we discover the early combination of satire and the drama. The licence of

* These verses were often afterwards used in a jocose or friendly manner. Pollio, the poet and historian, was often addressed in this manner by Augustus; and when the latter complained that he never received a reply, made this answer—that it was better not to write against one who could proscribe, the words *write* and *proscribe*, in the original, forming a pun.

those verses after a time made the need of improvement evident, and another and better poem was introduced, from which coarse epithets were excluded, and to which the aid of music was applied. This was called satire, and those who appeared in it, being more regular and professional than those who first hit upon these shows as an amusement, were called *histriones*, from the Tuscan word *hister*, which means an actor. Here, under the name of satire, which combined two ideas, the dramatic seems to have taken the lead.

A few remarks as to the meaning of the word satire may here be necessary. Some will have it that the composition known as satire is so called from the satyrs of the woods, because it conveyed a drollery like theirs; but the change of spelling, in the first place, is not to be accepted; and, again, there is reason for adopting a different etymology. It is much more probable that it derived its name from *satura*, an adjective denoting fulness and variety, and which, by connection with various substantives, became an idiom to mark many Roman usages or objects. For example, a certain dish containing many kinds of meat prepared together was called *satura;* and from this and other examples it is inferred, by analogy, that a literary composition containing many and various subjects, treated very much at will, must have derived its name in a similar way. This, then, was the idea to which they sought to give expression in applying the name —fulness and variety of subjects; and these subjects, it must be remembered, were represented theatrically.

Our modern idea of satire is quite different. The word to our minds suggests bitterness or sarcasm, and is not necessarily connected with scenic representation. The name of satire given by the Romans did not characterize the quality of bitterness, which among us has become its leading peculiarity. But we must inquire how it was that satire and the drama became divorced.

The first person who saw the superiority of the Greek representations was Livius Andronicus, and in imitating them he changed the literature of his country. His productions received so much public approval that the old satires were entirely neglected, or else added to the new representations in the manner of after-pieces, in which shape they were called *exodia*. After Livius came Ennius, who having observed how much the old satires used to delight the people, and since their place was now filled by the pure drama, conceived the idea of producing the satire as we now understand it—that is, a literary effusion, of an invective character, and having no necessary connection with the drama. He consi-

dered that the sharpness and force of which the old satires were the medium, were too good to be lost; and the fact of the dramatic portion of the satire having become elevated was no reason why the other portion should be suffered to decline. His subsequent fame as a writer of satire in this new sense gave proof of the correctness of his judgment. After Ennius came Pacuvius, and then Lucilius. The latter imparted to the satire so much power and grace that he cast his predecessors into the shade. Horace calls him the *first* writer of satire, meaning that he was the first who wrote it in its improved and polished style. Quintilian says: "Satire is all our own, and in it Lucilius first obtained distinguished praise." Juvenal calls him "magnus auruncæ alumnus." But a greater was to come. Horace, who bore the above testimony to the eminence of Lucilius, was, at the moment of writing it, exhibiting proof that he could transcend Lucilius as much as the latter surpassed those who preceded him. And Juvenal, who does homage to the power both of Lucilius and Horace, has left to mankind a set of satires which if they do not place him highest, certainly, as a favorite, leave him second to none.

Before instituting any inquiry as to Juvenal's peculiar force or comparing him with any of his predecessors, it will be proper to give one more rapid glance backwards at the progress of satire from its first uncouth and rustic ebullitions to the polished and elevated form which it assumed in the hands of its latest writers. The conveyance of invective, in connection with wit, was, as we have seen, the first and earliest object of Roman satire; and, though the wit may have been blunt and the invective sharp, still it exactly corresponded with our present idea of satire. But when it began to divest itself of its primitive scurrility, and especially after Ennius exhibited it in a form distinct from the drama, it no longer showed the same tendency. From a desire to avoid coarse personality, a more wide and philosophic turn was observable. Roman satire took for its object as much the inculcation of virtue as the condemnation of vice. This became its leading character; and though Lucilius and Horace dealt some heavy blows, still if satire had stopped with them, it would now chiefly impress us as a succession of moral lessons, sometimes tinged with an acrimonious playfulness. But mankind desires something more pungent than that. Nothing is so attractive to the multitude as personality; and men never like philosophy so well as when it cuts the individual offender like a sword. The love of satire, as we now understand the term, is inherent in the human breast. Sharp satire conveyed in any shape

and under any name is what tells best. Even those who are wounded by its shafts often forget the bitterness of the blow in the dexterity of the assailant. Aristophanes hurled his sharpest sarcasms at the heads of the Athenians, and, in return, they covered him with laurel. This writer was held in much esteem by St. John Chrysostom; and St. Jerome used to lighten his labor of translating the Scriptures by conning over the amusing pages of Plautus.

Look at the satires of our own time and in our own tongue! What an impression they have made! How often are they read? How often are they quoted? Who does not appreciate the power of Addison, of Sterne, and of Swift? Who is not pleased with the satirical sketches of Dickens, which only fail of being portraits through the well-pleased blindness of the appreciators of humor, who do not see their own resemblance. Of this sort of satire, that which we appreciate best and which is so variously illustrated by different English writers, Juvenal may be esteemed the parent. Considered in this light he deserves much of our attention and excites our most legitimate curiosity. Living ourselves at a time when freedom of speech and of the press is either well established or gaining ground, we look back and behold a man who existed at a period when tyrants were frequent and glimpses of freedom most uncertain; and who out of the strength of an honest nature and a scorn for the servility which nearly every great writer before him had exhibited, took the lash into his hand and laid it upon the shoulders of the vicious generation by whom he was surrounded. Juvenal's great characteristic is his intense earnestness and the almost personal malevolence with which he pursues the various wretches whose vices laid them open to his attack. The pleader who has a cause to promote, the orator who has a false principle to overthrow, the champion who has a duel to fight, show not more oneness of purpose than he; and to that degree does he appear studious of his object that his splendid diction and the graces of his style, his ingenious reasoning, his apt comparisons and his eloquent conclusions seem to flow as copious and unstudied as his anger, to which they appear subservient, but from which they borrow a greater power.

It is a matter of innate appreciation, which should be preferred to the other—Horace or Juvenal. They were men of different mould, style and temperament. It is not exactly which is better, one has to determine; but which, each person can appreciate better. Horace was an easy-going courtier and a brilliant poet; full of good-nature and of lyrical effusion, and not less facetious than he was philo-

sophical. We may suppose that under favor of the court, which he diligently cultivated, whatever he wrote was conceived in hope and presented to an audience whose favor was already assured. Juvenal, on the contrary, seems to have written without patronage; to have touched on subjects which were not without possible danger to the writer, and to have written, not so much because it was expected of him, or that his genius prompted, but that the times required it; and there were so many scribblers that his indignation left him no excuse for silence. Horace praised the advantage and happiness of frugality; commended moderation in all things; esteemed retirement and counselled a mild and prudent interpretation of the acts and character of others. * Juvenal for the most part, restricted himself to a smaller compass and struck with greater effect. He looked not so much to general principles of morality as to the irritating degeneracy which he witnessed around him. Horace wrote with an easy and equable ingenuity, surprising by its beauty and silencing by its power, sometimes deluding the reader by its infantile simplicity, sometimes startling him with deep reaches of thought and the unanswerable inferences which in his simplest moments he has in contemplation. Juvenal exhibits a clear-headed indignation against the objects that he attacks; syllogisms that do not stagger because they come forth in wrath; and venom which is never lost through unconsidered passion or never untimely spilt in haste. Horace is more the poet, Juvenal the declaimer. Horace considered the men around him as an epitome of mankind, and busied himself, though good-humoredly, with their inconsistencies and shortcomings, which seemed to him a quota of the errors of the world. Juvenal looked upon the crowd that met his observation in a more familiar light, that is to say, as his countrymen, and he detests them the more for being his countrymen, since he is obliged to consider them the most depraved of mankind. Horace is as Dacier calls him, a very Proteus, leading one along through unsuspected paths to places pleasant to be visited and to which access seemed impossible. Juvenal moves swiftly upon a straight road whose end you see; but his motions are full of a dignified and overmastering wrath, and his sparkling eyes warn you to look for something more alarming than you have yet witnessed. Horace chided men in general; Juvenal those of his country. Horace upset Stoics and Epicureans, extremists and fools generally. Juvenal attacked the depravity of Rome.

In some of their pieces their principles are the same, though the manner of treatment different. For instance, each has a

satire on "True and False Nobility," wherein merit is proclaimed to belong to the man and not to have come from his ancestors. In both the truth is proved in an unanswerable manner; but while the method of Horace may show a finer intellect, the illustrations of Juvenal are more forcible and tell sooner on the convictions. This estimate of these two great writers may be put to the test by asking the opinion of those who have been educated in the ancient classics, but who from want of reading have lost their clear conceptions of them. When questioned as to their impressions of Horace, they will smile, repeat some quotations, say he was a fine poet, and for the rest, they know he is entitled to a more definite praise, which they are willing to concede without being now able to remember those qualities which deserve it. But mention Juvenal, and they are delighted. They can repeat lines from every satire. They have certainly forgotten much, but they know his scope—they agree with his views, and will tell you what makes him great.

A further illustration of the difference between Horace and Juvenal may be shown in this, that the imitations of the former, though tried by the same or as excellent writers, are not so successful as those of the latter. Doctor Johnson's "London" and "Vanity of Human Wishes," which are imitations respectively of the Third and Tenth Satires, are as capable of winning the applause of those who read English, as the great prototypes are, of those who read Latin. The quality, whatever it may be, which proves so captivating in the original has been infused to a considerable extent into the imitation. And the "Hoarse Fitzgerald" of Lord Byron, is as likely to remain upon the memory as the "Hoarse Codrus" of Juvenal. But though imitations of Horace have been made by the best writers, among others by the noble poet just mentioned, and by Thomas Moore, who knows anything of them?—how poor they seem compared with the originals! Horace might have been a man of more varied qualities and finer gifts than Juvenal, but his works have not this great merit possessed by the others—that they lose scarcely any of their interest even at second hand.

There is much obscurity as to the private history of Juvenal. He himself speaks of Aquinum as his residence—probably it was his birth-place also. It was an old town of the Volsci, was the birth-place of Thomas Aquinas, and is now known as Aquino. It is in ancient Campania, which nearly corresponds with the present Terra di Lavoro. That he was born in a lowly condition may be regarded as certain from the manner in which he is addressed by Martial:

> "Dum tu forsitan inquietus erras
> Clamosa Juvenalis in Subura
> Aut collem dominæ teris Dianæ;
> Dum per limina te potentiorum
> Sudatrix toga ventitat," &c.

This mention of Juvenal's name in connection with the Subura, the meanest quarter of Rome, as also the allusion to his deferential visits to the houses of the great, bear evidence to his humble condition: and we may understand that the bitterness with which Juvenal describes the indignities offered by the rich to the poor, is the result of personal experience.

As to the difficulty which particularly attends the fixing the date of some of his satires, as well as his own age at the time of their commencement, it may be as well to state briefly all that is known of the matter, and to separate what is certain from what is doubtful in order to find some reasonable theory.

The most noteworthy fact of which we are informed concerning his private history, is this—that he was banished to Egypt for an attack on a person named Paris—some say at the age of forty, some say of eighty years. By which of four emperors was he banished? becomes the first question. And at which of those two periods of life? becomes the second. He was banished either by Domitian or one of his three immediate successors. He could not have been banished by Domitian for an attack on Paris the pantomime, and be at the same time eighty years old—because Paris died A.D. 83, and by reference to some of Juvenal's other satires, we find him still writing in A.D. 120. This would add thirty-seven years to the eighty which Juvenal had already lived; consequently the supposition on which that deduction is based, cannot be admitted. He must then either have been banished much younger or banished by some other emperor than Domitian. But we cannot, from the character of Nerva, Trajan or Adrian, suppose that he could have been exiled by any one of them, for any expression which can be found in his writings. The only conclusion then at which we can arrive is that his exile was decreed by Domitian for the above mentioned cause, at a much earlier period of his life than eighty years. He lived probably in all about eighty years; and allowing forty years as embracing the extreme limits of the time spent in the composition of his satires, we infer that he was about forty years old when he wrote those strictures upon the pantomime which drew down Domitian's anger. It would further appear reasonable to think that the Seventh Satire, in

which those verses occur, was the first written ;* because there is scarcely a satire in the collection for which that suspicious monster would not have punished him, on account of their free and independent style; and this conjecture is the more likely as this very Seventh Satire which proved offensive contained in the opening lines a compliment to the reigning emperor as then promising to be a patron of letters :† yet this compliment did not save the writer. Of the others, if we omit those which bear direct evidence of having been written after the death of the tyrant, there is in those that remain, no laudation of the reigning monarch, an omission which would not be much relished by one like Domitian, who was well flattered by the literary men whom for a short time he patronized. Those satires which bear evidence of having been written after the death of Domitian are :—The First, which by the allusion to the trial of Marius Priscus, must have been written after A.D. 100, which would bring us to the third year of Trajan : the Second, in which he calls Domitian "tragico pollutus, adulter, concubitu"—terms which he could scarcely apply to the man who punished him for sneering at his jester: the Fourth, wherein he makes direct mention of the assassination of Domitian : the Sixth, in which mention is made of goblets showing the Emperor's effigy with the inscription, "Dacicus et Germanicus," which inscription would apply either to Domitian or Trajan, but which Juvenal must have meant to apply to Trajan, for if he had the former in his mind he would probably have brought forward this undeserved title in so sarcastic a way as to show its inappropriateness; whereas it would seem rather to be an indirect compliment—besides he mentions a comet which, according to Lipsius, appeared in the time of Trajan : the Thirteenth, which was written in the 3d year of Adrian, because Calvinus, to whom it was addressed, and who was born in the fifth year of Nero, was then sixty years old, which would bring down this satire to the time above mentioned: the Sixteenth, in which he mentions a consul Junius—there was a consul of this name in the reign of Adrian, which would seem to bring the last and unfinished work of our poet also to Adrian's

* Most critics are of opinion that it is the passage which commences as follows, that caused the banishment of the author :

"Accipe nunc artes, ne quid tibi conferat iste,
Quem colis, et Musarum et Apollinis æde relicta.
Ipse facit versus, atque uni credit Homero
Propter mille annos."

† The first line contains a sufficient compliment in itself:—

"Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum."

reign. The best supported theory would then seem to be that Juvenal was probably born in the reign of Claudius, and that he died in the reign of Adrian; that before the age of forty, previous to which he seems to have been an advocate and declaimer, he wrote nothing with which we are acquainted; that then appeared the satire now called the Seventh, for which he was exiled to Egypt, whence soon returning after Domitian's death, he wrote or published all the rest.

Taking all this for granted—considering the eighty years of our author's life as arranged between these limits, we may now recall to memory the startling political changes which he must have witnessed, as well as the social condition to which his pages bear testimony. No less than ten emperors reigned during that eventful period. Of these, Nero, Vitellius and Domitian were preëminent for their vices, and if our poet in his indignant exclamations has omitted mention of the second, it must be owing to the shortness of his reign. Amongst the rest, even those who would be entitled to eulogy at the hands of even the most scrupulous writer, received no compliments from Juvenal, since his business was not to select that which he might commend, but to record his censure upon the all-surpassing corruption which he foresaw was to ruin his country. The concluding years of this long period bring us in close view of the culminating point of Roman greatness, since, to Adrian succeeded the Antonines, whose figures mark the starting point of the admirable though not unexceptionable work of Gibbon. Turning to the pages of the latter for the luminous exposition of cause and effect in connection with the slow but steadily approaching doom of imperial Rome—and at the same time making frequent reference for more intimate information, to the satires of the poet whose genius we are commenting on—the inquiring mind will be led to make a moral upon governments and a homily upon empires.

The first great characteristic which, as set forth by Gibbon, distinguishes the imperial from the republican system, is the policy recommended by Augustus of making no more conquests, but of simply guarding what had been already acquired—that is to say, of keeping within the following boundaries, the Atlantic Ocean on the West, the Rhine and Danube on the North, the Euphrates on the East, and the deserts of Arabia and Africa on the South. Rome had nearly attained her growth, and her utmost exertions would be required in trying to keep the strength she had. This recommendation was followed by all the emperors whose reigns were witnessed by Juvenal, excepting only those four who personally or by their lieutenants added Britain and Dacia to the empire.

Trajan, the conqueror of the latter country, inflamed by military ambition, even made an incursion farther east; but the territory thus acquired was relinquished by his successor, and the empire soon assumed the boundaries indicated in the previous sentence. Here then we have the utmost limits of Roman power, and within those limits, embracing so many modern states, the extreme measurements were, from east to west more than three thousand miles, and from north to south, more than two thousand miles, giving an area slightly less than that contained within the States and Territories of the United States. Consulting still the same authority, we find that in the reign of Adrian this territory was defended by an aggregate force of about three hundred and seventy-five thousand men, which being a peace establishment, was amply sufficient for the maintenance even of so vast a dominion.

When one reflects on the gradual and well-knit progress of Roman power; the perfection of force and skill displayed in the conquering march of the Roman armies; the inevitable failures of the barbarous states who in spurning at subjection rushed to their own doom; and the consolidation of power which followed every brilliant achievement in the field, it is at first difficult to conceive why the boundaries which existed in the time of Adrian could not have been preserved and the decadence of Rome deferred to a far distant day. But turn from Rome the empire to Rome the city, and the mystery is explained. Take up Juvenal, and with no other light than what radiates from his angry pages, take a close survey of the moral condition of the capital of the world, and you will cease to feel surprise that her dominion was doomed and that her power should pass away. Rome the empire could be nothing without Rome the city. Wanting this, it would have no centre of union, no source of law, no prestige, no directing influence and no name. Having this, it had all the elements of unity—as long as they were untainted or well directed. But when the centre of union became convulsed; when the source of law became a hotbed of lawlessness; when the prestige was lost; when the directing influence grew into a sort of insanity, and the name was nothing better than a symbol of slavery at home and cruelty abroad—then those hardy barbarians, so often subdued by Roman discipline—as they gazed with inextinguishable hate over the barriers erected against their attacks, and saw the ancient soldierly vigilance relaxed through the enervating corruption which had been diffused within—rushed in, and in their own rude way, accomplished a memorable work of justice.

The details of Roman life furnished by our satirist are no

less interesting to the curious inquirer into ancient customs, than they are revolting to the moralist from the darkness of their coloring. It is living, panting Rome which can be seen, almost heard, in his pages. Nowhere else can a more lifelike, and at the same time a more repulsive picture be found. The pride and gluttony of the rich and the mean sycophancy of the poor; the knavery of men and the profligacy of women; the opposite vices of avarice and gaming existing together and each outstripping ordinary bounds; the daily growth of political and private dishonesty; the rise to the surface of men of known corruption, men who had used all the public facilities for knavery to the most profitable advantage —these and a thousand other disgraceful features are the objects which he brands with a no gentle hand. A good idea of the condition of Rome may be gathered from these few words—terrible words for any writer to utter of his country—*Omne vitium in præcipiti stetit—Every kind of vice has for some time been at its highest development.*

If posterity can ever be supposed to profit by the warnings of the past—a thing which it is too self-assured to do—Juvenal is a writer who is worth gold. But when men read satire, they approach it with a self-love that looks only for laughter and remains blind to its extended application. Capito cheats the Cilicians, and after having been accused of extortion and condemned to lose his equestrian rank, regains it through influence, and punishes the advocate who pleaded against him. Marius Priscus strips the Province of Africa to an immense extent, and when accused by Pliny, is sentenced to pay a pitiful fine of about thirty thousand dollars, which however goes not back to Africa, but into the public treasury. Dolabella robs the Macedonians; Verres makes Sicily his prey—and when we read of these acts we look upon the names as merely ancient names, and do not reflect that there may be a Capito, a Marius Priscus, a Dolabella or a Verres among ourselves.

Besides the attractions which satire possesses from its style and spirit, it has, when treating of a remote period, this additional advantage over other species of composition—that its local allusions are more frequent and more descriptive, and therefore more capable of gratifying the minute curiosity of the student of antiquity. If Juvenal's object had been to furnish us with a picture of the every-day life of the inhabitants of Rome, his allusions of this kind could scarcely be more numerous or more varied. He introduces us suddenly into the crowded streets, where, amongst the multitude that pass on foot, or the stream of rich citizens who are carried in

litters on the shoulders of their slaves, or the throng of dependents who jostle each other round some great man's door, a particular face or dress is perceived, which gives rise to reminiscences which are likely to make one afterwards remember its owner. He carries us to the baths, where if any visitor should come with a too great retinue or an undue affectation of wealth, he is sure to brand him with such pitiful assumption. He takes us into the circus, where we see the chariot-drivers in their colors of green, russet, blue, and white, and where we hear the *fragor* as the winning color comes to the goal. He brings us to the Forum, where, round the statue of Apollo, the lawyers are constantly pleading, and where also some individual of more than ordinary lungs and impudence is marked for disapprobation; to the temples, where the votaries are fastening their written supplications to the knees of the gods; to the taverns, with their inscriptions over the doors without, and their promiscuous assemblages within, where, amongst "sailors, thieves and cut-throats, runaways, coffin makers and drunken priests of Cybele," a general of the empire may be seen an equal amongst them; to the amphitheatre, where noblemen, hiding their degradation in a thin disguise, contend with the common gladiators, and sometimes, amidst the hootings of the populace, fly for their lives around the arena; to the theatres, where, amidst the actors on the stage, persons of the highest birth do not scruple to appear in character, and for the amusement of the rabble, accept all the indignity which their allotted parts may bring to them. Nothing that he does not point out to us, nothing of which he does not give his opinion. He shows the gay young noble careering in his chariot along the Flaminian Road when he should be commanding a cohort on the Danube or Rhine; the consul, forgetful of his dignity, currying his horses in the stable, before the statue of the filthy Goddess Hippona; the rich man reclining at a board furnished with all the delicacies which the various quarters of the world can supply, and also actually provided with a poorer provender for the dependents who, for lack of better company, are invited to the mansion. He tells us of the condition of lawyers, poets, historians, schoolmasters. He speaks of dresses, of dishes, of arms, of ornaments. He mentions the games, the festivals, the processions; the mad orgies which every day he witnessed. He throws light upon the condition of all classes, from the highest to the lowest. He passes from Cæsar's palace through many a curious winding till he rests in the miserable cabin where the poor man cooks his meal of potherbs. Some places, indeed, he visits where modern criticism refuses to

follow his footsteps. But though Juvenal never hesitates to thrust his daring lamp over the most skulking iniquity, his eye never betrays a morbid fire at the spectacles disclosed, but ever retains its scornful glare. In matters of religion, he sometimes professes a pious belief in the power of sacrifices to the gods; sometimes sneers at the uncouth and strange deities which were crowded on Olympus. He sometimes speaks of Jews, of whom he gives a repulsive picture; but nowhere of Christians, if we except the allusion, at the end of the First Satire, to the fiery punishment inflicted on them by Nero.

To illustrate the power which Juvenal must have exerted with the public of his time, and the degree of personality which he thought proper to use, we will, as a first example, refer to one of his reasons for writing satire: "When I see our patricians surpassed in luxury by a man under whose professional hand my youthful beard was clipped; when I see Crispinus, that slave of a slave, from Canopus, shifting upon his shoulders his splendid Tyrian cloak, and ventilating upon his sweating fingers his summer ring—for he cannot in this weather endure his more ponderous gem—I find it difficult not to write satire."

The person first alluded to is supposed to be a certain Cinnamus, a barber, against whom Martial levelled the following couple of epigrammatic shafts:

"O *Cinnamus*, why shouldst thou *Cinna* be named?
'Tis a barbarous twisting of words, my dear sir;
For if *Furius* ever thou couldst be proclaimed,
By a like transformation thy name should be Fur.*

Thou who once wert a barber, and now art a knight,
And hast since travelled much for enjoyment and ease,
By what means shall thy dull round of time be made light,
Or thy lack of employment be tortured to please?

Thou art neither a teacher, a cynic, nor stoic;
Nor canst thou attempt, while on Sicily's shore,
To make sale of thy voice in some action heroic—
A barber, a barber thou art, and no more."

In presenting some extracts from Juvenal it cannot be expected that we should represent each of his numerous translators. There are no less than eight distinct English versions of our author. Of these there are only two at present within our reach—but of some of the others we have a good conception. To speak first of Dryden, who comes under the last remark, he of course appears as Dryden ought to appear; you recognize the power, the poetic skill which should belong to him—but his fault would seem to be that he has injudiciously

* Thief.

modernized some of Juvenal's allusions and terms of thought. Holyday's version is chiefly valuable for this—that to a satisfactory translation, he added notes which had some value. Gifford and Badham are before us. It was in 1802 that Mr. Gifford's Juvenal first appeared. Nearly thirty years later came forth the translation of Mr. Badham, a professor of medicine in the University of Glasgow. The *Quarterly Review*, of which Gifford was then editor, treated Dr. Badham's production with some severity, to which the latter gentleman, in his second edition, was not slow to reply. He says, that since an opinion with regard to his critic's translation was then wrung from him, he scruples not to say that he "thinks very moderately of his success"—and further on, when scouting the insinuation that he had copied from Gifford's book, he adds this further opinion of it, that it was to him "rather the buoy which tells of a shipwreck, than the brilliant Pharos, the revolving light, which invites to the security of the harbor." All that we shall say on the merits of the case is this, that literary men are the same mere men as the rest of humanity.

In presenting a specimen from each of the versions mentioned, we will not say which ought to be preferred, but merely remark that both are very good, and present nearly the same true appreciation of the original. One remarkable difference however exists in this, that Badham's satires are usually once and a half as long as Gifford's, which would seem to argue that one looked more to literal faithfulness, the other more to presenting the true spirit—although Gifford's friends claim that he, as much as it was desirable, attained both objects. Badham thus opens in the First, where Juvenal inveighs against the scribblers of his time:

"That Theseid still! What! have they no remorse?
Shall Codrus, with diurnal ravings hoarse,
Shall, whining elegies against my will,
And wretched dramas persecute me still,
Unpunished Telephus my days consume?
And marginless Orestes be my doom,
Where o'er the sheets, vast back th' extending scrawl
Is not yet finished, though it fills it all?
Must all this be, and must I still resigned,
Still only hear nor once repay in kind?
None better knows the house he calls his own
Than Vulcan's cave long since to me was known,
What winds and wherefore missioned sweep the sky,
What ghosts are scourged by Œacus and why;
Who launched the galley that in days of old
Bore off that furtive prize, the fleece of gold;
How Monychus the mountain ash can tear
And hurl the monstrous missile through the air.
These be the themes, the everlasting strains,
That echoed all day long mid Fronto's planes,

That his vast corridors and halls endure
Till columns split and walls are insecure.
And yet ourselves once snatched the hand away
From prone descending rod as well as they,
And counselled Sylla before all the school
That to sleep soundly, he must cease to rule.
Enough! enough! the clemency were vain
From paper doomed to perish, to abstain."

Now, with the exception of the arrangement of the first five lines, this passage is faithful as well as spirited. The rendering of "manum subduximus ferulæ" is particularly well managed. Indeed, Dr. Badham's poetry is racy enough, much better than his prose. The prose writing of many men of science, and of some artists too, is not the very smoothest to the ear or clearest to the mind; and Dr. Badham appears in this respect to be slightly like them, as is shown by the style of his preface. Further on, still from the same translator, the following may be selected:

"When eunuchs marry; when our Mævias dare
The Tuscan boar with bust and shoulders bare;
When senators are poor to him compared
Whose razor flayed my rudiments of beard;
When a born slave, a fellow from the Nile,
Whom e'en Canopus had accounted vile,
Crispinus, cumbered with his purple vest,
Waves his hot hand with lightest rings oppressed,
And sweats beneath the weight of summer gold!—
What! from the pen of satire still withhold!—
Show me the man that starts not when he sees
Fat Matho plunged in cushions at his ease,
Nor curses traitors when there passes by
Some purse-proud vagabond, some cut-throat spy,
That rises to distinction when he drains
The last best blood that flowed in Roman veins."

Thus he continues in the same sustained and vigorous manner to the end of the satire.*

* The original of the lines just quoted is, however, so vastly superior to any English translation that could be given, that the classical student will be glad to refresh his memory by perusing it even in the form of a foot-note:

"Unum tener uxorem ducat spado; Mævia Tuscum
Figat aprum, et nuda teneat venabula mamma;
Patricios omnes opibus quum provocet unus,
Quo tondente, gravis juveni mihi barba sonabat;
Quum pars Niliacæ plebis, quum verna Canopi
Crispinus, Tzrias humero revocante lacernas,
Ventilet æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ;
Difficile est satiram non scribere: nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se,
Cansidici nova quum veniat lectica Mathonis,
Plena ipso? post hunc magni delator amici,
Et cito rapturus de nobilitate comesa,
Quod superest, quem Massa timet, quem munere palpat
Carus, et a trepido Thymele submissa Latino?"

Now we will give from Gifford, some lines from the Second, wherein Juvenal expresses his abhorrence for hypocrites:

"Oh! I could flee, inflamed with just disdain,
To the bleak regions of the frozen main,
When from their lips the cant of virtue falls,
Who talk like Curii, live like Bacchanals.
Devoid of knowledge as of worth, they thrust
In every nook some philosophic bust,
For he among them, counts himself most wise
Who most old sages of the sculptor buys;
Sets most true Zenos, most Cleanthe's heads
To guard the volumes which he—never reads.
Trust not to outward show—in every street
Obscenity in formal garb we meet.
And dost thou, hypocrite, our lusts arraign,
Thou of Socratic pathics the mere drain?
Nature thy rough and shaggy limbs designed
To mark a stern inexorable mind:
Gravely demure, in wisdom's awful chair
His beetling eyebrows longer than his hair,
In silent state the affected stoic sits,
And drops his maxims on the crowd by fits!
You, Peribomius, whose emaciate air
And tottering gait, his rank disease declare,
With patience I can view: he braves disgrace,
Nor skulks behind a sanctimonious face:
Him may his folly or his fate excuse—
But whip me those who Verres' name abuse,
And soiled with all the vices of the times,
Thunder damnation on their neighbors' crimes.
'Why should I shrink at Sextus? Can I be,
Whate'er my infamy, more base than he?'
Varillus cries: The man who treads aright
May mock the halt, the swarthy Moor, the white;
This we allow, but patience self must fail
To hear the Gracchi at sedition rail.
Who would not mingle earth, and sea, and sky
Should Milo, murder; Verres, theft decry?
Clodius, adultry? Catiline accuse
Cethegus, Lentulus of factious views?
And Sylla's pupils, while they ape the deed,
Against his tables of proscription plead?"*

This Second Satire, though not much read, contains some of Juvenal's best lines, and some of the finest specimens of his style. It is just as well that it is not read, for it contains evidences of criminality for which our own times, abandoned as they are, afford no parallel. But though Juvenal does not scruple to name things which among us would be considered

* The three last lines of the first stanza give but a faint idea of the original, the most important words being not translated at all; and the same remark will apply to several other lines in the same passage. The words of Juvenal are the following:

——— "Nam perfictissimus horum est
Si quis Aristoletem similem vel Pittacon eruit
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas."

best passed over, yet he is no sensation writer; he is really inflamed with a love of morality, as the solemn conclusion of this very satire bears witness.

The Third Satire, which has come down to us with a freshness that promises to remain forever—the most admired perhaps of the whole collection—expresses the indignant complaints of Umbritius, an honest man, who becoming disgusted with everything in Rome, packed up his goods in a wagon and moved off, never to return. Juvenal accompanies him as far as the "moist Capenian Gate," now Gate of St. Sebastian, which opened on the road to Capua. Here Umbritius stood a moment to pour into the sympathetic ear of his friend, his accusation against Rome. After having given the attending circumstances, Gifford thus continues with the complaint of Umbritius:

> "Umbritius here his sullen silence broke
> And turned on Rome indignant as he spoke.
> Since virtue droops, he cried, without regard,
> And honest toil scarce hopes a poor reward;
> Since every morrow sees my means decay,
> And still makes less the little of to-day;
> I hasten there, where all his labors past,
> The flying artist found repose at last.
> While something yet of life and strength remains,
> While yet my step no bending staff sustains;
> While few grey hairs upon my head are seen,
> And my old age is vigorous still and green—
> Here then I bid my much-loved home farewell,
> Ah! mine no more! there let Asturius dwell
> And Catulus; knaves who in truth's despite,
> Can white to black transform and black to white,
> Build temples, furnish funerals, auctions hold,
> Farm rivers, ports, and scour the drains for gold.
> Once they were trumpeters, and up and down
> Followed the fencers; known to every clown
> By their puffed cheeks; now they themselves give shows,
> And with a nod, of life and death dispose
> To win the rabble; then as avarice wakes,
> Rise from the bloody scene, to—farm the jakes."

This was a very pretty state of things; and Asturius (or Artorius) and Catulus are nice specimens of successful men—thanks to the satirist who lets us see them so plainly.

Now let Badham give that part where he expresses his hatred for the Greeks who were swarming into the city:

> "From that vile race at length behold me free,
> Dear to the great, detestable to me!
> Scruples away! what, is it come to this?
> Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?
> Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart
> The feculence of Greece but forms a part.
> Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day
> Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way;

Hence Syrian speech and Syrian manners come,
And Syrian music and the barbarous drum.
* * * * *
Into each house the wily strangers crawl
Obsequious now—soon to be lords of all.
Prompt to discern and swift to seize the time,
Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.
Torrents of words that might Isæus drown
Rush forth at once and bear you helpless down.
Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,
The deep in science, the adept in arts;
Geometer, logician, man of taste,
Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced;
Medicine and magic swell the ample list
From augur grave to light funambulist;
Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose,
Th' absurd, th' impossible, he'll not refuse.
* * * * *
Laugh, and his sides shake twice as long as yours;
Weep, and what agony his soul endures!
He'll sweat in simple complaisance to you,
And when you're cold, he clings to his surtout.
Oh, yield the palm, he must outrun thee far
Who makes another's mood his ruling star;
Is all he wills to be by night or day,
Nor fears one honest feature shall betray."

Without going into the description of the sufferings of the poor, the conflagrations with their attendant miseries, among which are mentioned the burning of the garret of poor Codrus the poet, whose only goods were,—a statue of Chiron, a two-eared jug; and over them, on a shelf, six earthen pitchers —a box of Greek books and a bed which was not long enough for his wife—without going into this, or bringing forward the footpads who haunted the dark streets at night and attacked innocent passers by, we will refer the reader to Dr. Johnson's "London," which is a paraphrase of Juvenal's "Rome," and where the resemblance will be found rather amusing. Having first mentioned the purpose of his supposed friend Thales to quit London for "Cambria's solitary shore," he accompanies him to Greenwich, and while waiting for the wherry he listens to the complaints of the willing exile, which he transmits for our benefit.

"At length awaking with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighboring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those cursed walls devote to vice and gain
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress
And every moment leaves my little less," &c., &c.

Though the temptation is great, we cannot give any more from this admirable paraphrase; neither can we extract from the "Vanity of Human Wishes," since there are other portions

of our author which it will be necessary to bring forward before closing this article, already so long. In presenting those parts we will furnish the translation ourselves, not that we do as well thereby, but merely for the sake of avoiding that dignified sameness of measure which seems to be the rule in dealing with the old poets, and substituting something which has a more bounding and satirical sound. Passing over the Fourth, wherein a council of state is held by Domitian to decide whether a certain large fish shall be cooked whole or not —for the reason that the satire, like the aforesaid fish, would be spoiled by cutting, and should remain untouched—we will take some portions of the Fifth, not that this satire is comparable with many others, but that it is so curious in its details. It is addressed to a mean parasite who took every insult from the rich for what he could get at their table:

"If you're yet not ashamed, if you still feel inclined
To take chance for your bread at another man's table,
If you think you can bear with an equable mind
What Sarmentus and Galba, both vile, were not able
To suffer from Cæsar—you've reached that degree
Of contempt, that your oath has no value with me.
The demands of a stomach are easy to pay—
One would think—but suppose the supplies can't be found,
Is no vacancy left by a bridge or a quay
Where a beggar might spread his small rug on the ground?
Is a supper that's seasoned with insult more sweet
Than a decent dog's dinner outside in the street?
First remember, when asked by your patron to dine
That the feast goes to cancel past service—no matter
How rare it may happen—your lord keeps the line
Of his conduct unaltered—you're paid in a platter.
Two months we'll suppose have passed o'er and for fear
The spare couch should continue much longer unpressed,
He commands his neglected poor friend to appear;
And the friend comes with joy—'tis the utmost and best
Of your wishes—ambition with you has its seat
In the stomach and valiantly lives on fat meat."

The banquet begins; and the freedmen and the parasites are supplied with a poor but intoxicating wine, by which being soon excited, they throw jars at one another for the amusement of their patron. *His* wine is different:

"But the wine that he drinks was sealed up at the time
That our Consuls wore beards, and its juice was expressed
In the war of the slaves—you must think it is prime,
And if not, all I say is that bad is the best.
One drop of that wine he'd not grant the desire
Of his very best friend though his heart was on fire.
And next day he'll not drink of the same—he shall better
Be pleased with the Alban or Setine, whose years
Can't be told by the mouth of the jar, not a letter
Through age and long rust any longer appears—
Such wine did Helvidius and Pætus delight
On the birth-day of Brutus to quaff till midnight."

A tribute is here incidentally paid to two noble patriots, Helvidius and Pætus, one put to death, the other banished by Nero for republican sentiments. Following the description of the wines, comes that of the cups. The cup used by the master is beautifully crusted with amber or with pearls; the flagon placed for the guest is a four-cornered article, the invention of a noted cobbler of Beneventum. Even the water which they drink is not the same:

> "When he burns from high food and strong wine, what perversion
> Of cunning is used his first sense to restore;
> He drinks of warm water made cool by immersion
> And colder than snow of the North Asian shore;
> Common *water's* for you—you should therefore not pine
> If great Virro allots to your share, common *wine*."

The slave who waits on the guest is a Moor or Getulian; while the master is attended by a beautiful boy from Asia, who was purchased for more money than was ever possessed by old King Ancus, or fighting Tullus. It may be added that it is part of the business of the slaves to watch the master's drinking cups, lest the guests may pick off the ornaments and carry them away in their pockets. Of the bread, as of the wine; there are two kinds:

> "The bread that they grudgingly give *you* is such
> As your grinders can't break or your palate endure,
> While the bread that *he* uses is soft to the touch
> And too tender and white for the taste of the poor.
> If you put your irreverent hand near the mould—
> And I scarcely suppose you can have so much daring—
> Some one of the servants will surely cry, 'Hold,
> Master client, you reach for your bread without caring
> To think of its color—such doting won't do;
> This is bread number *one*; yours is bread number *two*.'"

The master gets for himself a fine lobster with asparagus; the client gets "a shrunk little crab and the half of an egg;" the master has the best oil; the client has oil that smells bad; the master feeds on a mullet from Corsica and a lamprey from Charybdis; the client takes, instead of this, a snake-like eel, or a pike caught in the Tiber, which was nurtured by the filth of the Cloaca and used to swim under the very Subura. Among other dainties mentioned as being solely for the master's use are an enlarged goose's liver—what is now called *paté de foie gras*—a whole boar and a capon as big as a goose. Apples and mushrooms are also brought in, there being two qualities of them, one for the host, the other for the guest. Martial in one of his epigrams remonstrates with such another person as the Virro of Juvenal in words so like those employed by the latter on the present occasion, that one almost looks the suggestion of the other. But let us hasten on to other

matters. In the Sixth Satire, from which we shall give nothing, if for no other reason than want of space, there is a description of the temple and priests of Isis, a Goddess viewed by Juvenal with detestation. In Moore's *Epicurean* there is a very rose-colored and fantastic delineation of the ceremonies of the same Goddess—but while the pagan scarcely less than the Christian writer appears bitterly conscious of the impious imposture of those practices, the one affords us more satisfaction in holding them up broadly to our derision, than the other in surrounding them with the halo even of a poetic genius like his. Another reason for Juvenal's dislike to the Goddess Isis, besides the natural opposition which he would give to deceit, lay in the fact that she was foreign, and of all foreign things, that she was Egyptian. Now, as Gibbon remarks, the pagans in matters of religion extended a wide indulgence to each other, and mutually borrowed their gods. Yet there were sometimes exceptions to this liberality, as was the case in regard to Isis a little previous to Juvenal's time. Though she had once, especially with the women, been a great favorite, she was now fallen into deserved disrepute, by reason of the coarse lewdness of which she was the prompter. The story of Mundus and Paulina, taken from the pages of Josephus, where in the dry manner of the chronicler it is coldly related, is quite enough even at this distant day to heat the blood with anger, and to make one wish that he could have applied the torch to the biding-place of such a divinity, or have cast stones at her ministers. It is in short a record of one of the worst of crimes perpetrated in one of these temples through superstitious agencies, for money, by the aid of the priests. But it did not go unpunished: and we can afford to applaud the memory even of a Tiberius when we find that by his order the temple was pulled down, the priests crucified and the statue of the Goddess flung into the Tiber. With these memories as an additional stimulus to his wrath, what wonder that our satirist has no feeling for the Goddess Isis but one of abhorrence.

The Seventh Satire, or according to our hypothesis, the first, is interesting not only for the point involved as to the question of time but for the importance of the matter treated —the condition of literature and literary men—and the question of the just or unjust animating influence of the writer. Gibbon calls it "a morose satire which in every line betrays his own disappointment and envy." Now if this Satire was written under Domitian, as seems almost beyond doubt, the lines which, according to Gibbon, our satirist feels himself "obliged" to write—

— "O Juvenes, circumspicit et stimulat vos
Materiam sibi Ducis indulgentia quærit;"

these lines are a proof that the willingness existed to give credit where it was due. Domitian for a while sought out and rewarded literary men, who in return paid him in flattery, as can be seen in their writings. But that this was all the encouragement they received at this time, we are willing to take on Juvenal's word, and we consider him excellent authority. Gibbon, at the beginning of his history, tries to elevate everything in order that the "fall" which is approaching may be the greater. There is no more moroseness shown in this Satire of Juvenal than in any other: on the contrary, he bestows on the emperor the above lines of laudation—stinted indeed, but from him a great deal. If some will regret that his page should ever have reflected the praise of a tyrant, let them take pride that in the same Satire, though he has already expressed his satisfaction at the favor of the prince towards literary men, he utters his protest against dispensing that favor through the hands of the court buffoon. He shows moroseness, perhaps, in decrying one or two justly distinguished men, seemingly because while they were rewarded he himself was neglected. But if he detracts from those who were well-used, he takes care to elevate those who were equally deserving and were not noticed at all. If he sneers at Quintilian, he pays homage to Satius. But let us see how he touches on all these matters—

"It is easy for Lucan to write for mere fame,
In his statue-filled garden sublimely reclining:
Serranus and Bassus might write for the same,
If their thoughts did not constantly turn on mere dining.
When Statius hath promised to read his great piece
And has mentioned the day—there's a rush from all ranks,
Men love so to hear of that city of Greece
Which two brothers contested—and Statius has thanks;
Has thanks for his genius and splendor of diction,
Has thanks overflowing and boundless applause—
But while thus applauded he feels the affliction
Of hunger, unless he would further his cause
By transferring to Paris the emperor's mime,
His Agave before 'tis performed the first time."

The passage relating to Quintilian reads thus:

"Quintilian hath profits which others have not—
Let us pass such examples which prove nor disprove:
For luck gives no standard of man's common lot,
Luck exists without rule: it can move and remove.
Luck is wise and well nurtured and high-minded too;
Luck lays claim to all merit; is handsome; is keen;
Puts the senator's mark on his bright leather shoe
And no better debater or pleader e'er seen.

Luck admits no obstruction and yields to no dread
And can sing a good song with a cold in the head.
* * * * *
A rich rhetorician is rare here below,
And Quintilian amongst them is like a white crow."*

This indeed does not sound like the language of jealousy; it is but part of the legitimate argument of one honestly making out his case. Juvenal's idea of the dignity of a poet and the importance to him of a condition above want is finely set forth in the leading portion of this Satire:

"Your excellent poet, your man of fine thought,
Who can travel bright paths, to the vulgar unknown,
All whose subjects are new, whose productions are wrought
With a stamp and a genius entirely his own—
Such a one as I well can conceive but scarce find;
What goes to produce him? a life without care,
A heart unembittered, a proud and high mind
Not distracted with troubles; which seeks the free air,
Never tempted to change, never tempted to droop,
Which alone at the founts of Aonia need stoop.
No pauper can ere be a poet—the strife
For the needs of the body takes all of his time;
And the fancy enthralled by the mean wants of life,
First will sober, then sicken, then wane from its prime.
When the stomach wants bread, 'tis not easy to sing,
Nor can mis'ry be tuneful or hunger inspired,
If beneath the Pierian cave you should bring
A starved poet, not e'en in that place he'd be fired.
When Horace says 'Ohe!' he's full of good cheer,
And alone to the full is the power of fine writing.
Apollo and Bacchus won't dwell where the fear
Of distress ever lives where existence is fighting
With famine—two things will be found not to chime:
That's the search after food and the search after rhyme."

The curiosities of this, as well as of all the other Satires, are elucidated in the works whose names stand at the head of this article. But let us, without comment, and merely while passing on to the end, give an extract from the Eighth Satire, which will speak for itself:

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* No translation can do justice to the exquisite humor of this passage, and accordingly we transcribe the original:

"Unde igitur tot
Quintilianus habet saltus? exempla novorum
Fatorum transi: felix, et pulcher, et acer;
Felix, et sapiens, et nobilis, et generosus,
Appositam nigræ lunam subtexit alutæ:
Felix, orator quoque maximus, et jaculator;
Et, si perfrixit, cantat bene. Distat enim, quæ
Sidera te excipiant modo primos incipientem
Edere vagitus, et adhuc a matre rubentem.
Si Fortuna volet, fies de rhetore consul:
Si volet hæc eadem, fies de consule rhetor."

Sat. VII., v. 188–98.

"Pray, talk not to me of your father's great deeds,
Since you forge secret wills in the temples they built;
Pray, show not their statues, their chariots and steeds,
Since the scenes of *their* glory are scenes of *your* guilt.
Presume not to mention your lineage or name,
While we know that your custom is knightly to prowl,
With no business in hand that will add to your fame,
Your head closely veiled in a santonic cowl.
How gaily does fat Lateranus career
Past the bones of his fathers—nor shame does he feel,
Though a consul, to be to himself charioteer:
And his own very hands put the drag to the wheel.
To his credit indeed he but goes in the night,
But the moon and the stars *they* can witness the sight.
His term once expired then his tastes shall appear,
In the broad open daylight his whip he shall take,
He shall meet ev'ry friend without shame, without fear,
And an eager salute he shall hasten to make;
He shall throw down the barley and shake out the hay
To his horses, worn out from the toils of the day.
When an offering he makes at the altar of Jove,
Both of sheep and a steer, as our Numa decrees,
His thoughts with the sacrifice mount not above,
Even here 'tis the stable that only can please;
Where Epona, Goddess of Grooms, keeps her hall,
And her picture is daubed o'er the hot-smelling stall."

After having described this and other such meannesses of the nobles, after having exposed their degeneracy as it deserved, he asks:

"Was not Catiline noble? what lineage more high
Than that claimed by Cethegus? Yet cursed be their name
Who in midnight convention could wickedly try
To hand over their country to slaughter and flame!
With a hatred as strange as their projects were base,
As if Gauls or Senones, they plotted Rome's fall:
The tunic of torture were well in their case—
Ah! our consul is watching and crushes them all.
He! the upstart of Arpinum, mean of descent,
And of merely municipal right, proved the shield
Of the terrified Romans, and carefully went
To the task of their rescue—'tis seldom the field
Gives more fame to the soldier than peace gave to him—
Octavius' glory compared waxes dim.
This took home from Leucadia not honor so bright,
Nor in Philippi's carnage attained to such might:
From a savior our consul Rome's parent became,
And she called him her father who earned well the name."*

* This is another passage which has failed the best translators; nor need the intelligent Latinist be told the reason after he has read it once more and compared it with the best version within his reach:

"Quid, Catilina, tuis natalibus atque Cethegi
Inveniet quisquam sublimius? arma tamen vos
Nocturna, et flammas domibus templisque parastis,
Ut Braccatorum pueri Senonumque minores,
Ausi, quod liceat tunica punire molesta:
Sed vigilat consul, vexillaque vestra coercet.

But let us pass on to the Tenth, that fine declamation, that noble moral essay, that splendid poem, in which our poet mounts to his highest point, and puts forth his greatest strength—in which, though departing from his usual strain and adopting a tone somewhat more grave and general, he yet incidentally, or by episode, affords what he never fails to exhibit in his pieces, those severe illustrations of the decadence of Rome, which form his chief value. Take for example the fall of Sejanus, which he brings forward professedly to furnish an illustration of the emptiness and vanity of ambition—but which shows not only this, but also the caprice, the cowardice, the meanness of the Roman populace:

"Some perish by hate which their power has excited,
Some perish through envy their titles have made,
And the statue of him in whom late they delighted,
The mob with a halter pull down and degrade.
The car of his pride by the ax is laid low,
And the horses, as guiltless, shall feel of their ire;
Loud, loud blow the bellows; the flame's in a glow,
And Sejanus, Sejanus is flung in the fire.
The Colossus is melted, and empty that place
From which jealousy banned it and rude hands have hurled,
Pots, platters and pans shall be made of that face
Which this morning was second in all the whole world.

'Run, hang out the laurel; lead up the white steer;
For behold the proud culprit is dragged with a hook.'
'What a visage was his! what an eye to cause fear—
Oh! *I* never approved of the man or his look.
But what charge was against him? what witnesses came?
By what proof did he suffer?' 'This way it took place—
A long letter came signed with the Emperor's name,
And'—'All right—tell no further—'tis all a clear case.'
This is e'er the base practice pursued by the throng;
'Tis a fool that would value their smile or their frown;
Men who ask nothing, heed nothing, seek right nor wrong,
But impulsively trample the man who is down.
Now, if Fortune had favored the Tuscan's design,
If the easy old prince had come under his power,
This very same rabble would think it quite fine,
And would hail him Augustus this very same hour.
Since the time they've no longer a country to sell,
When power, honors and charges are held in their spite,
They have narrowed their wishes, and narrowed them well,
And full stomachs and pageants form all their delight."

Hic novus Arpinas, ignobilis, et modo Romæ
Municipalis eques, galeatum ponit ubique
Præsidium attonitis, et in omni gente laborat.
Tantum igitur muros intra toga contulit illi
Nominis et tituli, quantum non Leucade quantum
Thessaliæ campis Octavius abstulit udo
Cædibus assiduis gladio: sed Roma parentem,
Roma patrem patriæ Ciceronem libera dixit."

Sat. VIII., 231–44.

Perhaps the most pregnant passage in Juvenal. Yes, truly—

> "Qui dabat olim
> Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia—nunc se
> Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat
> Panem et Circenses."

"Formerly the people had everything in their gift; now they give nothing, but on the contrary say—'All we ask is food and the games of the circus.'" To a people thus debased, the degree of degradation could not stop there. There must come tyrants—more Neros, more Caligulas, more Domitians. Meanness was but a transition to something worse, and Juvenal's Satires prepare a reflecting mind for the horrible turmoil which history had then in store for Rome.

Tempted to give many more extracts, but forced unwillingly to pass by the shining truths which they convey, we will confine ourselves to one or two passages more. Hannibal is thus made to serve as a moral for mankind:

> "Weigh Hannibal's ashes—how light do they seem,
> The hero whom Africa once could not bound!
> Whom the far Moorish ocean, the Nile's tepid stream,
> And uncouth Ethiopia did fail to surround!
> Spain first he o'erran and subdued to his sway,
> The vast Pyrenees could not limit his pride,
> The Alps, with their snows, lay direct in his way,
> But with cold potent acids he clove through their side.
> Now Italy's gained, but still 'On!' is his word,
> There is nothing achieved until Rome be disgraced,
> Her gates must be hewed by my conquering sword,
> In the midst of her streets shall my standard be placed.
> 'Twas a thing to remember to see him ride by,
> On his African beast—this great man with one eye.
>
> Say, Glory, what doom did thy vot'ry o'ertake?
> At the gate of the stranger subdued he sits down,
> Till it please the Bythinian tyrant to wake—.
> A client, he trades on his former renown.
> How paltry the end of so great a career!
> Not swords, darts or stones gave the death-dealing blow—
> But this hero of slaughter, this causer of fear,
> Red Cannæ's proud chief—by a ring was laid low.
> Go, madman! rush over the Alps, that thy name
> Be a subject for boys when they learn to declaim."

After having furnished so many examples of Juvenal's sarcastic power, and the manner in which this power is brought to bear upon the vices of his country, we cannot forbear to give one beautiful and celebrated passage, exhibiting a degree of pathos not to be expected from him, but which comes not less pure and unmixed than it is unlooked for. Speaking of the miseries of old age, which he dwells on at great length, he thus continues:

"But worse than the failure of limbs or of sight
Is that stupor of mind which o'erawes him like sleep,
He knows not the friend whom he supped with last night,
And the names of his own very slaves he can't keep.
The children he reared are shut out from his heart,
When his goods are bequeathed he leaves them no part,
But to Phiale all he transmits as a dower,
Since the breath of her mouth never ceased to have power.

His mind *may not* totter, that's granted—but yet
There's a pain he shall suffer, a grief he can't flee,
His wife's pile of death with his tears shall be wet,
The urns of his kindred he's fated to see.
'Tis the pain of long livers to robe in new mourning,
To see ev'ry friend stricken down by their side,
With the dawn of fresh years to see sorrow returning,
Their grief still renewed and their tears never dried."

More might be said in praise of Juvenal; more specimens given of his style and manner of thought—all of which would illustrate more and more the condition of Rome at his time, and convince the reader, if that were necessary, of the loftiness of his motives and the value of his Satires. But perhaps the space which we have occupied will attain that end as well as if we had continued further. Several Satires remain of which we have said nothing, though they would furnish materials for an article in themselves. To the last we will only allude. It is maintained by some that this Satire is falsely ascribed to our author; but, as Holyday remarks, there is one sentence in it too characteristic to afford room for doubt on the subject. Besides, it breaks suddenly off; and though this is no proof of its proceeding from the hand of Juvenal, yet—it may be a fanciful notion, but it has some temptation—as in commencing his work, he suddenly broke silence, as if bursting with an anger that could no longer be restrained, so after having continued through a variety of subjects with unexampled force and beauty, it is agreeable with our notion of his character to think that he as suddenly flung his pen away, as if his disgust were still too overpowering for his feelings, notwithstanding the effective manner in which he had expressed it.

In writing this imperfect essay on the works of Juvenal, and the light which they throw on the vices of his time, all that we can expect to effect is to call attention to warnings which may be listened to at the present day with as much profit as they were when first written. Doing this even in the smallest degree, we may say that we have written to some purpose.

ART. III.—1. *The Empire of Brazil, its Resources and Destiny.* By HENRY JAMES FARQUAR, A.M. Edinburgh. 1853.

2. *Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru and Brazil from the Spanish and Portuguese Dominions.* By THOMAS EARL OF DUNDONALD, G.C.B. London. 1859.

3. *Voyage Pittoresque dans le Brêsil.* Paris. 1853.

4. *Monarchy* vs. *Republic; or, Has not Constitutional Monarchy in Brazil more tended to Prosperity than Republicanism in the South American States? A Political Tract for the Times.* Bristol. 1859.

5. *Historia Brazilica.* Par M. A. DE CAZAL. Rio-de-Janeiro. 1837.

6. *Relatorio apresentado à Assembléa General Legislativa na Terceira Sessūa da Decima Legislatura.* Pelo Ministro e Secretario de Estado dos Negocios de Guerra. Rio-de-Janeiro. 1861.

7. *Brazil and the Brazilians*, &c. By Rev. D. P. KIDDER and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Philadelphia and London. 1857.

THE Portuguese and Spaniards are more like each other in their habits, manners, laws, and general ethnological characteristics, than any other two nations in Europe. Their languages are so nearly similar that one familiar with Spanish can read a Portuguese work with little or no difficulty. There is indeed sufficient reason for this; the two peoples belong mainly to the one race, and the Portuguese language is but a dialect of the Spanish, or rather, as the Portuguese are proud to claim, the Spanish is but a dialect of the Portuguese; their language being "the eldest daughter of the Latin." But here the similarity ceases. The Portuguese have more stability of character, and are more persevering and enterprising than their Spanish neighbors and kinsmen. The former have so much the advantage in these respects that none who have studied their history have any doubt that, were the numerical preponderance on their side, not to mention the territorial preponderance, they would long since have established themselves as the rulers of the whole Peninsula; in other words, Spain and Portugal would have been united and consolidated as a Portuguese empire.

But it is on this continent the difference between the two peoples has been most strikingly exhibited. While the descendants of the Spaniards have been almost constantly engaged in feuds with each other—while each republic has been either distracted with civil war, or engaged in hostilities with

whatever sister State happened to be near it, the descendants of the Portuguese, who form the chief part of the population of Brazil, have maintained peace with but little interruption for the last sixty years. No sooner did they find themselves independent of the mother country than they began to exhibit a spirit of progress, which they have steadily persevered in to the present day. In order to see with what success they have done so, it would be almost sufficient to glance at their magnificent empire on the map, and compare it with the nine or ten petty Spanish republics which surround it. Next to the immense empires of Russia and China it is the largest in the world. Large as the American Union is, including the States now in rebellion, Brazil is 68,249 square miles larger. It is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, from the White Sea to the Mediterranean; it would make fourteen empires as large as that of France, and more than seventeen kingdoms like that of Great Britain and Ireland; and yet no country that we have mentioned possesses a more fertile soil, or yields all the necessaries of life in greater abundance, or with less labor to the husbandman.

Now that a new empire is to be established on this continent under European influence, it is of more importance than ever that we should make ourselves acquainted with Brazil and her institutions. It is not, however, on account of her form of government that we should thus make ourselves familiar with her character; nor do we think that it is because Brazil is governed by an Emperor and not by a President that she is so honorably distinguished from all the other States of South America, with perhaps the sole exception of Chili; although it would appear that the Brazilians are so constituted as to enjoy more happiness, if not more real freedom, under a monarchical government than under the auspices of a Republic. At the same time, this is no reflection either on their intelligence, or on republicanism; for even the government of the United States is scarcely more democratic, or more completely controlled by the popular will, than the government of Brazil. Indeed, the chief difference between the two systems is, that in Brazil the head of the State is called an Emperor and continues such for life, except he be dethroned by the people; whereas in the United States the head of the State is called a President, but continues such only for four years, except he forces his services on the people, or can induce them to accept them for four years more.

True, our President has no civil list; nor has he a nobility; but whether, if he is ill-inclined, he may not have as bad as

either, or both, or at least do the country as much harm even in four years, is another question. Be this as it may, certain it is that he has quite as much power as the Emperor of Brazil, who has fewer prerogatives than perhaps any other monarch, not excepting the sovereign of England. The legislative power of Brazil is composed of two chambers: the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. The fifty-seven senators are elected for life by the provinces which they represent, not appointed by the Emperor, as in most European nations, including England. The Chamber of Deputies is composed of five hundred and forty-eight members. The executive power is vested in six ministers, who have control of the departments of the interior, foreign affairs, public justice, war, marine and finances.

The manner in which those various functionaries are elected is somewhat peculiar. Every male citizen of full age may vote for members of the Chamber of Deputies, but in order to do so legally he must have an income of one hundred milreis (about $50 of our currency). Over this branch of the legislature the Emperor has no control; he cannot influence the election of the members more than any other citizen of equal wealth. The senators are nominated by provincial electors, who present three candidates for each district to the Emperor for every one required; the latter may take his choice of these, but cannot go beyond them. Thus, even the members of the aristocratic branch depend more on popular suffrage than on the will of the sovereign. It is true that there are four titles of nobility; those of Marquis, Count, Viscount and Baron, but none of them are hereditary; although they may be retained by sons and grandsons, if they, too, prove by their public services that they are worthy of them. Another important provision in the constitution of Brazil is that each of the twenty provinces of the empire is entitled to a legislative assembly of its own; the Emperor having the power of appointing a President for each province, without being restricted to that in which his services are required.

The Chamber of Deputies, like the British House of Commons, has the initiative in all measures involving taxation, as well as in increasing the army and altering the succession to the crown. To the Senate, upon the other hand, belongs the exclusive privilege of taking cognizance of offences committed by members of the imperial family, counsellors of state, senators and deputies during the session; it has also the important privilegeof convoking the General Assembly in case the Emperor fails to do so himself within two months after the period fixed by law. The executive power is vested in the Em-

peror, assisted by his ministers and secretaries of state; but it is they and not he who are responsible to the country for any abuse of power, or any infringement on the rights of the people as guaranteed by law. Nor is it any justification to them to be able to show that they have acted in accordance with the orders of the Emperor, for the constitution holds that they, being his advisers, should advise him against whatever they think wrong, and that if he insists, they must resign, making the country aware of the cause of their having done so. Like our President, the Emperor of Brazil may veto any bill brought before him; but in the case of the latter, as well as that of the former, the veto is merely suspensive and may be overruled by a two-thirds vote.

In municipal government the Brazilians have as ample privileges as any other people. Every town and village with the surrounding district has a municipal council, composed of from six to twelve members, according to the population. These are elected directly by the citizens and allowed a small salary. This council meets four times a year, and its sessions may continue as long as its services are required. It has not only the power of imposing fines, but also that of enforcing its decrees, by a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment. But the judiciary system of the Brazilians is that of which they have most reason to be proud. In some of its features it is undoubtedly superior to ours. Every Brazilian is entitled to trial by jury in civil as well as in criminal cases. Each province is divided into comarcas, and again subdivided into municipalities. There is a judge, called *Juiz de Direito*, in each comarca, who presides twice or three times a year at the sessions of the grand jury. Each municipality has its municipal judge, who decides in civil cases and prepares the process for the criminal court. The decisions of the municipal judge may be set aside by the *Juiz de Direito*. These, although the lowest grades of judges, and elected by the people, can be obtained only by those who can produce their diplomas as Doctors of Law; that is, none but graduates of the law colleges are admissible as candidates. There are four Courts of Appeal in the provinces, each composed of fourteen judges; there is a Supreme Court besides at Rio, which is composed of seventeen judges, all of whom must attain their position by seniority. But before a Brazilian enters any of these courts, he must show that he has first made an attempt to have his case settled by one of the local justices of the peace, of which there are four in each parish, who are elected for four years. But before appearing before even the Justice of the Peace a creditor has a right to insert an advertisement in the papers

published where his debtor resides, warning him that if he does not pay within a certain specified period that his conduct in relation to the whole matter will be exposed. This it seems has the greatest effect, there being very few who would not prefer to pay any sum which they might be forced to pay in a court of justice rather than allow the creditor to give a full account of circumstances connected with the debt, which are often of such a nature that the debtor would not make them known to his nearest friends. Whether this fact be approved of or not—it reminds us that in no country in the world is the liberty of the press more amply provided for than in Brazil; and it may be added, that in no country does the government make fewer attempts to restrain that liberty within undue bounds.

It is not, however, without severe trials that Brazil attained the position she now occupies. She too tried republican government, but utterly failed; she also experienced the evils of civil war. It would, however, lead us too far, on the present occasion, to discuss the causes of these facts; suffice it to say, that the bad examples of the Spanish American republics had the greatest influence in discouraging the Brazilians in their several attempts to establish a republic,* and most historians of South America concur in the opinion that it was the descendants of the Spaniards who, actuated by their morbid love of excitement and plunder, that fomented every one of the insurrections which, before the establishment of the empire, seemed to predict for Brazil the fate of all the Spanish American states. What this fate is, but few in this country understand. And in order to comprehend the progress Brazil has made within the last quarter of a century, it is necessary to be able to form an opinion more or less accurate of the condition of the various other states by which she is surrounded: all recent travellers are unanimous in representing this as truly deplorable. Thus, one of those whose works we have placed at the head of this article contrasts the present of the Spanish republics with the past, as follows: 'Even the inferior cities of these provinces were populous, flourishing, and, for

* Guizot has written nothing in which there is more truth, or which better deserves to be remembered than that "There are times when selfishness dominates in individuals, whether from ignorance, from brutality, or from corruption. Then society, abandoned to the contests of personal wills and unable to raise itself by their free concurrence to a common and universal will, passionately longs for a sovereign to whom all individuals may be forced to submit; this is what has been seen in the *disorderly youth of nations*, when society desires to form and regulate itself without knowing how to do so, by the free concord of individual wills. There are times when royalty alone can hold together a society which selfishness incessantly tends to destroy, because it represents more clearly and more powerfully than any other form the sovereignty of right and is able to exert this power upon events."—*History of Civilization in Europe.*

that age, civilized. Now that the whole country has received the boon of freedom the mind loses itself in considering to what lower pitch of human degradation these people will descend. Civilization is retrograding; men are becoming more ignorant than their fathers; read less, know less, have less regard for truth and justice. At present it seems that Providence has abandoned it. Land is receding from cultivation, cities are falling into ruins, and men degenerate into animals, evincing the influence of unbounded liberty and universal suffrage.'* But how different are the accounts which all give of Brazil. 'Discovered by chance,' observes Southey in the preface of his History, 'and long left to chance, it is by individual industry and enterprise, and by the operations of the common laws of nature and society that this empire has risen and flourished, extensive as it is, and mighty as it must one day become; for its first colonists were ignoble men, carrying on an obscure warfare, the consequences of which have been greater and will be more durable than those produced by the conquests of Alexander.' The official statistics alone would show that the country is in a flourishing condition. Thus, for example, let us take the estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1861, and compare them with the expenditure for the same year:

Custom Houses.....Reis,	25,515,800,000	
Taxes upon Shipping.....	286,600,000	
Export Duties.....	5,634,500,000	
Post Office.....	346,000,000	
Mint and other establishments.....	258,300,000	
Taxes upon transfer of Real Property..	1,697,900,000	
Stamps.....	803,300,000	
Tax on Slave-labor.....	279,050,000	
Miscellaneous.....	6,929,550,000	
Total.....	41,751,000,000	or $21,000,000
Expenditure for Same Year.		
Home Department.....Reis	3,561,213,000	
Justice.....	2,178,281,172	
Foreign.....	3,588,434,000	
Marine.....	3,000,860,000	
War.....	5,026,420,000	
Financial.....	11,804,602,000	
Total.....	29,159,810,172	or $16,000,000
Surplus.....		$5,000,000

In speaking, however briefly, of statistics we should not forget the population; but the immense extent of Brazil and the difficulty of reaching distant parts of the empire, present almost insuperable difficulties to the taking of a correct

* *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*, p. 52.

census. · Nor is this the only obstruction of which the census commissioners complain in their Report for 1860. They also complain that the people in the cities and towns, as well as in the country, often conceal the number of their sons for fear of the conscription for the army and navy. It seems they make similar misrepresentations in order to avoid the payment of taxes, and the contribution of labor for the repairs of public works. Notwithstanding the deductions made in this way, the official reports of the census for 1854 give a population of 7,000,000.

For the same reasons it is found almost impossible to classify the different races, but the following, drawn from the most reliable official data, may be regarded as approximating pretty closely to the truth:—

White population	2,678,000
Free mixed population, mulattoes, cafuses, and other varieties	1,000,000
Civilized aborigines	800,000
Mixed slave population	600,000
African, or black slaves	2,600,000

The effective strength of the regular army varies from twenty to thirty thousand men, the number being fixed every year, by the Legislative Assembly, according to the requisition of the Minister of War. The infantry are chiefly recruited from the northern provinces, and the cavalry almost exclusively from the southern, the latter furnishing the best horsemen. Besides the regular army, there is a national guard, whose effective strength, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, amounts to 110,000. One-third of this force may be immediately called into active service in time of war, and placed on the same footing with soldiers of the line; one-third more may be called in three months, or sooner if their services are required; then the last third; and if any more are wanting a conscription may be made. The navy of Brazil is by no means inconsiderable. In 1860, before the breaking out of the present rebellion against the Union, it was much larger than the American navy, as may be seen from the following extract taken from the Report of the Minister of Marine for that year:

First class Frigates, of which three are Steamers	7
Corvettes, of which nine are Steamers	19
Brigs	8
Schooners and Brig-schooners	20
Small Steamers	10
Small Vessels armed, or Gun-boats	8
Transports	9
	81

These vessels are manned by about eight thousand sailors, more than two-thirds of whom belong to the aborigines, who have a peculiar aptitude for a maritime life. They are taken chiefly from those residing near the sea coast, which, be it remembered, extends to over fourteen hundred leagues. Both on sea and land the aborigines are excellent soldiers, but they have little taste for a regular military life, which requires them to observe habits of strict obedience and severe discipline on pain of being confined, fined, or both. A considerable proportion of them, however, are found in the national guard as well as in the line. As they detest the Spaniards as the most cruel and implacable enemies of their race, they render excellent service in time of war; although in a state of liberty, none unacquainted with their habits and dispositions would suppose that they could be induced to fight at all. This is well explained by Mr. Wallace, a recent English traveller, who visited numerous tribes on the upper tributaries of the Amazon, and who also accounts quite plausibly, if not satisfactorily, for the wonderful stories told by the earlier Spanish and Portuguese explorers of a race of Amazons, said to inhabit the banks of the great river which derives its name from that circumstance. 'The use of ornaments and trinkets of various kinds,' observes Mr. Wallace, 'is almost confined to the men, who have their hair carefully parted and combed on each side, and tied in a queue behind. In the young men it hangs in long locks down their cheeks, and with the comb, which is invariably carried stuck on the top of the head, gives to them a most feminine appearance; this is increased by large necklaces, bracelets, and beads, and the careful extirpation of every symptom of beard. Taking these circumstances into consideration, I am strongly of opinion that the story of the Amazons has arisen from these feminine-looking warriors encountered by the early voyagers. I am inclined to this belief from the effect they first produced on myself, when it was only by close examination that I found they were men; and were the front parts of their bodies and their breasts covered with shields, such as they always use, I am convinced that any person seeing them for the first time would conclude they were women. We have only therefore to suppose that tribes, having similar customs to those now existing on the river Nanpes, inhabited the regions where the Amazons are reported to have been seen, and we have a rational explanation of what has so much puzzled all geographers.'

From the statistics given above it will be seen that the number of slaves is nearly as large as that of the white population. This is the worst feature in the condition of Brazil, al-

though it is not so bad as it appears at first sight. It is agreed among all travellers that nowhere else are slaves so well treated as they are in Brazil, although the reverse of this was the case in former times. Before the severance of the colony from the mother country, negroes were imported in such large numbers, and were consequently so cheap, that it was deemed cheaper to break down a slave by getting as much work as possible out of him than to take such care of him as would be necessary to preserve his health. It is easy to understand that incredible numbers were destroyed in this way. But no sooner was the slave trade put a stop to, than the proprietors began to see that it was their interest to treat their slaves better than they had hitherto done. This, indeed, is not a very honorable motive; we cannot give a people much credit for gentleness and humanity, if such they may be called at all, exercised only for purposes of gain. But it is otherwise with the course pursued by the government, for the protection of the slaves. A law was passed in 1841, and is still in existence, by which a slave can at any time appear before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and pay for his freedom in instalments. A large number thus liberate themselves annually, because they are always allowed a certain portion of their time to earn on their own account.

But this is not the only privilege to which the negro is entitled in Brazil. If qualified by intelligence and talent, he is admissible to any office however high; and accordingly negroes are to be found occupying offices of trust and emolument in every department, public and private, civil and military. They are also respected in social life in proportion as they are industrious, honest and intelligent. At the same time the Whites rarely if ever contract any very close relations with them. In this respect they are regarded pretty much as they are among ourselves; no matter how much wealth they may have accumulated, none but the lowest class of white women are willing to intermarry with them. The statesmen of the empire, almost without exception, freely admit that the sooner the country is rid of slavery the more prosperous it will be. Accordingly they are doing all in their power to induce as many of the European laboring class as they can to immigrate to the country. Since 1850 a sum equal to five millions of our money has been voted by the General Assembly for this purpose. Any able-bodied men willing to emigrate to Brazil are entitled not only to have their passage paid from any country in Europe, but also to be furnished with about fifteen acres of land. It is estimated that owing to these inducements not less than 300,000

Germans and Irish immigrated to that country during the "Know-Nothing" excitement of 1857; and it is the boast of the Brazilians that nobody having a livelihood to gain, especially if he belonged to the laboring or farming class, ever spent a month in any of the principal provinces of Brazil who could be induced to exchange it for any other country, scarcely excepting even that of his birth. Nor can it be denied that there is good ground for making even so strong a claim in favor of a country which yields throughout nearly its whole extent most of the necessaries of life almost spontaneously. We have agreeable evidence of this on every side. Thus, for example, Dr. Spix, of Berlin, one of the authors whose works stand at the head of this article, gives his impressions of a visit to Brazil as follows:—

"Scarcely were we beyond the streets and the noise of the town, when we stopped as if enchanted in the midst of a strange and luxuriant vegetation. Our eyes were attracted sometimes by gaily colored birds or splendid butterflies, sometimes by the singular forms of the insects and the nests of wasps and termites hanging from the trees, sometimes by the beautiful plants scattered in the narrow valley and on the gently sloping hills. Surrounded by lofty, airy cassias, broad-leaved, white-stemmed crecropeas, thick-crowned myrtles, large-flowered bregnonias, climbing tufts of the mellifluous paullinias, far-spreading tendrils of the passion-flower, and of the richly flowering hatched coronilla, above which rise the waving summits of Macaubu palms, we fancied ourselves transported into the garden of the Hesperides. Passing over several streams, which were turned to good account, and hills covered with young coppice woods, we at length reached the terrace of the eminence along which the spring water for the city is conducted. A delightful prospect over the bay, the verdant island floating in it, the harbor with its crowd of masts and various flags, and the city stretched out at the foot of the most pleasant hills, the house and steeple dazzling in the sun, was spread before our eyes. We dwelt long on the magical view of a great European city, raising here amidst the profusion of tropical vegetation. We then pursued the road along the winding of the aqueduct. The channel is chiefly built of blocks of granite, but the vaulted covering, within which the naturalist finds many of the most singular phalangia, is of brick. Between the woody hills there are diversified romantic prospects into the valleys below. Sometimes you traverse open spots where a stronger light is reflected from the flowery ground, or from the shining leaves of the neighboring high trees; sometimes you enter a cool shady bower. Here a thick wreath of pauliniæ, securidecæ, mikanios, passion-flowers, adorned with an incredible number of flowers, climb through the crowns of the celtis; the flowry rhexias and melastomas, bauhinias, delicate mimaras, shining myrtles; there bushy nightshades, sebastinias eupatorias, crotons, aegiphilas, and innumerable other plants, form an impenetrable thicket, amidst which grow immense stems of the silk cotton tree (*bombax*), of silver-leaved cecropia thorny Brazil wood tree, of the lecythis, with its singular fruit resembling a pitcher, slender stems of the cabbage-palm and many others in part still unnamed, sovereigns of the wood. The majestic sight, the repose and silence of these woods interrupted only by the buzz of the gay humming-birds fluttering from flower to flower, and by the singular notes

of unknown birds and insects, peculiarly affect the mind of the man of sensibility, who feels himself, as it were, regenerated in the prospect of this glorious country."*

But the useful abounds as much as the beautiful in Brazil; such as coffee, sugar, rice, molasses, cocoa, sarsaparilla, tapioca, clove-bark, tobacco, cotton, &c., &c. Even tea is cultivated to a considerable extent. 'A few years ago,' says Mr. Fletcher, 'a governor of the province of St. Paulo sent some tea from his plantation, to his relatives, in Rio de Janeiro. This was prepared very carefully, each separate leaf having been rolled by the slaves between the thumb and forefinger, till it looked like small shot. It was thus invested with a foreign appearance, packed in small Chinese tea-caddies, and shipped at Santos for the capital. When the caddies arrived, they were seized at the custom-house, as an attempt to defraud the revenue. It was, on the other hand, insisted that the caddies contained *chá national*, or home-made tea, although by some neglect it did not appear on the manifest. The parties to whom the tea had been sent, offered to have it submitted to inspection. The caddies were opened, and the custom-house officials screamed with triumph, adding to their former suspicions the evidence of their senses—for the sight, the taste, the smell of the nicely-prepared tea, proclaimed emphatically that it was *chá de India*, and that this was an attempt to defraud his majesty's customs. It was not until letters were sent to Santos, and in reply that the certificate of that provincial custom-house had been received, that the collectors of Rio were satisfied that there was no fraud, and that the province of St. Paulo could produce as good tea as that brought into the Cape of Good Hope.'† Southey, in his excellent History of Brazil, says that the tea plant is indigenous to Brazil. But whether this is the case or not, certain it is that Brazilian tea is sold in all parts of Europe and America, as the Chinese article; and it is equally certain that it requires a good judge to distinguish one from the other. As for Brazilian coffee, it constitutes two-thirds of the coffee consumed throughout the world.

All kinds of domestic animals, found in Europe or North America, abound in Brazil. Nowhere else are horses, cows and sheep found in such large numbers in proportion to the population. Thousands run wild in the woods, because the inhabitants are so well supplied without them, that they do not think it worth while to hunt them down. Numerous species of

* *Travels in Brazil undertaken by command of His Majesty, the King of Bavaria*, vol. i., pp. 207—9.

† *Brazil and the Brazilians*, p. 142.

dogs run wild in a similar manner, and prey on the domestic animals. We may remark in passing, that even in circumstances of this kind, the dog exhibits the nobleness and fidelity of his nature, as may be seen from the following remarks, which we translate from the narrative of a recent French traveller, and which also give an idea of the manner in which all the domestic animals, as well as sheep, have multiplied in the rich and boundless pastures of Brazil: 'In the neighborhood of Rio Grande are to be found some of those dogs called *ovetheros.* There, as in most other parts of Brazil, the sheep have no shepherds, nor is it the habit to enclose them in sheepfolds; but in the captaincy of Rio Grande, they are exposed to more dangers than perhaps anywhere else—on the one side from the wild dogs, which devour the ewes, and on the other, from the caracas, which tear the eyes out of the lambs. In order to furnish a protection to the flock, a young pup, of a vigorous breed, is taken from his mother before his eyes are open, and taught to suckle the ewe; a little house is constructed for him, in the middle of the flock; he becomes accustomed and attached to the sheep, assumes the duty of their protector, and courageously repulses the enemies that come to attack them.'*

As for wild animals, they are found in innumerable varieties. The crocodile, the tiger, and different species of serpents, are to be found side by side, on the banks of the Amazon and La Plata; but these are diminishing in numbers, as well as becoming more and more timid in proportion as the population is increasing.

The most valuable gems, as well as the precious metals, constitute a considerable proportion of the resources of Brazil. The celebrated gold mine of St. John del Rey has produced 50,340 pounds of gold since 1834. This is the report of the English company who have a lease of it; but it is thought, with some reason, that the whole amount is not given: even this amount is worth more than eleven millions of dollars.

The diamond mines have been but little worked in recent years, compared to what they used to be; although, on an average, they contribute at least $2,500,000 annually to the imperial revenue. According to the most reliable authorities, they would furnish four times that amount, if they were worked as vigorously as they would be were they in the hands of private companies, instead of those of the government, which has always more public works in progress than

* *Encyclopédie Moderne.* Art. Brésil.

it can find sufficient laborers for, in a country where a tract the size of New York State, may be limited to a population of not more than a thousand whites. The greatest obstacle to the working of all Brazilian mines is the want of good roads. Many excellent roads have been built in different parts of the empire, since 1850; but it will require at least half a century to afford equal facilities for travel to those now enjoyed in the United States. It is worthy of remark, that the part of the country in which the diamonds are found, is entirely different from all the rest, being in general barren and desolate; but upon the other hand, it is remarkably similar to the Golconda regions in India, where the largest and best diamonds in the world are found. 'In entering the comarca of Serra de Frio,' says Southey, 'a remarkable difference is soon perceived. The soil, which had before been a red, fertile mould, becomes scanty, and covered with small stones. The trees have no longer the same luxuriant growth; and the mountains, which rise in the distance, instead of the dark verdure with which they are clothed in other parts of the captaincy, are bare and blank. On the summit of these uninviting fells the air is cold, and the winds violent, whence the comarca derives its name; and the surface of the earth is full of embedded stones. Here, the forbidden district of the diamonds is in sight, and its appearance is such as might form a fit description, in eastern romance, for the land where the costliest and proudest ornaments of wealth are found. Innumerable peaks are seen, some of prodigious height; mountains of lace-work, and perpendicular elevation; others, of more perishable materials, and in a state of dissolution, like the Alps of Savoy, with brushwood growing among the grass, and a sort of grey moss which clothes the surface wherever it is not newly scarred or covered with recent wreck, form a scene of Alpine grandeur and desolation, and of more than Alpine beauty; for the waters are beautifully clear, and they fall in sheets, in threads, and in cataracts, and work their way sometimes by subterranean channels to the four great rivers that carry off the waters of the district.'*

The established religion is the Roman Catholic, but all other sects are not only tolerated, but protected in the exercise of their faith. Dissenters are also eligible for all political and civil offices, with the sole exception of that of deputy. With this exception, all have the fullest liberty. They may build as many churches as they like, and preach any religious doctrine they think proper. The only restriction upon

* *History of Brazil*, p. 142.

them, in this respect, is, that there exists a law which forbids them from having steeples or bells. This law they would seem to have borrowed from a similar British enactment of the olden time, which prevented the Catholics, under heavy pains and penalties, from erecting steeples on their houses of worship, or ringing bells in public. There are large numbers of Carmelites, Christian Brothers, Franciscans and Benedictines, who are in general very learned men, and who exercise their talents in teaching both the sciences and the languages. The Emperor is practically recognized as the head of the Church; he is allowed that privilege for convenience sake, by the Pope. Accordingly, no bishop can confer orders without a special license from the sovereign, who also nominates the bishops themselves, the legislature providing for their support. Nowhere else is the Catholic religion maintained with greater splendor, although no tithes are allowed its clergy, as in almost all other South American States. In the city of Rio de Janeiro, and its suburbs, there are fifty-eight churches, several of which rival some of the finest cathedrals in Europe, in architectural beauty and magnificence.

Foreign countries in general, our own among the number, do not give the Brazilians much credit for intelligence. There is a vague impression widely prevailing in this country, that Brazil is in a very benighted condition. Not a few will be incredulous as to the fact that there are free schools established in all parts of the empire. In every parish there are a male and a female teacher for boys and girls respectively, who receive their salaries from the provincial treasury. In every town of any extent, there is a free Lyceum in which the higher branches of education are taught; and there are colleges in the cities which are also supported by the State. The students attending these, however, are charged a small annual fee, when it is known that they are able to pay; if they are not able, they may pursue the whole course, so as to prepare themselves for any of the learned professions, without a penny. Some of the best European scholars are professors in the colleges of Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Olinda, and St. Paulo; and all the expenses of these institutions, including the salaries of their professors, are drawn from the imperial treasury. In addition to the public institutions to which all are admissible, there are many private educational establishments, which are well sustained by those of the wealthier classes who are mindful of the adage, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Nor are the Brazilians deficient in libraries. The principal library of Rio de

Janeiro contains more than 100,000 volumes, which, we believe, is as large a number as any of our libraries can boast, if, indeed, we have a single one that could show so many volumes worthy of the name. But it may be asked, If Brazil possesses such facilities for education and culture, why has she not authors and scholars of eminence? This is a fair question: but so Brazil has. We will mention a few instances: The works of Sylva Lisboa and Coutlinbo, on political economy, have been translated into French, Spanish, and Italian. The best comedies in the Portuguese language are those of Silva, a Brazilian. In the same language there is no more distinguished historian than Rocha Pita, who is also a Brazilian. Much as we Americans have accomplished, we have yet no work that has any pretensions to the character of an epic poem. Even Mr. Longfellow has attempted nothing of this kind; but there are two Brazilian epics, recognized as such by some of the most distinguished critics of Germany, England, and France, namely the *Caranam* of Durâo and the *Uruguay* of Gama. Neither is indeed worthy of comparison with the *Divina Commedia*, the *Gerusalemme*, or *Paradise Lost;* but it is not the less true that each is a remarkable performance. Brazil has two lyric poets of no mean rank—Gongaga, whose collection is well known in Europe, if not in this country, under the title of *Narilio de Docêo*, and Souza Caldas, whose translations of the psalms are admired by the best critics. Among the other names which are more or less distinguished in the various departments of Brazilian literature, are Gregorio de Mattos, Avarenga Claudio, Gusmâo, Mendes, Barbosa, Porto-Alegre, Domingos Magathaês, &c. And in order to show that the Brazilians are not unknown in the scientific world, it would be almost sufficient to mention the scientific works and discoveries of Arnoda, Camara, and Frei Leandro. But in a future article we may take occasion to make Brazilian literature speak for itself, by giving specimens from several of those works to which we have now been able only to allude. There are other topics we have glanced at to which it will also be necessary to return, as the present article is intended merely as an outline to which additions are to be made from time to time, until our readers are induced to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with a country which, however different it is from our own both politically and socially, undoubtedly possesses many of the elements of national greatness, and to whose destiny we cannot pretend to be indifferent.

ART. IV.—1. *Catilinæ Conjuratio ex fontibus narrata.* H. WOLF. Paris. 1803.

2. *Histoire de la Conjuration de Catilina.* Par M. BELLET. Paris.

3. *Etudes sur l'Histoire romaine.* Par M. MERIMÉE.

LATIN poets have written of a golden age, when coveting after neighbors' goods was a vice unknown to the industrious and sinless inhabitants of a peaceful world. But this dew of infantine guilelessness must have evaporated in the early dawning hours, as in the microcosmic career of individuals is often the parallel case. Indeed, stealing is an act so natural and obvious, standing so full in front of man's eyes, that he cannot attain the most moderate scope of mental vision before the process suggests itself to him. Even a dog will run away with another dog's bone; rats are born thieves; in short, theft is an *instinct* appendant almost to the existence of animal life. Thus many generations of "golden men" could hardly have tilled the bosom of their bountiful mother earth ere some enterprising and imaginative rustic, acting upon a brilliant inspiration, either ate his virtuous and unsuspecting fellow-laborer's bread-and-milk behind his back, or ran away after dark with his spade, or lumbered off to a distant tramontane settlement on his heavy-heeled plough-horse. The vice thus introduced among mankind struck a terribly sympathising chord in human nature, whose vibrations have extended in space through the habitable globe, and in time even to our own generation, inclusive. Probably the first case was a poor little matter of petty larceny. But with advancing audacity, it came in time to pass that there was nothing on the earth of so stupendous a magnitude as yet to admit of being robbed, that some bold craftsman was not enterprising enough to attempt the thievery. Thus to-day the reader of history is not incredulously moved when he stumbles on a daring attempt of an ambitious burglar to steal a kingdom. Aaron Burr would have stolen the Republic of the great United States—an extensive theft—had not the detectives been too sharp for him. But Aaron Burr was far from originating the conception of this masterly feat of flagitiousness. Centuries before a criminal as great as he had been busy at as grand a job. When, according to the notions of students of an anti-Columbian geography, the sun never set upon the Roman empire; when the invincible legions of Pompey were carrying the Roman eagles as far as they had the patience to march, knowing no obstacle save that limit of

time which ever hampers mortal men; when a clique of half-a-dozen moneyed noblemen of the luxurious City could have easily bought out the king of Spain in the most auriferous days of the fabulous Indies;—even then it was that Lucius Sergius Catilina, greatest of thieves, would fain have stolen the whole boundless empire, its complicated machinery, its endless wealth; nay, would have filched several millions of human beings stamped with no inferior image or superscription to his own. The success of the gigantic conception would have ensured the apotheosis of its father as the Divinity of Rascality among all brethren of the guild. It was to be no usurpation, no revolution, none of those well-known political operations, which are christened after their result, but a deliberate case of grand larceny; in legal phrase, a caption and conversion with felonious intent. Such was the central crime; but it was bedizened, like a Jezebel in jewellery of paste and glass, with the decorating errors of murders, rapes, and sacrilege —a tale not without interest, and, since it was thwarted, not too horrible. Catiline plotted it, Cicero exposed it, and Sallust wrote its history—a trio of famous names not less than nineteen hundred years old.

It is no easy task to paint the condition of Italy, and especially of Rome, at the era of this monstrous undertaking. General epithets would pass for extravagant, or would fail to awaken the unstimulated imagination to a full appreciation of the scene to be presented. Particular instances would be neither entertaining nor agreeable. Yet was the public corruption, the private immorality, absolutely appalling. Supreme viciousness brooded like an universal atmosphere over all, and penetrated, like the same invisible, tainted air, the inmost passages and nooks of individual being. The oppressive fog of sin seemed to cloak as with a mantle the whole ancient world, burying in its sunless night abandoned men from the reproachful eye of God; and most closely the noisome exhalations of evil clung around that spot where the seething masses of populous Rome rested not night or day in the busy service of the devil. In private life, the depravity of the times cannot now be described. Adequate language could not be found without trespassing within the bounds of indecency; for the crimes which at that time were committed openly and deliberately it has now become an impropriety even to name. Immense fortunes were accumulated through those iniquitous channels, by which the plethoric wealth of an overgrown and feeble empire is wont to be surreptitiously drained into the coffers of unscrupulous individuals. But these golden rivers were regulated by no banks of intellectual

culture or virtuous sentiment. At the present day it would probably be an impossibility for men, even with effort, to get rid of the revenues, almost too large for the skill of the accountant, which in those days were rapidly run through by the young rakes and gamesters of the dissolute city. Limitless mansions, incomparably more superb than the most time-honored shrines of the gods, rich in everything which human art could furnish to gratify the senses, served only to lap in their voluptuous heart the bloated person of some Roman *roué*, lying in the midst of their beauty like the small black plague-spot on a fair and delicate body. In these marble halls, decorated like the magic palaces of the Arabian Nights, floated wreaths of music the most voluptuous to soothe the ear; the rarest perfumes, and gums of untold cost, scented the air from swinging censers; couches of incomparable luxury courted the listless limbs; pictures, statues, vases, gems inestimable in price, alluring the eye, were grouped upon every side; feasts of delicacies for which the most hidden recesses of ocean, the farthest limits of earth, were ransacked incessantly, tempted the fatigued appetite. Yet nowhere were manuscripts; nowhere even the implements of war, the chase, or manly sports. Only stupid or ferocious faces of mutes, blacks, hideous savages, bought for great sums, as human curiosities, stood around; or groups of beautiful, supple, expressionless dancing or choral nymphs, to grace and enliven the nocturnal orgies of the lord and his fellow-revellers—a Roman harem, like the bright-glancing ocean, ever changing yet ever the same. Yet was the possessor of all these things not content with simple sloth, inanity, luxury and voluptuousness. Softer than a woman, he was wickeder than a cannibal. Courtesans, like vampires, sucked at his purse to maintain a state of ease rivalling his own. Hired assassins were prompt at his frown to rob, to burn, or to murder. Gaming, with stakes for which empires and kingdoms might play, and losing be impoverished, served ere long to make shipwreck of the stateliest fortune. Mischievous customs enabled the ruined spendthrift to pile above his miserable head mountains of debt; and then the harshest laws ever known against indigent debtors closed against him all those friendly avenues of purgation through which the insolvent of our own day can pass out into the world a sound and new man. Thus at last the well-trained scholar in every vice became that dangerous thing—a desperate man, a tool, like the dagger of his own *sicarius*, in the hand of any man who was able and evil enough to use him.

In the world of politics, unprincipled men held similar

Saturnalia. The ruined spendthrifts, swamped by enormous private debts, incurred still more onerous liabilities in the shameless contest for office by the rivalry of corruption, bribery and simony. The successful candidate considered that he had purchased the license of universal robbery. Yet were the fruits of rapacity, extortion and peculation not applied to the solution of old debts, but employed as the means for further extravagance and vice. The dagger or the dungeon were quite as secure gags for creditors as the gold or silver for their notes, and were vastly cheaper. The last stage of evil might seem to have been reached, when the criminal, secure from prosecution, no longer cared to conceal his crimes; when the murderer and the defrauder were not safely aspersed with so much as the whisper of calumny; when the candidates for public office thought, and rightly thought, the venial error of lèse-majesté against the Roman people no obstacle to their aspirations.

The terrible days of the ferocious struggles of Marius and Sylla were scarcely over. Those bloody proscriptions had tainted the Italian cities with the atmosphere of slaughter-pens. Violence, blood and corpses were familiar sights; and barbarous cruelty by custom had lost its horrors. The promiscuous rapine, the wholesale plunder of those years of lawlessness had engendered their usual results—vice and prodigality; and those who had amassed wealth in wickedness and squandered it in debauchery, now found themselves the slaves of expensive vices and the owners of empty coffers. They longed for new revolutions, fresh proscriptions, further license to plunder, careless of every object and principle save gain.

Fortunately vice is a corrosive quality and destroys its own disciples; fortunately criminals are distrustful, selfish and jealous. Thus there is imperfect cohesion among them, and they are not formidable in proportion to their numbers. Rome, with this corruption of blood permeating its whole system, yet preserved an outward fairness and symmetry, and rolled through its national course from day to day rather by the impetus of a by-gone era, as Cicero said, by the "magnitudo imperii," the poderousness of empire, than by any vital strength still infusing its diseased mass.

There are chemical fluids uncertain and fugitive as water, which yet, let but a stick or other solid substance be introduced into them, will at once close around the intruding body in a mass of hard, compact and keen crystals. Thus, and with similar effect, came the aspiring Catiline into the loose chaos of desperate Romans. That mass of ruined spendthrifts, blood-stained murderers, penniless debtors, reckless gamesters,

vile debauchees, political criminals, state-peculators, and promiscuous villains who had travelled thus far in the paths of evil without adhesion, without fellow-feeling; jostling each other as fiercely as they jostled the good; incapable of simultaneous action; now at last recognized in this daring sinner a fit head and an able leader, who might give them that weight in the Commonwealth to which their numbers at any rate entitled them. At his back these shifting and uncertain elements quickly solidified into a firm and formidable conspiracy. Catiline was an extraordinary man. His heart seemed a fagot bound up of every vice; his intellect displayed comprehensiveness and various genius; his temperament was a dangerous combination of audacity and ambition. His youth had been given up to all the scandalous and monstrous vices of the age, and his noble birth and singular energy had marked him as a man of unusual enterprise even in these pursuits. Yet they had not in his case accomplished their customary result by the ruin of either body or mind; both of which had been endowed by nature with vast and active vitality. Indulgence had made him neither a voluptuary nor a driveller. Hunger, cold, sleeplessness, fatigue he could bear with the hardihood of a veteran soldier. And when, at the end of his proper resources, total ruin stared him blankly in the face, his scheming head compassed the grandest plots for making the Empire his treasury. Yet vigils and dissipation, if they had not destroyed the wonderful powers of his physique, had still left terrible traces, like the gullied tracks of mountain torrents, upon his appearance. He looked the villain that he was; for Cicero tells us that his gait was unequal, his eyes bloodshot, his complexion ghastly, and his manners and address nervous and irregular, like those of one distraught. His mind seems to have been similarly affected. He could not control its strong but fitful workings in the leashes of mastering subordination. And though his powers of conception, dissimulation, arrangement and eloquence were unimpaired, yet was he uable on all occasions to govern a violent temper and to preserve his self-possession and presence of mind. Still his eager harangues, his subtle insinuations and his able organization were sufficient to entice and domineer over a vast number of subalterns whose own inferiority is shown simultaneously with his power by the servile obedience which they yielded to his dictation.

Some public offices he gained; but they were insufficient, and he aimed at the Consulship. Cicero stood against him. It was a momentous and exciting struggle. Catiline had already, as was well known, plotted the assassination of the

previous consuls, Torquatus and Cotta;* and the conspiracy had only failed by the premature exhibition of the preconcerted signal. He had since been tried for misgovernment in Africa, and had notoriously bought his acquittal; and it was now generally bruited abroad that in becoming a candidate for the consulship he had ulterior designs of the most cruel, flagitious, and destructive nature against the commonwealth. Terror of his success was universal; his opponents rallied with all their strength, and the Comitia resulted in his defeat. His last resource lay now in that conspiracy which has rendered his notorious name immortal as that of the Eternal City whose overthrow he would fain have achieved.

In Satanic Congress there the arch-conspirator assembled the most valued of his assistants. Their minds had been already in some measure prepared; and now in a seductive oration he laid before them the inestimable prizes to be gained by the Revolution;—the wiping out of old debts; the amassment of new fortunes; the long proscriptions of public and of private enemies; the promiscuous slaughter of usurious creditors. Then he showed his hopes of success; that Italy was drained of troops by the distant expeditions of Pompey; that the hundred thousand fierce veterans of Sulla had squandered the rewards of their last forays, and would flock to his banners at the enticements of fresh booty; in short, that the wicked and destitute were countless on every side, and that an universal massacre of all rich and virtuous men, was one of the easiest things in the world. Should not the majority rule?

This terrible programme was certainly frightfully feasible; and to the assembled gentlemen it proved, as Catiline had surely anticipated, quite irresistible. They hailed it with delight; indeed it was no very new idea to them; and the conspiracy was formed. Rumor afterwards whispered of dæmoniac rites to solemnize the unholy bond; of the blood of a human victim handed round in a bowl, of which each present quaffed a draught of fellowship; also of a dagger, which often during the evil days afterwards danced before the mind's eye of Cicero, dedicated with vows to the infernal gods to accomplish the death of the Consul. But the crafty Catiline, to bind them dangerously and irrevocably, took the more practically effective measure of making them all discuss the subject amongst themselves, that every individual might be severally committed and that each and all might be witness

* He was accused of having murdered his first wife, and a female child he had by her; of having murdered his own brother; also Cæcilius, his brother-in-law, &c., &c.—See Cicero in Catilinam: pro Sulla: pro Murena. See also Don. Cassius, lib. xxxvi. et xxxvii.

and as it were bondsman for each and all. Associates were sought in distant colonies and in the municipia of Italy, and soon the meshes of the invisible net enveloped an extensive territory. Many scions of houses whose fame and name had in times past been inseparably intertwined with the safety and glory of the Republic now signified to Catiline that though unwilling to become active conspirators at present, yet he might be assured of their passive sympathy and might expect their future vigorous assistance when matters should be more developed; while some few, even less scrupulous, promptly pledged him hand as well as heart. For some time, by a cautious and prudent though steady spread of the guilty knowledge, the evil society was rapidly increased to the requisite formidable numbers; the fierce leaders felt the plan trembling on the verge of execution; and already held their councils for the arrangement of the latest details. But when towards the culmination of the tempest the cable of conspiracy is strained tightest, it is seldom that there is not some chafed spot, some broken fibre in its fabric. In this case the weak brother was one Quintus Curius, a man of noble birth and vast criminality, so abandoned as to have even been expelled from the Senate by the Censors. He had been sought by Catiline for his name and for the desperation to which profligacy and prodigality had brought him. Nor was it through any lurking virtue or unexpected softening of heart that he now became the instrument of betrayal and ruin; quite the contrary. Among his numerous courtesans there was one for whom he had an especial value, and when she coldly deserted her penniless lover, his shallow wrath and ill-timed vanity led him to utter mysterious threats and strange prophecies. Feminine curiosity was aroused, and the subtlety and blandishments of the wily mistress soon won the entire confidence and liberal disclosures of Curius. She at once played that part in behalf of the consul Cicero which in later times Marian de Lorme, a similar character, played in similar circumstances for Cardinal Richelieu. Regularly she received from the conspirator and as regularly reported to the consul the names, the projects and the acts of the traitors.

Yet, even thus fore-warned and fore-armed, Cicero's task was far from simple, his policy far from clear, and his success by no means sure. His entrance upon the consulship, contemporary with the defeat of Catiline, became the signal for active treason. The mine, long and patiently dry, was now almost in order for explosion, and the miners had only to strew the train. The unwearied chief-villain toiled night and day, unresting, sleepless, energetic. He strove to accomplish

all by individual effort, to arrange all by personal thought; for in his subalterns, of inferior capacity, he could place limited trust. He laid ambuscades to assassinate Cicero; but that astute and life-loving personage, by the surreptitious aid of the invaluable Fulvia, succeeded in thwarting these schemes as fast as his insidious foe could mature them. Still, large depots of arms were collected in many places; the inferior heads of the plot, who were to have superintendence of the particular outbreaks in various places, had already departed for their allotted posts; a large and well-appointed host had come together to the southward, at Fæsulæ; the traitors were numerous and fierce; and the resources of the Consul were desperately meagre to oppose them. He was like one bound fast upon the sea-shore whose eyes must look upon the flooding tide threatening soon to roll over his head, but himself impotent to stir hand or foot for safety.

Thus far he had kept his own counsel, and had pitted himself in plot and counter-plot against Catiline, as man against man, working darkly from behind a curtain, with unsuspected weapons, and plausible measures, so that the conspirators themselves knew not the secret cause of the miscarriage of their ever-disconcerted plans, nor guessed the subtle hand which so skilfully played the game against them. But it was at last evident that personal exertions and private resources could not much longer suffice. However inadequate were the forces of the State; yet, such as they were, they must be employed, and must be strained to the uttermost. Cicero, accordingly convened the Senate, and laid the whole affair before the astounded and trembling members, who, on the moment passed the famous and time-honored decree "that the Consuls should take care that the Republic should receive no detriment"—which conferred the sovereign powers of dictatorship. Unfortunately for practical purposes at the present moment, this amounted to little beyond a stupendous but empty sound. Catiline's wonderful audacity certainly manifested the contemptuous security which he felt, at least so far as regarded his personal freedom. Even after this decree was passed, he ventured to enter the Senate Chamber and assume his customary seat. The Senators in the neighborhood at once arose with marks of abhorrence, and moving to distant portions of the hall, left the unabashed traitor in absolute solitude. Cicero was aroused beyond endurance; anger and perhaps fear, at the confident daring of the man unloosed his tongue, and from the rostrum he poured forth the searing torrent of passionate eloquence, known as the first Catilinian oration, words which ought to have rolled over the shrivelling soul of

the guilty one like consuming lava-stream of Etna. But Catiline was superhuman; not the arch-fiend of Milton could have presented a more flinty bosom to compunctious visitings. With lowly and suppliant air, as one conscious of innocence and wrong, the prince of conspirators arose, and opened with calm voice, like one who begged that reason might make its tranquil tones heard amid the eddying whirlwind of passion, the plausible exordium of defence. But the war of execration, the storm of epithets—parricide, traitor foe! which stunned his ears and rained around his dizzy head, showed him the futility of his dissimulation, and were quite too much for his self-control. With an outburst of ferocious and convicting passion—"that he would quench the flames of personal ruin in the universal destruction"—he broke forth from the Senate-house. It was now simply a question of speed and strength between himself and the dictator. In the city he might be personally hampered and in danger; therefore, leaving minute instructions with his lieutenants, Cethegus and Lentulus, he hastened towards Fæsulæ, with the intention of bringing the forces there assembled, beneath the walls of Rome, at an early day, to coöperate with the intra-mural risings. Yet, still deceptive to the last, he strove by letters and declarations to spread the tale that he had fled into exile at Massilia, to escape the unjust and implacable pursuit of a perfidious and vindictive enemy.

Great indeed was now the excitement in the Eternal City. A helpless multitude, terror-stricken and ignorant, thronged the streets and gathered in pale and whispering knots in the squares; spreading incredible rumors of treason and ruin; dreading unknown terrors of bloodshed and conflagration; distrustful every man of his neighbor, communicating terrible portents. Women with dishevelled hair, many with their infants in their arms, brought the noisy shrillness of feminine alarm into the public ways, and with their tears and prayers increased the general confusion and embarrassment. Well might Cicero anticipate with dread a powerful and well-directed blow upon this weak and disjointed body-politic. The universal corruption served also to introduce an additional element of danger. Cicero could not hope for much time to organize the means of resistance. Catiline was to be the attacking party, and it lay in his option to make the attack in a few days, nay almost in a few hours, and he was no dilatory trifler. And upon the result of this first struggle hung too probably the fate of the entire contest; for upon the first symptom of treasonable success it could not be doubted that an universal uprising of disorderly and lawless masses would

quickly, utterly and irretrievably overwhelm the comparatively insignificant numbers of the friends of order. In a prompt success which might prevent his enemies from acquiring the dangerous knowledge of their own strength, lay his only hopes of safety. His plan for the critical emergency was that his colleague Antony, with what military force he could collect at a day's notice, should move at once towards Fæsulæ, before the forces there should be recruited to their extreme capacity; while he himself would continue his efforts for the preservation of the city. Might the Immortal Gods help his plans, for in his single self lay but doubtful salvation!

But at this "eleventh hour" an unexpected assistance came to his aid. In the chain of treason, falsehood and conspiracy the last link had not yet passed through his fingers. Still another treachery within treachery, dissimulation in the bowels of dissimulation, was to give arms to the weak and prop the tottering cause of virtue. The Gauls were traditionary enemies of the Romans—a nation that was not yet fully subdued, and was destined ever to be a restless and a poisoned thorn in the side of the Universal Republic. The Ambassadors of the Gallic nation of the Allobroges were at this time on the point of departing from Rome to carry home the peremptory refusal of the Roman Senate to their request for a merciful commutation of the heavy public and private debt with which the avarice and extortion of Roman proconsuls had overwhelmed their people. In addition to the instinctive national animosity, this legation were now further exasperated by this last hardship. The conspirators were well aware of the great assistance both in deed and repute which their undertaking would have were it backed by the formidable alliance of a nation of warriors. The insinuating Catiline undertook the task of persuasion. With the skill of an ancient Egyptian embalmer he extracted their brains through their ears; they were spell-bound in presence of the fascinations of the eye and tongue of genius; and the glittering propositions of the seducer met their ready acquiescence. But solitude and reflection brought riper counsel. They trembled perhaps at the criminality of the design, and certainly at the apparent inadequacy of the means to the result. Their own national experience did not encourage them to hold the power of Rome in such light estimation; nor could they easily conceive of her overthrow by a band of reckless libertines and ruined gamesters. Accordingly, before it was too late, they sought the path of safety and cautiously disburdened themselves of their dangerous secret to one Q. Fabius Sanga. The news was at once communicated to Cicero; and that subtle states-

man bade them still assume with their would-be allies the guise of friendship, learning further of their plans until some opportune piece of information should leave the game in his own hands. The legates played this rôle of dissimulation with masterly skill, and even procured, under pretext of a testimonial and confirmation to their fellow-countrymen, of their own truthfulness when they should disclose the project at home, a pregnant document, wherein, under the very hands and seals of the unsuspicious conspirators, the entire plot lay as in a nutshell—a savage paper whose hellish paragraphs of burnings, slaughter, rapes and sacrilege ought appropriately to have been written in blood. Soon the night was set when the ambassadors, with certain emissaries of the plot, bearing important missions to divers posts in Italy, should leave the city. This was the moment for the dictator to act. With excellent promptness every man whose signature stood upon the legation's paper was arrested; and an ambuscade headed by two prætors waylaid and secured the departing party of the Allobroges and their comrades. Cicero had seized a valuable prize. Could he maintain his hold and avoid a rescue, he had decapitated the urban rebellion, and might disregard the convulsive twitching of the nerveless body which remained in freedom. The better to cling to these captures he at once summoned the Senate to meet in the Temple of Concord, and laid before them the whole affair in its latest developments. The invaluable document of the Gauls left no room for the question of innocence; and the venerable and grateful magnates straightway voted to their preserver the thanks of the Republic, and to the Allobroges and the prætors appropriate rewards. The captives they allotted to certain of their own members whom they made responsible for their safe custody —a perilous charge, one would think.

Then Cicero, going out into the Forum, mounted the public Rostra, and poured forth his overflowing soul to the assembled and enthusiastic people. No moment perhaps in the great orator's life was happier than this one. Anxieties and further efforts flitted in the background of his reflections; but the sombre shadows fell not upon the present, wherein gambolled in the sunshine of popular glory, the complaisant satisfaction of the self-conscious nation's preserver. His address was a smooth and honeyed flow of self-gratulation, and admiring thousands who have since read it have greatly marvelled at the magnitude of the man. The general benefactor with sweet interludes of charming modesty lauded his own benefaction to the very skies. Cicero was not the man to hide his light under a bushel; and he certainly had now done a great

and glorious deed. The Romans ought to have made the heavens resound with rapturous applause; yet it cannot but be amusing to see with what studied care the popular idol gave the rescued people the signal for the cheer, and sedulously fanned the smoke of the incense into his delighted nostrils. He was indeed the Saviour of the State, and he scrupled not to attend in person to the job of telling the people so, that there might be no possibility of their besotted minds failing of the clear preception. Yet it must be allowed that he told only the literal truth, and with a courteous recognition of the claims of modesty, to which ostentatiously, deferentially and frequently he bowed very low.

In the city treason was shackled fast by these arrests. The few who might be deemed equal to the task and functions of leadership were enmeshed, and none were left to fill their vacant places. The city was agitated for a day or two, as was natural, by rumors of violent plots and intended risings. But the temporary panics came to nought. They were but the quiverings of the headless trunk of conspiracy settling into cold death. The fellowship of villainy crumbled apart like a house shaken by an earthquake, and Rome had only the external foe to dread. Towards Fæsulæ, where in the camp of Manlius still raged in delirious fury the arch-traitor, the instigator, the father of the whole, the attention of all was now anxiously turned.

One matter, however, of some interest remains to be disposed of before we reach the battle-field, which the Senate managed with laudable celerity. This was the castigation of the miserable patricides who were now in the official clutches. There was no difficulty in fastening conviction upon them, for those who could betray their country were quite capable of betraying each other. Volturcius first turned states evidence and made liberal confessions; and the next day one Tarquinius, moved by his compeer's prudent example, came and did likewise. He however went too far, for he gave the name of the rich and influential Crassus. This disclosure startled the Senate. They either honestly discredited or they dared not appear to give it credence; whilst Crassus himself, very glad to leave a sinking ship, behaved with wily discretion. So the unfortunate Tarquin, having quite overshot the mark, was remanded to custody as a bearer of false witness. In the discussion as to the nature of the punishment, the original incentive in all minds was towards death. But Julius Cæsar rising, uttered a long oration, counselling the milder measure of life-long imprisonment; he urged many and specious reasons; and his address, as recorded by Sallust, is

perhaps the first plea upon record opposing capital punishment as a matter of principle.* It was an able appeal. But Cæsar was half suspected of a degree of complicity or at least misprision in the plot itself; and was moreover notoriously striving to gain the popular favor by a general mild courteousness, by making no man his enemy, and as many as possible his friends; his ambition was already recognized. Of course such facts militated strongly against him, and in their aid came the energetic tongue of that stern old Roman, Cato the Censor, like one risen from the dead of ancient Republican days. This rigid moralist, severe to himself, severe to others, whom none had ever detected in venial transgression, the apostle of unwavering inexorable justice, was looked upon with unusual awe and respect in this servile era of the decadence of virtue, independence and manliness. He answered Cæsar in a forcible harangue, speaking as none less faultless would have dared to speak, demanding no temporizing with sin, but the prompt infliction of that excessive retaliation which so heinous a crime merited, as well for its intrinsic iniquity as for the sake of a terrible warning to the dissolute and treasonable of future times. Cicero showed his usual bland anxiety to offend neither faction, but he was understood to incline towards severity, or more properly justice. Cæsar was overruled and the Senate passed the decree of "Death." In the prison there was a subterranean cell called the "Tullian Chamber," into whose unclean, noisome and dank recesses the light of day

* Regarded in any light—no matter what may have been the motive of it—Cæsar's speech on this occasion was a noble effort. Cicero himself, or indeed any other orator, has left us no oration in which philosophy and eloquence are more happily blended. In a word, it might well be called perfect both in its spirit and form, were it not for its ignoring the immortality of the soul. "Omnes homines," says the great Cæsar, rising in his place in the Senate-house, "patres conscripti, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitiâ, irâ, atque misericordiâ vacuos esse decet. Haud facilè animus verum providet, ubi illa officiunt; neque quisquam omnium lubidini simul et usui paruit. Ubi intenderis ingenium, valet: Si lubido possidet, ea dominatur, animus nihil valet: Magna mihi copia est memorandi, patres conscripti, qui reges, aut qui populi, irâ, aut misericordiâ impulsi, malè consuluerint: sed ea malo dicere, quæ majores nostri contra lubidinem animi sui, rectè atque ordine fecêre. . . . De pœnâ, possum equidem dicere id quod res habet; in luctu, atque miseriis mortem ærumnarum requiem, non cruciatum, esse; eam cuncta mortalium mala dissolvere; ultra neque curæ, neque gaudio locum esse. Sed, per Deos immortales, quamobrem in sententiam non addidisti, uti priùs verberibus in eos animadverteretur? An, quia lex Porcia vetat? At aliæ leges item condemnatis civibus, non animam eripi, sed exsilium permitti jubent. An quia gravius est verberari, quàm necari? Quid autem acerbum, aut nimis grave est in homines tanti facinoris convictos? Sin, quia levius est; quî convenit in minore negotio legem observare, cùm eam in majore neglexeris? At enim quis reprehendet, quod in parricidas reipublicæ decretum erit? Tempus, dies, fortuna, cujus lubido gentibus moderatur. Illis meritò accidet, quicquid evenerit: cæterùm vos, patres conscripti, quid in alios statuatis, considerate. Omnia mala exempla ex bonis initiis orta sunt: sed, ubi imperium

never penetrated. In this miserable dungeon, with toads, snakes and loathsome vermin for their companions, these ruined sons of luxury and nobility were, after brief confinement, garroted by the common executioner.

When all this ominous news reached Catiline, that able leader saw at once that the game was up for the present in the everlasting walls of Rome and probably throughout all Italy; and he used all expedition to gain the foot of the mountain ranges and to skulk rapidly beneath the shadow of the Appennines into Gaul, where his sanguine spirit still anticipated assistance. But Metellus Celer, by happy instinct anticipating precisely this movement, brought his forces rapidly into the rugged country through which Catiline's troops must pass. Thus he occupied vantage-ground; and Catiline found himself in a *cul-de-sac* between Celer, the mountains, and in his rear the Consul Antonius with a second army. Of the evils he chose that which seemed the least, and turned upon the pursuing Antonius to give him battle. Sallust puts into his mouth such a speech as it might be natural for the desperate outlaw to make to his desperate companions upon the eve of decisive conflict. In life there was no hope for them save in victory; no mercy was in store for the universal villains; never was there a more unavoidable alternative of conquest or death.* The criminal host prepared with savage fe-

ad ignaros, aut minùs bonos pervenit, novum illud exemplum ab dignis, et idoneis, ad indignos, et non idoneos transfertur." "Conscript fathers, it becomes all who deliberate concerning doubtful things to be free from hatred, friendship, anger and pity. The mind does not easily perceive truth where those things obstruct it. Neither can any one obey passion and utility at the same time. When we apply the understanding it prevails; if passion takes possession it rules; the mind then avails nothing. Conscript fathers, I have many examples to adduce in proof of what kings and peoples have been impelled to in turn by anger and pity. (Here he proceeds to give historical instances.) It is likewise to be provided for by you that the wickedness of Publius Lentulus and the rest *may not prevail more with you than your own dignity, and that you may not consult your anger more than your character.* . . . . . Most of those who have expressed their opinions before me have bewailed the misfortune of the Republic in fine language, and they have enumerated what might be the cruelties of war; what might befall the conquered; virgins and boys to be dragged away: children to be torn away from the embrace of parents: mothers of families to suffer whatever the conquerors might please: temples and houses to be pillaged: slaughter, burnings to be made: lastly, all places to be filled with arms, dead bodies, gore and grief. But in the name of the immortal gods whither does that speech tend? (When he comes to speak against the death penalty he becomes more and more eloquent and impetuous; but as already intimated, he denies the immortality of the soul.) Indeed, I can say of punishment what the thing imports; that death is a rest from toils, not a torture in grief and miseries; that there is no place beyond it for care, neither for joy."—SALLUST, *De Catilina.*

* The best critics are of opinion that if the speech here alluded to is not given by the historian exactly as it was spoken by Catiline, the thoughts and arguments are essentially the same—a fact which would prove by itself that the great conspirator was an orator as well as a soldier. We quote an extract from

rocity for a contest which seemed indeed by no means hopeless. In their midst they bore a satanic emblem, the Cimbric Eagle of the bloody Marius. That they might all partake of equal peril, even the leaders dismounted to mingle in the fray on foot. The fight was as terrible as it could not avoid being. Manlius on the right and Fæsulanus on the left were slain early, but there seemed no need of generals in the hand-to-hand struggle, and their men fought the none less fiercely. Catiline in the centre performed prodigies of mighty valor. Success being doubtful in the quivering scales; whilst he performed the double duties of commander and soldier, detecting with his quick eye every necessity, meeting with ready energy every emergency; with voice and deed he encouraged the flagging, if any such might be, filled the wounded with the vigor of the well, and as if by individual effort stemmed the hostile tide of battle. The Roman commander, thus finally reduced to play his trump card, played it well and boldly. At the head of the prætorian cohort he made a fierce onslaught against the centre of the insurgent line. The undisciplined troops were broken; the day was decided. Catiline recog-

the original, adding a translation for the benefit of those who may not be sufficiently familiar with the language of Sallust to be able to appreciate its manifold beauties. "Nos pro patriâ, pro libertate, pro vitâ certamus; illis supervacaneum est pro potentiâ paucorum pugnare. Quò audaciùs aggredimini, memores pristinæ virtutis. Licuit vobis cum summâ turpitudine in exsilio ætatem agere, potuistis nonnulli Romæ, amissis bonis, alienas opes expectare; quia illa fœda, atque intoleranda viris videbantur, hæc sequi decrevistis. Si hæc relinquere vultis, audaciâ opus est. Nemo, nisi victor, pace bellum mutavit. Nam in fugâ salutem sperare, tum arma, quis corpus tegitur, ab hostibus avertere, ea verò dementia est. Semper in prælio iis maximum est periculum, qui maximè timent: audacia pro muro habetur. Cùm vos considero, milites, et cùm facta vestra æstimo, magna me spes victoriæ tenet. Animus, ætas virtus vestra me hortantur: præterea necessitudo, quæ etiam timidos fortes facit. Nam, multitudo hostium ne circumvenire queat, prohibent angustiæ loci. Quòd si virtuti vestræ fortuna inviderit, cavete, ne inulti animam amittatis; neu capti potiùs sicuti pecora, trucidemini, quàm virorum more pugnantes, cruentam atque luctuosam victoriam hostibus relinquatis." "We contend for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; it is useless for them to fight for the benefit of a few. Therefore, mindful of your ancient valor, attack them the more boldly. It was lawful for you to spend your life in exile with the utmost baseness; some of you have had an opportunity of looking on—your property having been lost—at the wealth of others at Rome; because those things did not seem foul and intolerable to men, you have resolved to follow my interests. There is need of boldness if you are disposed to carry out your resolves. No one save a conqueror can change war into peace; for to hope for safety in flight, to turn away from the enemy the armor with which the body is covered—that is, indeed, madness. *The greatest danger in battle is always to those who fear most; boldness is accounted for a wall.* Soldiers, when I consider you and estimate your achievements great hopes of victory possess me. Your spirit, age and valor encourage me; moreover, necessity, which makes even cowards brave. The defiles of the place will prevent the enemy from surrounding us. But if fortune will have envied your valor, beware lest unrevenged you may lose life; nor taken be slaughtered like cattle, rather than fighting like men you may leave a bloody and mournful victory."

nised the inevitable ruin; and true to his desperate nature he plunged into the midst of his foes, cleaving himself a bloody lane until far in the heart of the hostile array many wounds oppressed him; he fell and yielded up his iniquitous soul amid the carnage and the slaughter for which he was especially to answer. His followers, though broken and conquered, would not flee. They were no less savagely determined than their leader. They gave no quarter, took not a single prisoner, but fought and killed hand-to-hand in grim contest till every man of them fell covering with his body the spot whereon he had stood and with all his wounds in front. The battle was an extermination. The Rebellion was dead.

It had been a wholesome purging for Rome. Plenty of evil indeed remained behind; the rapid decay of virtue received but a temporary check. Still, ere the final dissolution the gorgeous though fallacious brilliancy of Julius and Augustus Cæsar was to intervene, and Roman destiny, uninterrupted by so violent a death, was to run its course through protracted decay, till like the Rhine losing itself in the sand-plains at its mouth, it was impossible to say precisely when the name and empire of ancient Rome actually ceased to be.

ART. V.—1. *F. G. Klopstock's Sämmtliche Werke. Ergängunzen durch Biographie, Briefwechsel und Verschiedene. Beiträge.* 3 *Bände.* (*The Collected Works: Supplements of Biography, Correspondence and Miscellaneous Contributions.* 3 *vols.*) Von HERMANN SCHNIEDLIN. Stutgart. 1863.

2. *Vie de Klopstock.* Par M. DOERING. Weimer.

3. *Klopstock's Oden und Elegien, &c.* (*Klopstock's Odes and Elegies, &c.*)

4. *La Letterature Poetique de l'Allemagne depuis Klopstock et Lessing.* Par M. GELZER. Leipsig.

5. *Ueber Klopstock's Wesen und Wirken.* Von Dr. LUCAS.

FAME is much more influenced by accident than even the most thoughtful generally suppose. It may be doubted whether those who become famous under favorable circumstances are more numerous than those whose merits are overlooked, or depreciated under unfavorable circumstances. Time, however, will vindicate the truth sooner or later, distinguishing the genuine from the fictitious, so that the most careless cannot

mistake one from the other. But there are too many instances in which merit dies, or is destroyed before its value can be appreciated. Many a priceless manuscript has been lost to the world as many a diamond has been thrown into the sea, because it did not fall into hands which could distinguish it, notwithstanding its rough exterior, from a common stone. The time it takes to assign a literary work its true rank is long, or short, in proportion as its merits are more or less striking and obvious, and in proportion as its author, or the peculiar character of the work itself has awakened prejudices against it, or in its favor.

It is now one hundred and forty years since Fredrick Gottlieb Klopstock was born, in the Abbey of Quedlingburg, an obscure town in North Saxony; his works have been translated into all the principal languages of Europe; but he is yet but little known either in this country or in England, and this little is rather adverse than favorable to his fame. This is not true of any other country. The cultivated classes read his works with avidity, especially his Odes, more than a century ago, in Italy, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, France,* &c. In England, too, he has had his admirers; but his countrymen wished not only to compare him to Milton, but in many instances claimed that his 'Messiah' is superior to 'Paradise Lost.' Here, at the outset, we have the secret of the comparatively little favor with which Klopstock has been received by English readers. We have no intention, however, of seeking to justify the German view of the relative merits of Milton and Klopstock; nay, we confess we prefer 'Paradise Lost' to the 'Messiah,' and think Milton a greater poet than Klopstock. But we hold that the latter too is a great poet, and that he would have been entitled to that character had he written nothing but his Odes; while no unprejudiced critic capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject would deny that the 'Messiah,' with all its faults, possesses true epic grandeur.

It is because we think that works of this class ought to be read, and that none can read them without profit, that we have chosen Klopstock as the subject of our present article. If we can remove the smallest portion of the prejudices enter-

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* "Who," asks La Harpe, "has bestowed more eulogies on the genius of Klopstock (than the French), on the wit and taste of Wieland, on the Fables of Gellert, and of Lessing?" Speaking of Goethe's Werther, on the next page the same writer observes, "On assure que toutes les productions de cet écrivain ont le plus grand succès dans son pays, et que c'est, *après Klopstock, le plus grand génie de Allemagne.*"—*Cours de Litterature.* Par J. T. La Harpe. Tome XIV., pp. 383-4.

tained against him, and induce even half a dozen of intelligent readers to do him justice by a careful perusal, we shall consider our pains fully requited. Nor is it necessary to be acquainted with German in order to read Klopstock. There is at least one English translation—in blank verse—of the 'Messiah'—that published in London in 1824—which, although by no means perfect, is as satisfactory as translations generally are; and as for the author's Odes there are scarcely any of them of which there are not several English versions.

The chief complaint against Klopstock is that he is too fond of sacrificing sense to sound; in other words, that when he tries to be sublime he is more likely to be bombastic. In proof of this many passages are extracted from his works, which when considered by themselves seem, and sometimes really are, very different from what would be regarded as sublime in an original English poem; at least more words are used than an English author could venture to use in expressing the same idea. But it is not fair to judge German authors by English rules. Not only are the two languages entirely different, but all the modes of thought of those who speak them. The English are a practical matter-of-fact people, and they express themselves accordingly; the Germans are dreamy and imaginative, and heavy and phlegmatic withal, and their language is marked by the same characteristics. We have no more right to expect that the Germans should express themselves as we do, than we have that the Persians, the Hindoos or any other people should do so. If it takes ten words to make a German understand what would be rendered sufficiently intelligible to an Englishman, an American or a Frenchman by five, it would be a defect on the part of the German not to use the former number; and the same remark will apply to imagery or figurative language. But let us see whether Klopstock is so much at fault as he is represented, even when tried by the same rules which we all profess to regard as those marking the true standard of taste. Thus, for example, there is no expression in all his writings more frequently quoted by his detractors than the beginning of his description of the Creation, which may be rendered thus:

"God moved full of a thousand times a thousand thoughts, holding in his right hand a thousand times a thousand lives."*—*Messiah*, vi. 505.

This, indeed, may seem pompous rather than sublime, when considered apart from the context; but they are not the best

* "Erging voll tausend mahl tausend Gedanken,
Tausendmal tausend Leben in seiner Rechte versammelt."

critics who find fault with it on this ground; they are those, on the contrary, who while laying claim to superior taste and judgment show that they are no acquainted with their own recognised models. Need we say that our best critics look to Homer as the true model in Epic poetry, and that they are right in doing so? Yet we find in the *Iliad* many such expressions as that just quoted from Klopstock. Suffice it to mention one: and we select that in the fifth book where the poet tells us that "Brazen Mars roared as much as indeed *nine or ten thousand men* roar in war, joining the strife of battle. And then fear seized both upon the terrified Greeks and the Trojans, so greatly bellowed Mars insatiate of war."* Now it will hardly be denied that this is as bold an hyperbole as that used by Klopstock, and it has received the sanction of the most judicious critics as not at all extravagant, but entirely in keeping with the circumstances that called it forth. Pope reminds those who would find fault that the voice is not human but that of a deity. Then if Homer was justified in speaking of Mars as we have seen on the ground of his being a deity, how much more should we justify Klopstock, since his hyperbole is given as the language of the Creator? Virgil tells us, in some of his most majestic lines, that Polyphemus, a mere mortal, shook the whole island of Sicily, and made the deepest caverns of Ætna roar with his cries. He also makes frequent use of such expressions as *sic ore locuta est* (thus she spoke with her mouth); but no intelligent critic would venture to allege on this account that the Mantuan Bard is so frothy and inflated as to be fit only for the perusal of those who are frothy themselves, and void of taste; for this is what their prejudices, already alluded to, have led those who ought to know better to say of the author of the 'Messiah.'

It would be unjust, however to allege that this sort of prejudice is confined to English critics; a similar feeling is entertained by Italians on similar grounds; that is, because Klopstock is occasionally compared to Tasso, the author of *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Hence it is that we find Fuseli use such language as the following:

"Who is it that will dare to tell me that that continual bawling out of 'Lord! Lord!' however pious, is poetry? 'Tis images, those images, which you Germans despise and cannot create, that make Homer the father of all poetry. A true, universal lively feeling expressed by a beautiful image finds its way readily into all hearts; but your mere emo-

* —— ὁ δ' ἔβραχε χαλκεος Ἄρης,
ὅσσον τ' ἐννεάχιλοι ἐπίαχον ἢ δεκάχιλοι
ἀνέρες εν πολέμῳ, ἐριδα ξυνιοντες Ἄρηος.
τοὺς δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ τρόμος εἷλε Αχαιούς τε, Τρῶάς τε,
δείσαντας· τόσον ἔβραχ' Ἄρης, ἀτος πολέμοιο·
Il. V. 859–64.

tions, partial, local, and individual too, please only a few persons at certain times, and in certain places; all others they merely confuse."*

But Fuseli does not confine himself to general remarks. He attacks Klopstock both in prose and poetry, especially in those parts of his 'Messiah' which are suggestive of comparisons with certain passages in the 'Gerusalemme' of Tasso. It is in vain he is reminded by much abler critics than himself that if there were not something more than mere words and sound in the poetry of Klopstock, that it would not make the Germans of all classes weep like children. This Fuseli disposes of in the usual style of a special pleader, by insinuating that these good Teutons weep over the 'Messiah' only because they are womanish in that respect:

"The *facultas lacrymateria*, he says, this beauty-plaster of German poetry, from Klopstock's soaring elevation down to Dusch—these telescopized eyes, unnameable looks, and the whole theological hermaphroditism, are rags more perishable than the paper on which they are printed. Feel, if you will, such things, but feel them for yourself. I imagined that I felt them also when I was a child; but to drum them up publicly before others is sheer impertinence."

This is strong language from such a source; but how frequently do the greatest men despise the noblest efforts of each other. As an instance of this it is sufficient to mention the low estimation in which Homer was held by Plato, who regarded him as a mere imitator,† and that he was honest and conscientious in his estimate none will doubt. Aristotle, on the other hand, although a pupil of Plato, not only admired Homer as a poet, but held him to be a model in philology, in philosophy, in short in all intellectual productions whose object is to afford entertainment and delight. At all events, before we attach too much importance to the criticisms of Fuseli on Klopstock it will be well to bear in mind that he has been almost equally severe on Milton. "I have never met an Englishman yet," he says in his correspondence with Heinrich Merck, "who could honestly say that he had performed the feat of reading even six books of 'Paradise Lost;' true I have gone farther myself, but with extraordinary effort, and I cannot say that I am a half dozen ideas, if an idea at all, the better for my pains in that regard." Probably no other educated man, not to mention a man of genius, in all Italy, or indeed anywhere else, would deliberately place on record such estimates of two such men as Milton and Klopstock. Most other Italian writers—nay, indeed, all with whose views on the subject we are acquainted—speak in very different terms of the

* *Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck*, 1835, p. 58.

† See the *Republic* of Plato. Book X., c. iii. iv.

two poets; although we do not know any who do not rank Tasso far above either, while they are almost unanimous in assigning a still higher rank to Dante—namely, a rank second only to that of Virgil. But no other people dislike German literature more than the French; this has been always the case; yet Klopstock has always been popular in France. Even in the time of the Revolution three different translations of his principal works were made into French. This fact would show by itself that he was extensively read by a people than whom none have a greater horror of what is forced, or bombastic. But Coleridge tells us in his *Biographia Literaria* that the French Republic made him a present no less valuable or less expressive of admiration and esteem than a golden crown. But we have, on the same authority, what does still more honor to the author of the 'Messiah': "But" says Coleridge, "when French liberty metamorphosed herself into a fury, he sent back these presents with a Palinodia, *declaring his abhorrence of their proceedings;* and since then has been, perhaps, more than enough anti-Gallican—I mean, that in his just contempt and detestation of the crimes and follies of the Revolutionists, he suffers himself to forget, that the Revolution itself is a process of Divine Providence; and that as the folly of men is the wisdom of God, so are their iniquities instruments of his goodness."

But let us see what was Klopstock before he had been so widely known at home and abroad as to be deemed worthy of so much criticism, both adverse and favorable. It is but justice to our author to bear in mind that when he first wrote, the character of German literature was very low, if indeed it could be said to have a character at all; for he was the first to attract attention to it. Even Wieland was nine years his junior; he was in his twentieth year when Goethe was born; and he was more than thirty years the senior of Schiller. So far as is known he was of humble birth. His father had eleven children, of whom he was the eldest. If this family had all the necessaries of life—a fact which seems very questionable—they had little if any of its luxuries. This, however, did not prevent young Klopstock from being sent to college in his sixteenth year. We are not informed as to what proficiency he had previously made; but he was not long in college "under an able tutor" before he became familiar with the Greek, Latin, French, and Danish languages.

Nor did he occupy his time at college solely in reading and study. In his eighteenth year he admired Virgil so much that because he wrote pastorals before he attempted his greater work, he resolved to do the same. He had scarcely been a year

in college when he determined to write an epic; but he had considerable trouble in deciding on what he thought a suitable subject. First, he sought for a hero in German history. At one time he was just ready to commence with the Emperor Henry I., surnamed the Fowler, as his hero; but under the advice of his tutor, Prof. Freytag, who was a pious man, he turned his attention to theology. Not however until he had made himself perfectly familiar with the Greek and Latin. In 1745 he went to the University of Jena, then one of the most famous institutions in Europe. He only remained one year at Jena; but although he made considerable progress in his studies he found sufficient time during his stay to write three cantos of the 'Messiah.' Early in 1746 he removed to Leipsic, where he soon presented the editor of a periodical called 'Bremen Contributions,' some odes he had written two years previously. The odes were immediately published, and as promptly they attracted so much attention that the author became famous in the course of one month. The warm encouragement which he thus received naturally emboldened him to publish all he had ready of the 'Messiah;' and accordingly ten cantos of the work were soon before the public, and they were read by the cultivated classes from one end of Germany to the other. All agreed that whatever faults the work had, it was imbued with the true classic spirit. Bodmer, who published a periodical at Zurich, in Switzerland, was so delighted with all he had seen of the 'Messiah' that he immediately invited the author to his place. Klopstock accepted the invitation in 1750. Bodmer made him such offers to induce him to become a contributor and assistant, as his limited circumstances would permit; these too he accepted and immediately set to work, intending, as he tells us himself, to spend his life with the good and congenial Bodmer. But he had been in his new position only a few months when his writings attracted the attention of Baron Bernstorff, the Danish minister, who procured him an invitation from the King, his master, with assurances of such a pension as would render him independent. This he felt to be a flattering offer; yet he was quite willing to remain with Bodmer at a salary which was scarcely sufficient to procure him the necessaries of life; but his friend was too generous to permit him to remain. Nor did Bodmer forget the noble self-denial thus evinced by the young poet, but continued to do all in his power forever after to do justice to the genius of his friend. Even the enthusiastic Gleim, known as Klopstock's Boswell, scarcely took more pains to collect every fact calculated to shed any light on the intellectual characteristics of the author of the

'Messiah' than did the faithful, generous Bodmer. Thus, it is the latter who tells us that "When Klopstock approached to manhood, the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart, as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration. From this turn of mind sprung a style of writing full of poetry, before he had ever seen a verse, or knew anything of prosody. He was a poet, while neither he nor his father suspected it. I have seen a letter which he wrote before he had attained his seventeenth year, to a youth of his own age, who seems to have been his only intimate acquaintance; it contained the following expressions: 'My friend! Image of my mind! whom an invisible Son of Heaven raises up with me to higher hopes than those of the human herd; dost thou look on the tender youth of our friendship with that cheerful eye, which makes the innocence of youthful days cloudless, like the days of eternity? What dost thou feel in the expressions wherewith thy noble heart consecrates to thy friend more than merely a verbal friendship? Let us so ennoble it by the rectitude of our minds, that He who pours down his blessings from heaven, may look down with pleasure on it.'"

Not only was the poet's reception at Copenhagen all he could have expected; but the friendship and esteem evinced towards him by the King increased from year to year until he became an old man. Wishing to return to Hamburgh in 1771, he was appointed Danish legate to that city; and soon after he was appointed counsellor to the margrave of Baden, a position which secured him another pension. The two princes who thus favored Klopstock with their friendship and patronage were indeed not the wealthiest, or most illustrious; but they had no superiors in their day as men of culture and taste; for be it remembered that the Duke of Saxe Weimer, the friend and patron of Goethe, Schiller and Wieland, had not yet begun to distinguish himself as the Macænas which he subsequently became.

Before making any further observations on the estimation in which Klopstock was held as a poet at home and abroad, it will be well to consider what was the basis of this estimation. We have already seen that eminent critics have spoken of his writings in the most contemptuous language, but we have yet given no specimens of those writings from which

the unprejudiced reader could judge for himself. All we can give within the limits of one paper is not much; and even this little is not such as we should select under more favorable circumstances. When brevity is essential, as in the present case, such extracts must be chosen as can be most easily separated from the context, or pieces that are short in themselves; and it is but rarely if ever that these do justice to the genius of Klopstock. But before we meddle at all with his Odes it will be necessary to say a word or two of his love for the female sex, for we find its influence pervading his whole writings, especially his Odes. His best effusions are undoubtedly those inspired by the ladies, although strangely enough they gave him no love in return, save in one instance—that of Miss Möller, the lady he married; and even her affection for him is believed to have been little if anything warmer than friendship. Miss Schmidt, the sister of his fellow-student, was his first love. He was introduced to her in 1748 by her brother; and soon after he wrote to his friend Bodmer, whom he always made the depository of his most secret as well as most sacred thoughts. "My soul," he says, "was struck by powerful love; love which is but faintly traced in my Odes, for it was impossible to express it." He gives his reasons in a subsequent letter for having permitted himself to be thus smitten. "She has a certain character of beauty," he writes, "that distinguishes her from all others; I cannot otherwise describe it to you at present than by saying that it exactly corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs. Perhaps Laura, who so thirsted for immortality, was like her.* Radicher belonged to this order of beauty, but she was not like her." It need hardly be said that when speaking of Miss Schmidt in these high terms he had little doubt that she reciprocated his passion; but there is no evidence that she ever had any real affection for him. For a time she felt flattered, not so

* The following description from his Ode on Petrarch and Laura was intended for Miss Schmidt:—

'Youthfully fair was she,—unlike the troop
Of light and rosy maids
Who thoughtless bloom, in the transiliency
Of nature, made in sport;
Of feeling void, of mind, the omnipotent
Triumphing look divine.
Youthfully fair was she—her gestures all
Spake her heart's heavenly frame—
Oh! worthiest of immortality
She steps in triumph forth,
Fair as a festal day, serene as air,
Simple as Nature's self.'

much by his personal attentions and frequent visits as by the poetical effusions which she inspired, and the beauty and tenderness of which were admired by all. For the rest it would appear that she regarded his love as too Platonic; indeed there is reason to believe that this was the opinion of her whole family, including her brother, who knew the poet best, and who used to call his overtures to his sister "spiritual gallantry." There was once a considerable coolness between the former fellow-students on account of some hints of this kind. They offended Klopstock, although he was afterwards convinced that the brother was right—that he knew Fanny wanted a man for her husband, rather than an angel, and that because he wished her to marry him he had suggested that his love might partake less of heaven and more of earth. Whether this does Miss Schmidt justice or not, may be questioned; at all events, none will deny when sufficiently acquainted with Klopstock's Odes, that her brother had some foundation for the charge of "spiritual gallantry." Thus, for example, even in his Ode to God, written in 1748, he says quite as much of Fanny as he does of the Almighty to whom the poem is addressed. The following passage, brief as it is, will give an idea of the spirit in which it is written:

"Thou Jehova
Art named, but I am dust of dust!
Dust, yet eternal! for the immortal soul
Thou gav'st me, gav'st thou for eternity,
Breath'dst into her, to form thy image,
Sublime desires for peace and bliss—
A thronging host! But one more beautiful
Than all the rest, is as the queen of all—
Of thee the last divinest image,
The fairest, most attractive, . . Love!
Thou feelest it, though as the Eternal One;
It fee rejoicing the high angels whom
Thou mad'st celestial, . . . thy last image,
The fairest and divinest,—Love!
Deep within Adam's heart thou plantedst it;
In his idea of perfection made,
For him create, to him thou broughtest
The mother of the human race.
Deep also in my heart thou plantedst it!
In my idea of perfection made,
For me create, *from* me thou leadest
Her whom my heart entirely loves.
Tow'rds her my soul is all outshed, . . in tears—
My full soul weeps to stream itself away,
Wholly in tears . . *from* me thou leadest
Her whom I love, oh God! from me,
—For so thy destiny, invisibly,
Ever in darkness, works—far, far away,
From my fond arms in vain extended—
But not away from my sad heart!

It matters little what the subject is upon which Klopstock writes an ode; he is sure to devote at least a part of it to the glorification of woman. In proof of this we could quote any one of a dozen of his happiest effusions; but we must content ourselves with a brief extract or two taken from his ode entitled "The Lake of Zurich," written in 1750:

"Fair, Mother Nature, is the cunning pomp
Bestrown o'er earth by thee;—more fair the face
That, radiant with the thought
Of thy creation smiles!
Come, from the glittering lake's grape-clustered banks,
Or hast thou soared again to heaven, oh, come!
In the roseate ray that tints
The evening zephyr's wing,
And teach my song to be like youth serene,
Sweet joy! as thou—like the exulting life
That leaps in youth, and yet
Like feeling Fanny soft.
Already far behind us Ute lay,
At whose foot Zurich in the peaceful vale
Bears freemen—many hills
Vine-covered had fled by.
Now the far Alp its silver brow unveiled,
And the youth's heart-pulse beat more tenderly,
And his companion fair
More eloquently wooed,
Then Hirzel's Daphne, worthy she the song,
Sang 'Haller's Doris'—Hirzel loved by Kleist,
And Gleim—and we youths sang,
And felt, like Hagedorn.

* * * * *

Lovely the Wine that woos the feelings well
To softer bliss, to interchange of thought,
In the Socratic cup,
Wreathed with the dewy rose;
That penetrates the heart, and wakes resolves
The drunkard knows not, while exciting thought,
And teaches scorn of all
Unworthy of the wise!
Fame's silver voice with strong attraction charms
The thrilling heart—and immortality
Is a great thought, and worth
The sweat of noble souls.
To be to the fourth generation of
Our children, with the tone of ecstacy,
Oft mentioned by the name,
Oft from the grave invoked;
Their gentle hearts to form, and *thee, oh, Love!*
And thee, oh, holy Virtue! there diffuse;
By heaven! it is worth
The sweat of noble souls!
But sweeter, lovelier, more attractive still,
Oh, fame! on a friend's arm to prove a friend!
And thus enjoy the life
That might eternal be!"

The greatest compliment he can pay even to Nature, is to compare her to "feeling Fanny." In writing to her brother in reference to the excursion on the Lake of Zurich, on which this ode is founded, the poet observes: "Hirzel's wife, a young woman with speaking blue eyes, who sings Haller's 'Doris' with incomparable pathos, was the queen of the party; and I, of course, as occupying the post of honor, was expected to be her loyal knight. Unfortunately for the credit of my fidelity, there was in our party a Miss Schinz (the sister of a very agreeable young man, who was also present), a black-eyed girl, who was the youngest and the prettiest of the group: at the first glance my heart beat with emotion, for I saw in her the exact counterpart of *the girl who, in her thirteenth year, had pledged herself to be mine.*" Fanny is the one who had pledged herself to be his, but she might as well have pledged herself to the contrary. It was in vain that the poet offered to abandon the Muses and turn his attention to commercial affairs, in order to secure her confidence and good will. He speaks of this afterwards himself as "a proposal to which no other motive could have induced him to listen for a single moment." Subsequently, when he obtained a pension of four hundred dollars, he applied to the lady once more, telling her that this would be permanent, and that, in addition to what he would realize besides from his writings, it would be sufficient to secure them a comfortable livelihood. She made no reply for more than six weeks; and finally, when she did write, it was only in a cold, formal style. In the meantime Gleim received a letter from the lady's brother, which contained the following significant remark: "Klopstock's odes are incomparable—nothing surprises me so much, as that a man susceptible of love, and so capable of describing those delicious transports which produce in his soul *a sort of permanent delirium, hath hitherto failed to excite any correspondent emotions.*" Gleim was too faithful to conceal this from his friend, whose eyes were at last opened. The consciousness that one whom he had so long and tenderly loved, cared nothing for him in return, plunged him into a deep melancholy. For weeks he did not leave his room; but instead of evincing the least sympathy for him in his grief, "feeling Fanny" chose that very time to get married to a merchant at Eisenach. As if this was not sufficiently painful to Klopstock, the lady's brother writes to Gleim soon after, to say that her husband "had not only sense and good humor, but a handsome person, and was consequently in possession of *every requisite to make a reasonable, discreet woman happy.*" No wonder that subsequently, when Goethe was reproached

for trifling with the feelings of those tender hearts whose affections he gained, he used to say that he would never be a Klopstock in that respect. "If I find," he once said to Herder, "that a pretty woman, possessed of youth and culture, has an affection for me, I do all I can to reciprocate that feeling; but I would not leave it in the power of the finest lady in Europe to boast to her husband, or to anybody else, that she had jilted me for seven years." Nor is this the only instance in which Goethe was influenced in his conduct by Klopstock: we see the same influence pervading *Werther*, nor is it ignored even in *Faust*, as every intelligent reader acquainted with both poets is well aware. Thus, "We moved to the window," says Werther; "it thundered sideways, the glorious rain came down in a refreshing pour, and a reviving fragrance came floating up in all the fulness of a warm air. She stood leaning on her elbow; her glance darted through the landscape; she looked to heaven and to me. I saw her eyes full of tears; she laid her hand on mine and said—KLOPSTOCK. I recollected *the glorious ode* which was in her thoughts, and *sank in the stream of emotion* which she with this watchword had caused to gush over me. I could restain myself no longer; but bending towards her hand I kissed it amid a flood of the most ecstatic tears and looked up again to her eyes. Noble bard! would that in this moment thou hadst seen thy own apotheosis! And me! oh, never after this may I hear thy so often desecrated name coupled with what is common or profane." Be it remembered that this is the language which Goethe, the most fastidious of critics, puts into the mouth of Werther, and that the person addressed is Charlotte, the young, sensitive, and beautiful wife of another man, whose happiness the poet destroyed. It is important to bear in mind, also, that both Charlotte and her husband were passionately fond of Klopstock; a fondness in which Goethe sympathised to a considerable extent.

But fortunately, even in Klopstock's time, all women were not like Fanny Schmidt. Just when he needed sympathy most he met with one who was entirely worthy of him; her whom Cramer calls, with much truth, "Klopstock in feminine beauty." There is considerable romance in the manner in which they became acquainted. One night Miss Margaret Möller, a highly intellectual, interesting young maiden, of Hamburgh, read nine cantos of the 'Messiah' of Klopstock, and was delighted with its sublime beauties. Next morning she made diligent inquiries for the author. Learning who he was, her first wish was to see one who had afforded her so much pleasure. Hearing that he was soon to pass through Hamburgh, she wrote to a distant friend requesting an intro-

duction. That this was no difficult matter, we have evidence even in Klopstock's writings. "I often thought," he says in one of his letters to Bodmer, "that the sweetest moment of a poet's triumph is to find himself the object of an amiable female audience, by whom he is at once admired and caressed. It has sometimes fallen to my lot to read the passage of Lazarus and Cidli to a circle of youthful maids who admitted no other intruder, and sweetly repaid me with their artless tears; in such moments how happy I have been." It is easy to believe, then, that he was much pleased on being told that a brilliant, pretty girl of Hamburgh was very anxious to see him, and that his pleasure was much enhanced on being shown letters in which the lady had criticised several of his poems, admiring those passages which he himself regarded as his happiest efforts. Who, indeed, would not be delighted at such news? But nothing he had heard or seen gave him any adequate idea of the reality; for he writes to his friend Gleim, after having passed four days with her, that he "found her so lovely, so amiable, so full of attractions that he could scarcely forbear at times calling her by that name which until lately was to him the dearest in existence." He admits, too, that so wonderful was the ascendency she gained over him, that when he found her alone he could not help relating to her the sad story of his love. She wept tears of genuine sympathy; and we may believe she was perfectly sincere when she told him it made her blush to think that one of her sex, having any pretensions to culture and decency, could be capable of such heartless conduct towards a man like Klopstock. There is no doubt that they mutually loved each other before they parted. They did not see each other again for eight months, but they maintained a constant correspondence; and there are few letters more charming than those of "Meta," as Klopstock fondly called his new beloved. Many are given in Richardson's "Correspondence;" and none capable of appreciating their merit can read them without feeling that they do honor both to the writer and to the poet to whom they are addressed. They had to wait two years more, however. The lady's mother was unwilling that she should marry a stranger; and however warm was her affection for Klopstock, it could not make her swerve from her obedience to her only surviving parent, although the will of her father, which secured her a handsome fortune, left her entirely independent in this respect. In time the old lady became so much attached to Klopstock that she preferred him to all others as a son-in-law. There was then no obstacle, and the charming Meta became the happiest wife in the world; though certainly not happier than Klopstock was a husband.

But the happiness of both was of but short duration; for they were married only four years when Meta died without having left any issue. This was a severe blow to the poet—one from which he never entirely recovered. For nearly a year he was able to write nothing. The first work he undertook was to edit her posthumous works, which consisted chiefly of their correspondence with each other, together with an imaginary correspondence from the "Dead to the Living," written by her to please Klopstock, because he was an admirer of the similar letters of Mrs. Rowe. The whole have been published in three volumes; two volumes have been translated into English, and we know no Correspondence that presents human nature in a more agreeable light.

That these painful circumstances should exercise a powerful influence on the mind of the poet is no more than might be expected; we do not grudge the space we have occupied in relating them, because they explain many a passage in the author's writings which would otherwise seem strange, if not inexplicable. Critics like Fuseli, who have only the patience to read a passage here and there, without taking any trouble to inquire about the circumstances that led to them, may tell us sneeringly that Klopstock was at times insane, if, indeed, he was not always so, and that his poetry is only such extravagance as we should expect from one in such a condition. At the same time it would be a great mistake to suppose that Klopstock was a person of a morose disposition, who loved to contemplate the dark side of the picture. In general, he was the reverse of this. If he is sometimes unduly sentimental in his writings, it was only because such was the taste of the age, especially in Germany. In private life he was as active and lively and as fond of rational pleasure as the least imaginative or most mercurial of his neighbors. Gleim tells us that, "as a man he was vigorous and well braced, an excellent horseman, and the best skater in Hamburgh." Of his dexterity in skating and the delight which he took in that exhilarating exercise, we have sufficient evidence in his beautiful ode on the subject.*

* The poem alluded to has been admired in every northern climate, especially by the ladies; we therefore copy it here for the gratification of our fair readers, reminding them, however, that this blank verse translation does no justice to the spirit and vigor of the original:

"THE ICE COURSE.

Too oft is in eternal night
The great name of inventors tombed,
What they, inquisitive,
Discovered, we enjoy;
But them doth honor guerdon too?
Who named to thee the daring man,
Who first on mast uplifted sail?
Ah! passed not away
E'en the renown of him,
Who for the very feet found wings?

But had we no information of this point further than the excellent health which the poet enjoyed until he reached the advanced age of seventy-eight years, it would be sufficient to show that he enjoyed life as well as most people; for it is but rarely, if ever, that a morose, fretful man attains so mature an age as that of Klopstock, and the esteem and regard in which he was held by all who knew him would afford still more conclusive evidence of his being cheerful and conciliatory rather than peevish and repulsive. This reminds us of the honor paid to his remains, of which we may as well speak here as further on; especially as it proves more in favor of his genius than any amount of such adverse criticism as we have alluded to could prove against it. Goethe, Schiller, Newton, Laplace, and a few others, have had high honors bestowed on their remains; but none of them, nor any sovereign of ancient or modern times, was more honorably distinguished in this way than the author of the 'Messiah.' He died at Hamburgh on the 14th of March, 1803, in the same street—some say in the same house—where his beloved Meta was born and brought up. The account which we find in Bodmer's 'Recollections,' and which was written eight days after his death, contains so much that is characteristic and interesting, altogether independently of the respect shown to the poet's memory, that, although it is rather long for our limited space, we cannot permit ourselves to mutilate so precious a document, if only because it may serve as an example, which ought occasionally to be imitated, at least to some extent, even in republics:

And shall he not immortal be,
Who found for us both health and joys,..
Which ne'er the horse bestowed,
Courageous in the course,..
Which e'en the dance possesses not?

And shall my name immortal be?
I to the slipping steel invent
Its cunning dance. Along
It flies with lighter swing
In circles fairer to behold.

Thou knowest each alluring sound
Of music; therefore to the dance
Give melody. Both moon
And forest hear the sound,
When hasty flight its horn commands.

Oh, Youth! who know'st to animate
The water-cothurn, and more swift
Dancest. Leave to the town
Its chimney. Come with me
Where beckons thee the crystal's plain.

How it in vapors shrouds its light!
How softly winter's coming day
Illumes the lake! Like stars,
The shining Rime o'erstrewed
The night above the crystal's plain.

How still about us the white field!
How sounds by the young frost the path!
Far thy cuthurnus' sound
Betrays thee unto me,
When, fleet one, from the sight thou hast'st!

Have we not for the feast enough
Of bread? of joyful wine? The air
Of winter for the meal
Sharpens the appetite,
Wings on the feet still more—still more.

Turn thee unto thee. I will
Me to the right half-circling turn.
Take thou the swing as thou
May'st see me take it. So!
And now fly swiftly past me—fly!

"At ten o'clock the procession began amid the full chime of the six principal church-bells of Hamburgh. A long train of carriages, containing the foreign ambassadors of Belgium, Denmark, England, and France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the citizens of Hamburgh, the senators, the *literati*, the merchants, the clergy, the teachers, and the artists, followed the body. This was laid on an open hearse drawn by four horses; the coffin was quite plain, and covered with black cloth; on its lid lay a book made of white metal (*wiess metall*), besides a wreath of intertwined palm and oak branches. Klopstock's wife had caused the following verse to be inscribed on the book. It is the same verse that he had selected from his own psalms to engrave on the coffin of his beloved Meta:

'Nah war meines Helfir's Rechte,
Sah sie gleich mein Auge nicht;
Weiterhin in Thal der Nächte
War mein Retter und sein Licht.'

Half way to the grave, the slow-moving train halted before the Hamburger Berg, then covered with spectators, being the boundary between the Hamburgh and the Danish territory. At the gate of Altona the corpse was received by a deputation of official persons belonging to the Danish government, and the corporation of Altona, by a number of men of learning, officers, foreign generals, and citizens. The Hamburgh guard of honor, which had hitherto accompanied the hearse, was now exchanged for a Danish one. Immediately before the hearse went eight men with marshals' batons covered with crape, and in the middle of these went three virgins in white vesture and veil, their heads wreathed with oak-leaves and roses. They carried also, as an offering to the dead, wreathes of roses and myrtle, and baskets with the earliest buds and blossoms of the spring. This idea was very happily devised by the Altonese, and quite according to the heart of Klopstock. How passionately did he love youth and beauty! how passionately the early blooms of spring, the fair types of a resurrection to a nobler existence? With bare head, four chief-mourners accompanied the hearse, holding each a craped ribbon that descended from each corner of the coffin. Thus the procession went forward through the main street of Altona; while from the military guard on parade, a hollow music of muffled horns resounded. In the church-yard, at Ottensen, a similar music received the procession beneath the lime-tree of the bard. Here the bier with the attendants stopped; the main body of the procession proceeded into the church, and ranged themselves in front of the altar, at one o'clock. The coffin was

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Thus we the serpenting career
Upon the long shore soaring go—
Be not too artful. That
Position I love not,
Nor Preisler would it imitate.

Whereto art listening from the shore?
Unskilful skaters yonder sound—
Over the ice not yet
The hoof and load have passed,
Nor yet the nets gone under it.

At other times thy ear marks all—
Hear how the death-tone plains upon
The flood. How sounds it now
Thus differently!—how
Sounds it, when miles down gapes the frost!

Backward! Let not the glittering path
Seduce thee, from the shore to go—
For where it hides you deep,
Haply, the waters stream,
Haply, the fountains bubble up.

Death streams out from the wave unheard!
Death rushes from the secret fount!
Though lightly, as this leap,
Thou glidest thither—ah!
Youth, thou mayest sink and perish yet!"

then borne slowly into the church, supported by the officers of the Hamburgh municipality, and surrounded by the chief mourners and mourning virgins; it was met by the softening and gradually-swelling harmonies of a hymn sung by the choir from the gallery of the inner part of the church. The music was composed by Schwenk, to the words of the Holy Singer's psalm: the *Vater Unser*:

'Round the earths circle the moons,
Earths around the suns;
And the hosts of the suns revolve
Round a greatest sun:
"Our Father who art in Heaven."'

"More than a hundred musicians and singing-girls, clad in white, from families in Hamburgh, united under Schwenk's leading, to sing this psalm, strophe after strophe, as the coffin was being set down before the altar, and three virgins were hanging their wreaths on it. A copy of the poet's masterpiece, the 'Messiah,' was carried before and laid on the lid of the coffin. A young boy covered the opened book with plaited twigs of laurel. After the psalms the chorus sung Klopstock's own funeral hymn, beginning,

'Wie wird mir dann, O dann mir seyr,
Wermich mich garsdes Herrn su freun,
In Ihm entshlafen werde.'

"Choruses from 'Holy, Holy?' set to music by Romberg, and from Mozart's Requium followed the funeral address. It was Klopstock's own words that were read over his bier. Who at such a moment would have ventured to speak with other words than those of the sublime poet himself? who could presume to stand upon such an occasion and eulogise the singer of the 'Messiah,' the bard of Hermann, our great deliverer from the yoke of Augustus, the creator of our language, which he first forced from the fetters of pendantry and minute anxiety? The passage was read from the 12th book of the 'Messiah,' containing an account of the death of Mary the sister of Lazarus; that sublime description of the death of a righteous man; of Klopstock's death; those thoughts of religion, and high anticipations of immortality, which were peculiarly his thoughts, in death as in life, and which filled his soul with a higher peace than earth can bestow. Then the chorus of young women sang the resurrection song (also by Klopstock), and the strain was reëchoed from the grave without.

'Arise shalt thou, shalt soon arise,
My dust that lowly slumbering lies!
Immortal life shall He,
Thy great Creator give to thee!
Hallelujah!'

"While the resurrection hymn was singing, the coffin was borne away and carried beneath the lime-tree to the grave; the attendants followed. Covered with the blooming firstlings of the spring and with branches of laurel, it was then let down into the clay?"

Thus, there was nothing known to be dear to the poet in life which was not remembered and honored in his obsequies. His affection for womankind, especially for the young and beautiful of the sex, was most appropriately represented by the "three virgins in white vesture and veils, their heads wreathed with oak leaves and roses," while many of the first

families of Hamburgh sent their daughters, clad in white, to perform the part of singing girls as his coffin was being lowered into the grave. In a similar spirit did Science, Learning, Genius and Power, representing different countries, award their devotion to the author of the 'Messiah.' The same work is still read in every language in Europe that possesses a literature; it has been translated even into Greek and Latin, and yet the class of critics which we have alluded to more than once, deny that the author had any poetical genius—that he was anything better than a bombastic versifier.

If we could only give a series of extracts from the 'Messiah' itself, no further evidence would be required to establish his claim, to the satisfaction of our readers, to the character of a true poet. But had we attempted this we could have done nothing else; and we thought it better to give an outline of his general characteristics, both as a lyric and epic poet, in the present article, and then to enter into particulars on a future occasion, after those hitherto unacquainted with the author shall have had time to ask themselves whether it is not worth while to see what is to be learned, or what amount of pleasure is to be derived from the pages of Klopstock.

But even in a cursory sketch it is necessary to give some idea of the construction of our author's masterpiece. Before we attempt to do so, however, let us make an observation or two in reply to those who sneer at Klopstock as a fanatic, because he has selected a theological dogma for his subject. If this charge has any force as applied to the author of the *Messiah*, is it not equally applicable to the authors of the *Divina Commedia*, *Gerusalemme Liberata* and 'Paradise Lost.' Are we therefore to condemn Dante, Tasso and Milton as mere fanatics? Nay, take away the supernatural machinery from the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*—abstract from them their gods and goddesses—and what will be left? Indeed it is sufficient to ask, was Homer a fanatic because he has made his Olympian deities perform so many prodigies, which the most credulous of his contemporaries could hardly have accepted as real occurrences?

Those who attempt to criticise an epic poem, or what purports to be an epic, should bear in mind that such a poem may be founded on any great event in which the masses have at any time had faith. Is not this true of the coming of the Messiah? Has not that event been accepted by the most learned and gifted men as well as by the masses? Then were it held to-day to be erroneous, it would still be a proper theme for an epic as illustrating views and opinions formerly held; thus it is that we do not admire the sublime poetry of

Homer anything the less because we have no faith in the system of mythology which is interwoven with it throughout. But if it would be proper to found an epic on a system, which although once believed by a large portion of the human race, is now exploded, it must be admitted that it is more proper to found one on a system which, besides having an antiquity of more than eighteen centuries to render it venerable, is still the cherished faith of the most enlightened nations in the world. Away, then, with all sneers on this ground against Klopstock; for the question is not whether he is right or wrong in his theological views—whether the Messiah came and did all he is represented to have done, or whether he is yet to come; but whether the poet has made proper use of the materials afforded him by Scripture, tradition and the popular belief.

Those who have never read the 'Messiah' are discouraged from making the attempt because they are told that its twenty cantos of hexameters, some of them containing fifteen hundred lines, all relate to occurrences plainly described by the evangelists, namely, the Passion, the Crucifixion and the Ascension. But let us remember that what Homer undertakes to illustrate is the wrath of Achilles, son of Peleus—*μῆνιν Ἀχιλῆος Πηληϊάδεω*. If this will not be satisfactory let us remember that the whole structure of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' with all its grandeur and magnificence, is founded on a part of the third chapter of Genesis. The fall of the angels, which forms the leading idea or chief basis of that great epic, is merely alluded to in the Bible; indeed there are eminent biblical critics who deny that any such fact is really alluded to at all from Genesis to Revelation. Be this as it may, it has been received by myriads as an article of faith, and this fully justifies Milton in the use he has made of it. If it be objected that Milton took his subject from the Old Testament while Klopstock took his from the New, we will then refer to 'Paradise Regained,' which has attracted comparatively little attention only because its grandeur is eclipsed by the prior and more elaborate work. And what is 'Paradise Regained' founded upon? Simply on the following words of the evangelist: "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them." Now were we to judge 'Paradise Regained' by the argument urged against the 'Messiah,' what should we think of it? Should we not say that since it is all about the temptation of Christ there can be nothing in it but what we can find ourselves in the Testament? But if we open the poem and turn to the descriptions of Greece, Parthia, Rome, &c., in the third and fourth books,

without reading a page more we shall be lost in wonder and admiration at the structure which a sublime genius, aided by a vast erudition, could raise on a very slight foundation. Why then should we not at least try how much of the same creative power can be claimed for Klopstock?

To give an analysis of a poem of twenty long cantos in the amount of space now left us is a feat which we have not the temerity to attempt; it must suffice to state the argument of each book in brief, general terms. We do this, not to give any idea of the merits of the poem, for it would not answer any such purpose, but simply to indicate the topics treated, so that the intelligent reader may be able to form an opinion as to the use which a mind like Klopstock's would be likely to make of them.

In the first book Christ is presented in the garden of Gethsemane. Gabriel and Eloah are by his side; now ministering to him; now preparing for the celebration of the great second Sabbath which is to mark the completion of human salvation. That this scene is suggestive of sublime thoughts to a man of genius need hardly be observed; and it has certainly suggested such to Klopstock. In the second book we are presented with the devils in council. It bears a resemblance in this respect, but in this only, to the second book of 'Paradise Lost,' although it is a well-attested fact that Klopstock had never read a line of the great English epic until after he had published the three first cantos of the 'Messiah.' The two leading rulers of this diabolical council are Satan and Andremelech, who are constantly at war with each other, the latter doing all in his power to supplant the former as sovereign of hell. But a more interesting personage than either is Abaddona, who was once as bad as the archfiend himself, but who is now so much subdued that he would withdraw from his diabolical company and try to adapt himself to better if permitted to do so.*

The Passion is continued in the third canto. Eloah descends from heaven to take a record of the tears of the Redeemer. The ancient fathers who dwelt in the sun send an angel to inquire concerning the sufferings of the Messiah; while the twelve Apostles are asleep their guardian angels describe their respective characters to the angel-messenger. As they are doing so the devil enters the mind of Judas while he is

* Gleim tells us that this character caused a great deal of trouble to the author. As an illustration of the fact, he mentions among other things of a similar kind that a pious Lutheran minister came a distance of eighty miles to implore the poet "not to think of finally saving the fallen angel Abaddona."—*Ergänzungen*, iii. 207.

yet asleep; and the Messiah awakes and announces his speedy departure. In the fourth book the fallen Judas is represented bargaining with the Pharisees for the betrayal of Christ, while Caiaphas and the high priests are in earnest deliberation. In the fifth book Jehovah himself descends from heaven to pass judgment on the Messiah for the sins of men; after remaining three hours, during which the Messiah undergoes the vicarious punishment, the Almighty ascends again into heaven. The poet is perhaps bolder in this canto than anywhere else. There are some passages in it which are open to serious objection on theological grounds, and they have been severely censured accordingly; but upon the whole, the incidents, abnormal and extravagant as they must be admitted to be, are skilfully managed; although many of the speeches of Klopstock are much more sublime, more chaste and more appropriate than that which he puts into the mouth of Jehovah.

The sixth canto is occupied almost exclusively with the betrayal of Christ and his condemnation before Caiaphas, but it contains as fine passages as there are in the whole poem. Canto the seventh represents Christ as brought about from Pilate to Herod, and then delivered over to the Pharisees so that they might assign him whatever fate they thought proper. The eighth canto will compare favorably with the best book of 'Paradise Lost' if due allowance is made for the difference between the German and English styles of writing. First, it describes the Crucifixion; then the congregation of spirits from all parts of the universe come to witness the awful event. The souls of the fathers, including Adam and Eve, descend from the sun. The planet on which the souls of men dwell before their birth on earth is brought near the sun; and an eclipse, a storm and an earthquake ensue. Meantime the angel of death hovers around the cross; Satan and Adramelech attempt to approach it for the purpose of carrying off the body, but they are hurled in confusion into the Dead Sea. It must be admitted that there are materials enough in this one canto for a whole poem; and although Milton, Dante or Tasso might have made more skilful use of them, no unprejudiced reader capable of forming an intelligent opinion on the subject will deny that had Klopstock written nothing else but the eighth canto of his 'Messiah,' he would be entitled to high merit as a poet. It would certainly prove that, like Milton, he addressed himself to a 'work not obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can furnish with all utterance and knowledge and send out His seraphim with the

hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases.'

The ninth canto contemplates Christ still suffering on the cross, and describes the conduct of Peter, Andrew, John and the Virgin Mary during the crucifixion. But the most interesting part is that in which Abraham, Isaac and Moses discourse on the mystery of the redemption. A cherub brings the souls of pious pagans to Golgotha and explains to them what has been accomplished for the salvation of man. Abaddona comes to contemplate the sufferings of Christ on the cross, and just as he approaches there is an earthquake. Obaddona, the angel of death, brings the soul of Iscariot to the cross in order that he may be able to realize the treachery of which he has been guilty; then shows him the glories of heaven, and while he is yearning for that happy abode, drags him down to hell. In the tenth canto the sufferings of Christ on the cross are brought to an end. The multitude of attendant spirits are blessed by the Saviour, especially those who are destined to take part in the propagation of the Christian religion. The death song of the Messiah is sung by Miriam and Deborah; and Adam and Eve descend to the grave of Christ to thank God for the redemption of mankind. The approach of the angel of death is announced by Eloah from the pinnacle of the temple; he arrives accordingly as the Messiah dies.

In the eleventh canto we have a description of the resurrection of Adam, Eve, Enos, Lot, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Isaiah, Daniel, Simon, Gabriel, John the Baptist, &c. The twelfth canto describes the death of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and the tomb in which Christ is laid. In canto thirteenth Gabriel assembles the angels, and all risen from the dead to witness the resurrection. Christ rises from the dead; Adam and Eve worship him; and the angels sing a song of triumph. Philo, one of the most violent of the Pharisees, is so much struck with remorse that he commits suicide; but this does not save him, for Obaddona, the angel of death, conducts his soul to hell. The fourteenth canto presents Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, to nine other pious women, and to Peter. Towards the close he appears to all the disciples. Canto fifteenth represents a number of those risen from the dead as appearing to the first Christains in order to confirm them in their faith and assure them of immortality. In the sixteenth canto, the Messiah assembles the angels and those risen from the dead, on Mount Tabor, where he reveals himself to them as the judge and ruler of the world. He passes judgment on several who had lately died, and then descends into hell and

inflicts punishment on the fallen spirits. The Messiah appears to Thomas in canto the seventeenth, and descends with Gabriel to the spirits of those who had died before the flood, and decides their fate. In canto the eighteenth, Adam prays to the Messiah that he would reveal to him some of the consequences of the Redemption, and he is answered by a vision of the last judgment, which he describes to the angels and those who were risen from the dead. The description of the vision is continued in canto the nineteenth, and among other acts of mercy it is announced that Abaddona, the penitent devil, is pardoned. The Messiah appears several times to his disciples, in order to strengthen them in their faith and save them from temptation; then the Ascension takes place. The twentieth canto closes the sublime drama, representing the Messiah as borne slowly heavenwards by the triumphant songs of angels, and those blessed spirits who had risen from the dead. The throne of the Most High is seen at a distance; the Messiah arrives in heaven and sits down at the right hand of God.

Hurried and imperfect as this outline is, no intelligent reader who has accompanied us through it will deny that, however slight the basis is on which the original idea of the poem is founded, the author has managed to secure ample materials. As already intimated, we reserve for another article the consideration of the use he has made of those materials; how much erudition he has brought to bear upon them, and how much he has imbued them with the Greek spirit of which he was so ardent an admirer. We can only say now, that those who seek to depreciate him most are incapable of appreciating the numerous beauties drawn from the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature with which he has enriched his 'Messiah;' the skilful use which he has also made of what is most poetical and attractive in Scandinavian literature, will sufficiently account for his popularity throughout Sweden and Denmark, as well as for the honors and emoluments conferred on him by the sovereign of the latter country. But as we have quoted authorities that are adverse to Klopstock, it is but fair that we should also quote a passage or two from those in his favor. It is true, that the brief extract we have given from Goethe's 'Werther' is a stronger proof of the genius of Klopstock than a volume of such assertions (for they can hardly be called criticisms) as those of men like Fuseli; but as it may be objected that it has not been given by the author as a criticism, we will quote one who has examined every line of Klopstock's writings, and who is not only a professional critic, but one of the sternest

and most impartial of modern times—we mean Wolfgang Menzel, whose criticisms on Goethe are the severest ever made on that illustrious author. In the chapter entitled "Graekomanie," in the third book of his *Deutsche Litteratur*, Menzel uses the following language:

"But above all these German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, and Æsops, stands the German Homer, Klopstock. He it was properly, who, by the mighty influence of his 'Messiah' and his 'Odes,' *brought the antique taste into vogue;* and this not in defiance of German and Christian sentiment, *but in friendly alliance with them.* Religion and Fatherland were his main mark; but in regard to the outward form of poetry he looked on that of the ancient Greeks as the most perfect, and conceived that he had united the most beautiful matter with the most beautiful form by singing the praises of Christianity in a Greek form. A strange error, no doubt, but an error which arose most naturally out of the strange character of the age in which he lived. 'Tis true, indeed, that English literature was not without influence upon Klopstock, for his 'Messiah' was only a pendant to Milton's 'Paradise Lost;' but Klopstock was nevevertheless anything but a mere imitator of the English; his merits in respect of German poetry are as peculiar as they are great. He expelled the French Alexandrine and the short light rhyming verse which had prevailed universally before him; and in their stead introduced the Greek hexameters, Saphic, alcaic, iambic, and other verses of the ancients. By this means not only was the French bombast and the art of rhyming without sense laid aside, and the poet moreover forced to think more of the sense than of the sound of his verses, but the German language in respect of rhythmical harmony received a wonderful improvement, and attained to a compass and a flexibility which were even then of service to it; when succeeding poets rejected the Greek form as an exercise merely preparatory and prelusive. Besides this, Klopstock, though in form a Greek, was always in soul a German; and he it was who infused into our literature that spirit of patriotic enthusiasm and deification of Teutonism, which, since then, in spite of all foreign fashions, has never been extinguished, nay, rather has often asserted itself against the influence of the stranger in a manner no less ridiculous than unjust. For however preposterous it may sound, that he the son of the French era of peruques, should call himself a bard, and with this designation mix up three altogether heterogeneous epochs, the modern, the antique, and the old German, it is still true, that with this man began that healthy boldness of German poetry, which, at length, ventured to cast off the chains of foreign servitude, and to renounce for ever that humiliating air of submission which had marked it since the ill-omened peace of Westphalia. It was, indeed, high time for a man to come who should strike freely his breast and say, I am a GERMAN. Lastly, this highest praise is not to be passed over in silence, that Klopstock's poetry and his patriotism were both deeply rooted in that sublime ethico-religious faith which his 'Messiah' celebrates. And he it was who, next to Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, reverential character, which, in spite of all extravagances of fancy and art it has never since lost, and which foreign nations have ever chiefly admired in our literature. When we consider the influence of the frivolous Dutch philosophy of the last century, and the fashion of sneering introduced by Voltaire, we can then alone perfectly understand how strong the reacting influence of Klopstock was to stem so overflowing a tide. More powerfully, therefore, than even the thorough drilling to which he subjected

the German language, have his patriotism and his noble spirit of piety tended to place his name in that position of respect and reverence which it will always maintain. These qualities of heart have always secured for him admiration even when no one was inclined to read him: according to the old saying of Lessing, 'Klopstock is very sublime certainly, but I shall be content to be more moderately admired, so that I be more diligently read."

Fredrick Schlegel, a critic of equal eminence and equally distinguished for his impartiality, is not less enthusiastic in his admiration of the author of the 'Messiah.' In speaking of the development of the German intellect and the growth of German literature, he tells us that Klopstock's sensitiveness may be pardoned the rather that he himself was undoubtedly well calculated to impart a salutary influence, a fresh tone, not to poetry only, but to every department of literature. It was competent to his comprehensive spirit to have effected an amount of manifold good in Germany, corresponding with the evil perpetrated by Voltaire in France, had he been furnished with fitting opportunity, power and assistance. Klopstock, at that time, stood solitary and alone in the German world with his lofty national feeling in which few sympathised, and which none rightly understood. His only alternative, therefore, was to enunciate it in his poetry. The 'Messiah,' in reality, inaugurates a higher tone in modern German literature: so extraordinary and important in its results is its merit, especially in its language and expression.* But while Schlegel is thus willing to render homage to the genius everywhere displayed in the 'Messiah,' he is still of opinion that the poet is most successful in his elegies. 'He depicts,' says Schlegel, 'in a masterly manner each gradation, combination and depth of elegiac feeling: he carries sympathy along with him, from wheresoever he may be led by the current of his emotions.'† It may be objected that these being the estimates of the poet's own countrymen, they are to be received with a certain allowance for the partiality of patriotism, but the best French critics are even more enthusiastic in his praise. Thus Madame de Staël, in her "Germany" ("*Tableau de l'Allemagne*"), tells us that, "when one commences the 'Messiah' it seems like entering a large church, from the middle of which are heard the rich and mellow strains of the organ." Still more appreciative is Dacier, the distinguished Homeric critic. At a public *séance* of the Institute, attended by the leading celebrities of the day, the perpetual secretary of the classics, of history and ancient languages gave a sketch (*notice historique*) of the life and works of the author of the "Mes-

* Schlegel, *History of Literature*, p. 348. † *Ib.*

siah," in which the following passage occurs: "Our revolution has given us a Klopstock; a decree of the Constituant Assembly made him a French citizen; and he was proud of that distinction. Immediately afterwards he was admitted to membership by the National Institute; he had been most anxious for that honor, and he evinced his gratitude for it by a letter which may be regarded as a literary treasure, for it was the last that emanated from his pen." But Klopstock created a school of his own; his disciples are yet to be met with not only throughout Germany, but throughout Denmark and Sweden; nor have they entirely disappeared in France even at the present day. It can hardly be said of Milton as of Klopstock, that his birth is commemorated yearly by the gifted and learned not only in his native country, but in all the principal cities of Europe.*

We might easily multiply proofs of the genius of Klopstock. But we trust that enough has been said to show that the author of the 'Messiah' should be better known in this country. There are no two literatures more different than those of France and Germany. There is no French author that can be said to bear any resemblance with Klopstock. His mode of thinking, his hopes and his aspirations are entirely different from those of the French authors of his time, or indeed of any time. Yet he continues to be admired in France, because the French possess in a higher degree than perhaps any other people the faculty of recognizing true merit, and also the generosity of doing justice to that merit, let it originate where it may. It is equally true, upon the other hand, that no literature is more like the English than German literature. This is in fact the boast of a large class of our people. But Klopstock is the most German of all the German writers. No one else has deified Teutonism as contradistinguished from Gallicism as much as he; yet, while the French, whose characteristic ideas he has combated in all his works, do cheerful homage, as we have said, to his genius, we, who have unconsciously adopted many of his ideas—especially those in regard to the relative vigor and vitality of the Teuton and the Gaul—those ideas now regarded as most erroneous, are either entirely unacquainted with his writings,

* Referring to the veneration thus evinced for the memory of Klopstock, M. Gervinus, another eminent French critic, observes: "Le culte de la poésie, le patriotisme, l'amitié, la religion, tous les sentiments nobles étaient vivants en eux, souvent d'une manière touchante, souvent avec une exaltation à demi comique, et non sans affection sentimentale, mais de telle sorte pourtant que la béatitude empreinte dans les lettres de Hahn et de Voss atteste de la façon la plus pure la générosité de leurs efforts. . . . . Klopstock était leur saint; ils vénéraient en lui l'homme, le philosophe, le chrétien, l'Allemagne et le poète."

or, if we read them in an indifferent translation, we condemn them as turgid and bombastic. We are certainly no advocates of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic superiority; we think the French quite equal to the Germans in all the essential qualities of a great race, and in all that contributes to a high civilization; but, as we always act in this respect on the precept of Virgil,

Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo dircrimine habebo,*

we wish to do justice to the German as well as to the Frenchman, even when the former is too much disposed, as in the case of Klopstock, to glorify his own nationality and race at the expense of others. Nay, there is scarcely one of his Odes which we prefer to that entitled "My Fatherland," in which he eulogizes the Germans as the lords of the human race; and we think that, since our object is to introduce him to the favor of our readers, we cannot conclude these remarks more appropriately than by transcribing an extract from the Ode referred to, premising, in justice to the author, that the translation does but little justice to the spirit of the original:

"For him who *thinks* and him who *acts* thou plantedst
Thy grove shades far and cool,
Stands and derides the storms of time,
Derides the bushes round it!

He whom the dancing happy hour
And the keen glance conducts,
He breaks into thy shade—
No fable it,
The spell rod that attracted by the treasure
Quivers towards the brighter gild,
The *new suggested thought.*

Often into their thinner woods,
The kingdom of the Rhone,
The country of the Thames,
Took one of thy young trees;—
Why should they not? For, ay,
Soon other stems arise to thee!
Besides *they ay belong to thee.*
—For thou thy warriors sentest forth,
Then clanged the arms!
Then swiftly sounded their decision!
Franks let the Gauls be named;
Britons be English called!

Let thou the arms clang louder yet!
High Rome her warlike pride
Sucked from the savage wolf;
Long, long was she the tyrant of the world.
Thou hurlest down, bathed in her blood,
High Rome, my Father-land!

* I make no distinction between Rutulian and Trojan.

Never unto the stranger's land
Another country was so just as thou.
Oh! be not all too just!
Nobly enough they think not, to perceive
How beautiful thy fault!

Of manners simple—wise, art thou,
Of spirit earnest—more intense;
Power is thy word, thy sword decision;
Yet willingly thou changest
The sword into the sickle,
And droppest not, oh, well for thee:
With the blood of other worlds.
Her iron arm signs to me! I am silent,
Till, haply, she again may slumber,
And meditate the noble awful thought,
Worthy of thee to be,
My Father-land!"

Art. VI.—*Books, Treatises, Essays, Letters, &c., &c.* By various Members of that numerous Fraternity, vulgarly called Quacks. New York. 1864.

It will be generally admitted that people are easily imposed upon by the designing and avaricious, in proportion as they are wanting in intelligence. This is particularly true of that sort of imposition which is practised under the pretext of performing wonderful cures. No intelligent person, except he is indeed very weak-minded and silly, will believe that any one preparation will infallibly cure many diseases—much less will he believe that it will cure all diseases that flesh is heir to. Nor will any one who has been taught to reason, be so credulous as to think that those who have not been educated for the medical profession at all, are more expert and skilful, as physicians, than those who have devoted their lives to the theory and practice of the healing art. Hence is derived the inference, accepted as a truism in all enlightened nations, that, all other circumstances being equal, quackery abounds most where there is most ignorance. "Elle abonde partout," says Montesquieu, "où sont en majorité les ignorants et les sots;" and such is the testimony of all who have treated the subject. It is now more than a century and a half since Addison said, in the "Spectator," that "there is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the quack doctors who publish their great abilities are, to a

man, impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never known before are made every day."

But what would Montesquieu and Addison have said, had they lived in our day and country? for humiliating as the fact is, must we not admit that nowhere else in the world does quackery flourish as it does amongst us? The quantities of nostrums of all kinds manufactured in this city alone, would be sufficient to drug the whole world; and if there was any truth in the pretensions of those who manufacture them, they would be sufficient, not only to banish all diseases, but to prolong life almost to the length of that of Methuselah. In proportion to its population and resources, Philadelphia may be said to rival the metropolis in the nostrum business, and in the number of its votaries. The Boston manufactories of elixirs are by no means few or far between; but that class of goods is principally exported by the modern Athens, though not beyond the seas; the amount retained for home consumption is comparatively small, for we must admit, that, whatever may be the faults of that city, it contains less ignorance than any other of equal population on this continent. It is equally true, however, that the Boston quacks, whose number must necessarily be small in order to tally in proportion with the classes who patronize them, may be ranked among the most contemptible, ignorant, and unprincipled of their tribe. Certain it is, that in Boston, the quacks do not fatten so fast as they do in New York and Philadelphia; at the same time, there is far more quackery in the modern Athens, than is consistent with the superior intelligence claimed for its inhabitants—far more, undoubtedly, than ever disgraced its ancient prototype, until it was no longer Athens save in name.

But it is not alone in our large cities that fabulous quantities of nostrums are manufactured; there is scarcely a town, or even village in the United States, in which there is not, at least, one manufactory of this kind, that distributes elixirs throughout the country, in thousands of bushels, annually. Then there are, besides, the quacks who depend on their pretended skill in giving advice; quacks, in whose hands any medicine, or pretended medicine, has a miraculous effect; not to mention those who need prescribe nothing, who have only to use some cabalistic words, or make some mysterious manipulations, in order to cure at once and forever the most malignant and inveterate diseases.

If there are any who doubt these facts, let them examine our daily and weekly papers—especially those pious

journals which pretend to devote themselves exclusively to religion and morality—and they will have to make but very slight researches before they admit that we do not in the least exaggerate the enormous extent to which the quack system is carried on in this country. Lest there may be any who have not time or opportunity to inquire even thus far, we will enter into some particulars ourselves, in the hope of putting the unwary on their guard; but let us ask, before doing so, whether the facts we have already stated, and which none can gainsay, are not quite sufficient by themselves to account for the feeble state of the public health, the shortness of life, and the increasing mortality which are now too well known at home and abroad to admit of denial? The scientific and experienced of all nations declare, that nine-tenths of the nostrums manufactured even by the most intelligent, or least ignorant of these quacks, are either positively deleterious, and destructive of human life, or have no effect whatever on the system;* but generally the former. It follows, then, that those who use them most must suffer most, and die soonest.

Three years ago we had an article in this journal, on the same subject.† But we confined ourselves to general remarks, which have but little effect when applied to so large a multitude as our quacks, especially when they are not only tolerated but encouraged—nay, praised to the full extent of their own impudent pretensions, even by that portion of the press which is conducted by the ministers of religion. Even now, while bearing in mind the fable of the urchin stealing apples, who only laughed at mild words and tufts of grass, until the proprietor had recourse to stones, we will avoid personality as much as possible. Indeed, the parties under consideration have rendered themselves so notorious, not to say infamous, that it is only necessary to speak of their *modus operandi* to render it sufficiently evident to all in the habit of reading the newspapers who are meant. Nor is it necessary even to read the journals, and observe the large space the quacks constantly occupy therein, in order to be able to form an opinion of the extraordinary efforts they make to impose their nostrums on public credulity. Without being both blind and deaf, one

* See Voltaire's article on Quacks, in his 'Philosophical Dictionary,' where he tells us, that when Villars saw a funeral pass, he affected to shrug his shoulders in pity. "Had the deceased," he exclaimed, "but drunk my water, he would not be where he is! . . . . He sold it for six francs a bottle, and the sale of it was prodigious. *It was the water of the Seine, impregnated with a small quantity of nitre.* . . . It being at last discovered that the water of Villars was only river water, people took no more of it, but resorted to other quacks.

† See "National Quarterly" for March, 1861. Art., "Quackery and the Quacked."

cannot fail in this; for where is there a building, a fence, a large stone, a board—even a piece of scaffolding—in short, any place where a bill can be posted, or words traced by ink or paint, either in the city, or for miles around it, on which the wonderful properties of some nostrum are not duly set forth?

There are at least five hundred nostrums that are peculiar to this country, although most of them have foreign names. Each of these casts all the others into the shade. There is no ailment known or unknown which it cannot cure; the genius who invented it is of course equally distinguished above all the rest of his brethren, and he holds them accordingly in the most sovereign contempt, as ignorant mountebanks who occupy their whole time in fruitless efforts to counterfeit his infallible elixir! If he has no elixir to be sold in bottles or packages, it is all the same; his remedy, or mode of cure, is the only certain and scientific one. All who pretend to have others equally good, or that are any good at all, must be rascals and scoundrels, for whom the State Prison would be too comfortable a residence. It is only necessary to put two or three ideas together, and with no more learned logic than that of common sense, to see from this alone that the quacks are impostors; for the individual who reviles his brethren, as we have shown, is more or less correct in all allegations against the fraternity; he indulges in false statements only when he says that, while everybody else is a pretender, there is no malady, however malignant or inveterate, incident to male or female, let its nature or origin be what it may, but is entirely under his control.

It is but fair to admit, however, that some important improvements have been made in the quack system within the last five or six years—not indeed in the art of healing, but that of imposing on public credulity. Thus, for example, while the quacks used to confine themselves formerly to their "posters," handbills, and newspaper advertisements; it is now become quite a habit with the fraternity to get up a book that has some reference to the various diseases which they alone can cure. The ostensible object of the book is to enlighten a benighted public: its real object is to enable "the Doctor" to call himself "Author of," &c., &c., so that the vulgar and thoughtless will say, "Why, there he has written a doctor's book; surely he couldn't do that if he wasn't a genuwine doctor."

The truth is that in nine cases out of ten the quack does not write a line of the book that bears his name; it is compiled to order by some penny-a-liner; for worthless as it is,

its nominal author could no more have written it than one of our educated regular physicians, who possesses literary taste and ability as well as scientific skill, could have written Paradise Lost or the *Divina Commedia.* Nevertheless, the book is invaluable; it is recommended to everybody and everybody buys it; new editions of it have to be issued about once a month or so, and every new edition affords "the learned and accomplished author" a new opportunity of praising himself. His rival, seeing that the bait takes quite well, orders his secretary to get up a similar work for him, but one entirely superior to that which has called it forth. In the course of a few weeks one rival can dub himself author as well as the other. Independently of the moral, or rather immoral effect of this on that portion of the public who alone patronize the quacks, the book affords opportunities for editorial notices of the profound learning and wonderful success of the author, which would not otherwise exist; since in passing judgment on a scientific treatise destined to shed a flood of light on a benighted and afflicted world the critic would naturally speak of the extraordinary skill of the author of such a performance. The same person who manufactures the book writes a eulogy on it; the Doctor pays a suitable price for its insertion as an editorial, and then embodies it in his advertisement among other similar "opinions of the press." Other enterprising individuals of the same fraternity write long Letters, which they have inserted in the papers as "communications," but which they have to pay for as advertisements, heading them Letter No. 1, Letter No. 3, Letter No. 10, &c., &c. These are got up on the same plan as the books; that is, they are compiled from cheap cyclopædias, medical periodicals, "Handbooks of medicine for the use of families," &c.; and as soon as ten or twelve have been published the doctor styles himself "Author of a series of letters on ——," &c. But there are those whose effrontery does not confine itself even to efforts of this kind. Some of our quacks have lately gone so far as to style their swindling shops Medical Institutes; two or three of them unite and call themselves the Faculty of the Institute. It is hardly necessary to say that their object is not to get students, but to impress "the people" with a due sense of their learning; in short, their object is identical with that of their brethren who get up the books; that is, they have recourse to those expedients as a cloak for their charlatanism.

True, they need no cloak to cheat the large majority of their patrons, especially if they come a far distance, say from Germany, France or England; although it would be just as well

for them to come from Russia or Turkey, if they would only say that they are graduates of all the colleges of those countries, and had cured some member of the imperial or royal family before they started; for although "the people" do not pretend to be college bred and have no love for emperors or sultans, they have nevertheless great respect for doctors who pretend to have close relations with crowned heads and their institutions. Thus it was that the individual who some fifty years ago set up for curing cataracts on the credit, as his advertisement set forth, of having lost an eye in the service of the emperor. We are told by the chroniclers of the day that he got a crowd of patients on this announcement, and that if any doubted his skill for a moment he showed the muster-roll in which his name appeared as a lance corporal; then he might put out their eyes as fast as he liked and get his pay in advance!

This reminds us of an advertisement now before us which occupies a whole page in one of our morning papers, but is headed "Communicated." The document is introduced to us as follows: "Deafness and its Rational Treatment, by Dr. —— —— ——. (Here follows the street and number at which the learned author resides.) Author of a 'Popular Treatise on Deafness, its Causes and Prevention,' 'Letters on Catarrh,' &c." An ill-natured person might suppose that some of the numerous "testimonials" exhibited in the same document are included in the "&c.," (*et cetera*) of which the Doctor proclaims himself, from the housetop, as the author; but as we are not ill-natured but rather of a benevolent and charitable disposition, we will assume that the testimonials are genuine; that the writers have not been bribed to furnish them or to affix their names to certificates already prepared; and that they are not the performances of the dead, or of those who never lived at all; but of honest, vital flesh and blood. This is assuming a good deal, we know, but we like to be liberal with those who modestly eulogise themselves through the extent of six long, wide columns of closely printed matter; although we confess we have been reminded more than once while reading the "testimonials" of the famous porter who served as a knight of the post to a member of the quack fraternity for several years, and was cured of all the diseases in the dispensary without having ever had an hour's sickness in his life. But to return to the "work" before us. After the title being sufficiently displayed in type suitably large, our author announces his intention as follows: "Our object in publishing this Essay is *to diffuse a general and correct knowledge of the causes of deafness and the means by which it may be prevented*

or removed." How grateful we ought all to be for this! But much "matter" as we have in the "Essay" it is but an instalment. We shall have more of the same kind according as we are able to digest it. "Other Essays," says the Doctor, "upon topics connected with the subject under consideration *and interesting to the public*, we will publish in this paper from time to time." Ay, and "other essays" have been published accordingly—all for the benefit of the good people of the United States in general and those of New York, Jersey City, and Hoboken in particular. In order to simplify the "Essay" it is divided into different sections, each having its appropriate heading, so that he who runs may read. Thus, in the section headed "The Disadvantages of Deafness," we have the following valuable and lucid piece of information:

"Such cases, though sad in the extreme, need not be wondered at when we consider that *individuals of ripe years articulate badly, and are unable to properly pitch their voices, should their hearing become very defective;* they speak sometimes in a loud bellowing tone, and at other times not above a breath."

All this is, of course, very remarkable. The moment any one finds that he is "unable to properly pitch his voice," or that he "articulates badly," he should proceed at once to the author. Let his case be ever so simple or so serious, he must on no account trust himself to a regular physician:—

"Let none," says the oracle, "in their anxiety to obtain relief, *trifle with the hearing, however, by allowing physicians to prescribe for them, who do so at haphazard*, and without as much as an examination of the ear. A physician is just as incapable to prescribe for an ear, upon the mere statement that the applicant is deaf, as he is incompetent to prescribe for any other ailment on the bare information that the individual is sick, without *an investigation as to the various symptoms.* Nor is it sufficient for an examination that the auricle be merely drawn upward and *a pretense made* to look into the external canal, for proper instruments are indispensable even for that purpose, as without them that part of the ear cannot be satisfactorily inspected."

Educated and experienced physicians do things, it seems, only "at haphazard." It is out of their line to make an investigation as to the various symptoms. This, it would appear, can be done only by those who would reverse the custom of the Eastern nation, among whom it was a law, as we are informed by Herodotus, that whenever any cure was performed, both the method of the cure and an account of the distemper should be posted up in some public place—the modern custom being *first to provide persons to attest the cure and then publish it before making any trial of the prescription.* Another section of the "Essay" is headed "Something about Nostrums and Empiricisms." As people generally know their own

business best, we had expected something good from this department; but our author has taken care to be very brief in his observations on what might be regarded as coming too near home. Next comes "The Rational Treatment of Deafness;" the most important piece of information we have in this is that the author is publishing a series of articles (advertisements) in a morning paper, which will be published in book form at some future time. Then we are presented with "A Few Words of Advise." Notwithstanding the term few, this is the department in which our author is most liberal; we are sorry, however, that we can only make room for the following brief specimen:

"Owing to the usually painless character of aural diseases, and to the fact that they are not manifest to the eye, as well as to the slow and scarcely perceptible increase of the deafness which results from them, they are frequently neglected in their incipient stages, *and in that respect procrastination is the order of the day.* Thus it is that the most favorable time for successful treatment is generally permitted to pass away by a vain indulgence in the hope that the disease will get well of itself, or is occupied in *fruitless attempts to obtain relief by home treatment, nostrums or irresponsible sources.* To apply for proper medical advice as soon as symptoms of disease of the ear, such as ear-ache, noises in the head, &c., manifest themselves, is of the first importance."

Relief by "irresponsible sources," whatever that may mean, must not be thought of any more than relief by "nostrums," or "home treatment." In short, quack treatment is the only thing that can be relied upon! After a good deal more of the same sort, we are presented with two columns of "testimonials," which remind us of another member of the fraternity who used to send his son along the street proclaiming "My father cures all sorts of diseases and sickness," and follow himself, repeating in a solemn voice, "The child says true." The testimonials having been duly set forth, the doctor appears in another character, introducing himself in suitable typography as follows: "Extract from Dr. ———'s Letters on Catarrh, its Causes, Symptoms, and Effects; and evidence of the Success of his Treatment." He then proceeds to describe the symptoms nearly word for word as they are described in the "Penny Magazine," the only difference being that the Magazine is a little more chaste and grammatical in its phraseology, and considerably nearer the truth than the doctor. According to the latter, there is scarcely one of us who is not more or less afflicted with catarrh; and we should therefore proceed to him with all convenient haste and give him his fee in advance, so that we may come home cured. We should like to let our author speak for himself, but one brief paragraph is as much as we could feel justified in extracting from the performance now under considera-

tion. The rest may be very learned and very valuable, but it is rather too obscene for our pages.

"The first sensation," says the learned Doctor, "is usually a feeling of dryness and heat in the nose, and a frequent inclination to sneezing. There is an inability to breathe freely, as the nose becomes stopped up, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other."

Now everybody may know when he has incipient catarrh, and he should act accordingly. After the author has duly displayed his learning and skill in this way, he favors us with another batch of "testimonials." Then he presents us with some eulogies on his book, including "opinions of the press," &c. In order to be able to appreciate the generosity of the Doctor in doing all this for the good of suffering humanity, or of that part of humanity which might suffer at some future time if it were not properly instructed in time, it is necessary to bear in mind that he has to pay the publishers of the paper for the privilege of being allowed to convey his instructions through a respectable channel. Was ever disinterestedness greater than this? and what a commentary on the taste and public spirit of the editor, who instead of paying for such valuable "Essays" for the benefit of his readers and the public at large, makes the Doctor pay him for printing them!

We have occupied our space to this extent with the author of "Deafness, and its Rational Treatment," &c., &c., not because we think him worse or better than others of his brethren in the same line of business. We have done so partly because he says most about himself and makes the loudest pretensions; and partly because we feel that in describing him, we describe a whole troop; *ex uno disce omnes;* so that we can be comparatively brief in our remarks on other members of the tribe. We are well aware that none of a certain class are criticised who do not attribute the "attack," as they call it, to some diabolical motive or other. This, however, does not prevent us from exposing shams. As for the quack doctors bestowing on our journal even the smallest portion of their enormous advertising patronage, it would be as absurd for us to expect it, as to expect that wardens of the State prisons of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts, &c., &c., will advertise their several establishments in the same; for these, too, we have criticised, having first spent not a little time and money in visiting several. Need we ask, why the former would be absurd? Is it necessary to remark that it is not those who read Reviews that patronize the quack doctors? The truth is, that those who do so would nearly as soon take up the Iliad or the Vedas, in the original Greek or Sanscrit, for

perusal, as they would a Review.* Nor is it to this class we address ourselves, even on the subject of quackery; but to the intelligent and thoughtful; whose influence we would awaken against a system which is inflicting incalculable injury on the public health.

As to the conductors of the daily journals, we do not hold that they are at all to blame for inserting advertisements of commodities which, however deleterious, are purchased in immense quantities. It is not the business, or the duty of an editor, to test the truthfulness of statements made by advertisers relative to their own commodities. If people are so credulous and silly as to believe that any nostrum or nostrums, or any doctor, will cure all manner of diseases, as if by magic, that is their affair; editors are not obliged to furnish them with brains, or even common sense, for three cents a day. But it is entirely different with the editors of journals which call themselves "religious." The latter are bound by their own professions and promises, not only to put the unwary on their guard against imposition, but to expose whatever is false and deceptive; since falsehood and deception are as antagonistic to religion as they are to morality. It is not the less true, however, we regret to say, that no other class of editors are more ready to recommend quack medicines; and that the quacks appreciate them accordingly we have evidence on all sides. Thus, for example, what a handsome compliment our divines receive for their pains, in the following extract!

"A WORD TO CLERGYMEN.

"The high character, scholastic attainments, erudition and social qualifications of American Clergymen are in strong contrast with the *narrow prejudices and limited resources* which have marked the history of other nations, and of earlier periods of the world. Coming directly in contact *with the theories of the most enlightened minds*, as well as the customs of common life, they are better calculated to judge of popular opinion, and current ideas, than any other class of men. Their influence is unbounded.

* It is but fair to say, that we do not include in this category those who seek skilful treatment, or suitable preparations for their hair; although they, too, should be on their guard against quackery—as we may take occasion to show before long. There are not fewer than forty Professors in this city who make a specialty of treating the hair; but we do not believe that there are three out of the whole tribe whom it would be safe in all cases to trust. Upon the other hand, there are not fewer than twenty kinds of preparations manufactured in New York, each of which is warranted in long advertisements to produce the most miraculous effects on the hair; but we do not know one, no matter how classical or high sounding its name, which does not do more harm than good. Nor do we know an exception in Boston, save the manufacturer of the favorite Cocoaine, Kalliston, &c; but this is a peculiar case, Mr. Joseph Burnett being one of the most accomplished chemists in this country.

Their opportunities for directing practical reforms and progressive developments impose many obligations. In acknowledgment of the many *complimentary endorsements* and favors which Dr. ——— has received from Clergymen in behalf of his ——— ———, he has directed his Agents to present a bottle *gratis* to every Clergyman who may personally call during the remainder of this year, 1863.

"Quite to his surprise, he has ascertained that many persons sharing in a natural prejudice against supposed nostrums, have classed this with other useless articles, and are yet entirely ignorant of its pure character and wonderful effects."

This needs no further comment than to remark that the "pure" and "wonderful" article in favor of which so many "complimentary endorsements" have been given by the clergy, and for which all are invited to a bottle each, is nothing more nor less than an intoxicating liquor flavored with certain drugs. The clergymen of other countries are too narrow in their prejudices and too limited in their resources to be capable of comprehending that a bottle of ordinary gin becomes an elixir by passing through the hands of an ordinary quack, and ought to be everywhere purchased with avidity "by the people" for more than four times its market value. No doubt, it does require great "scholastic attainments" and profound "erudition" to discover what does not exist. But we have digressed from the consideration of the ear and eye doctors, to whom, they assure us, the world is so deeply indebted. The rival of the genius whose wonderful performances we have already noted, introduces himself in the following modest terms: "Deafness, Impaired Sight, Noises in the Head, Catarrhal Affections in the Throat, Chronic Catarrh, Catarrh of the Tympanic Mucous Membrane, Obstructions of the Eustachian Tube cured, Cross-eye straightened in one minute, and every disease of the Eye and Ear requiring either medical or surgical aid, attended to by Dr. —— ———, Author of 'Surgical and Practical Observations on the Diseases of the Ear, with the New Mode of Treatment,' at his office." (Here follows his full address.) Then come the "testimonials," to the extent of a column. The disinterested and grateful individuals who furnish these testimonials are duly praised in return for their kindness, after the following fashion: "Testimonial from one of the most respectable citizens of New York. Deafness and Catarrh cured, &c."* The learned Essays and Treatises of this gentleman are so much like those of his rival that we

* It is worthy of remark that one of the best and most "respectable" "testimonials" among the batch now before us, is from one who signs himself "Lightning Calculator, Barnum's Museum." In order to be still more 'respectable,' we would suggest that the Doctor would procure a "testimonial" from

should not at all be surprised to learn one day that all have emanated from the same scientific and classic pen. There is this difference, however: Dr. —— ——— has reminded us of a passage in Phædrus which did not occur to us when wading through the performances of his rival—we mean that in which the La Fontaine of Ancient Rome describes the famous quack of his time, who, having by no means succeeded in the vocation of a cobbler, to which he had been brought up, changed his residence and his name, invented a specific, and with the aid of a certain kind of eloquence (verbosis strophis) persuaded the soft-headed in the neighborhood of his new abode that he had no equal in the healing art.

"Malus quum sutor, inopia deperditus,
Medicinam ignoto facere coepisset loco,
Et venditaret *falso* antidotum *nomine*,
Verbosis adquisivit sibi famam strophis."

The next member of the fraternity who claims our attention is the author of "The Golden Book, vol. i." and the President of the "Medical Institute," to which we have already alluded. "The Golden Book" consists of about a sheet and a half of foolscap folded into the form of a little book, such as children buy for a cent. The first page contains the following words in a diagonal line, and nothing more: "What the Press says!" The three next pages contain what purport to be editorial notices. Then follow three pages more which are occupied by the names of diseases, in double columns, which can be infallibly cured by the presiding genius of the Institute. If there is any malady to which man or woman is subject, in youth or age, before or after birth, which is not included in this list, it has escaped our memory. In the instance under consideration "the Doctor" adopts the pious mode of baiting his hook, and asks the sympathy of a generous public for the persecution he has suffered in his efforts at once to reform and cure the world.

"During the past two years," quoth the Doctor, "we have contended with obstacles and overcome opposition as herculean as were ever encountered by any Reformers.

The cry of 'Humbug' has been raised against us by *the narrow-minded and ignorant;* the envy of *vain, heartless, medical bigots*, who prefer to kill patients, in blind attachment to *shallow book-theory*, instead of saving life by practical common sense, has followed us; Pseudo-Reformers have publicly attacked us, and prejudiced adherents of other systems have *be-littled our cures.*

Barnum himself next; or it would perhaps answer the same purpose to make arrangements so that his wonderful Cures, Essays, Treatises, and all could be duly exhibited at the Museum side by side with "The great Tyrolean Whistler," "The Moving wax Figures," and "The Japanese hog."

But ever within our breasts burned deep sympathy *for God's poor suffering children.* Our reward was higher than dollars and cents. Daily we saw the light come back to the faded eye, and strength to the wasted hand. We felt—we *knew* that we were right—that we must succeed. Soon the good and liberal-minded became enlisted on our side, and Providence has smiled upon us wonderfully.

It has fallen to our province to treat some of *the most frightful diseases and protean maladies, and our success has exceeded anything ever recorded in any age.*"

In short, no disease, however malignant or inveterate, can resist the skill of the "Faculty of the Institute." A very bad malady may hold out for, perhaps, six weeks, but then it must yield, though it were aided by death itself. It is much more common, however, to cure even cases of this deadly kind in a few hours or minutes. In proof of this we quote once more from the "Golden Book:"

"SAMPLE OF CURES PERFORMED AT THE INSTITUTE.

A case of Deafness (sixteen years' standing) cured in twelve days.
A case of Catarrh cured in one week.
A case of Rheumatism cured in fifteen minutes.
A case of Scrofula (terrible) cured in one month.
A case of Burns (severe) cured in thirty seconds.
A case of Cancer cured in six weeks.
A case of Paralysis cured in three weeks.
A case of Neuralgia cured in five minutes.
A case of Consumption (second stage) cured in seven weeks.
A case of Dyspepsia cured in one week.
A case of Falling of the Womb cured in one week.
A case of Irregularities cured in one day.
A case of Amaurosis cured in twenty-one days.
A case of Spinal Disease (Lateral Curvature) cured in two months."

Now we would venture to ask, could the renowned Doctor Sangrado himself, the instructor of Gil Blas, have performed greater wonders than these with his universal remedy? There is, however, some resemblance between the head physician of the "Medical Institute" and the famous Sangrado, for the latter, too, taught as well as practised the healing art, so that he made Gil Blas, his servant, quite a distinguished physician in three weeks. "Listen, my boy," says Sangrado, "I am none of those hard and ungrateful masters who allow their domestics to grow old in their service before recompensing them. I am pleased with you; I like you, and without waiting for you to serve me any longer I will make your fortune. I wish to reveal to you at once the secret of the salutary art, which I have professed for so many years. Other physicians make it consist of a thousand troublesome sciences, but I mean to abridge for you a road so unnecessarily long, and spare you the labor of studying physics, pharmacy, botany,

anatomy. Know, my friend, that all that is necessary is to bleed the patient and make him drink plenty of warm water. This is the secret of curing all the diseases that flesh is heir to (toutes les maladies du monde)." Sangrado next proceeds to explain to his new disciple how profitable his system is. The modern Sangrado does just the same, or perhaps improves a little on his prototype. He announces in the "Golden Book," to all whom it may concern, that the New School Practice "is learned in a brief period (about a week or so)—*avoiding mistakes, accidents, and experiments*, and if properly conducted, from its great popularity with the *people*, more *profitable* than any other." Thus, if one is going to die to-morrow, and pronounced incurable by all other doctors, he may go to the Medical Institute to-day, and before ten days he will not only have been cured, but also metamorphosed into a physician of infallible skill, on the most reasonable terms!

The genius who next claims our attention does Philadelphia the honor of residing there; although he favors New York, Boston, and other cities, with weekly visits, so that there need be no deaths in any of our principal cities, if it be not the fault of the inhabitants themselves. One of his latest announcements, extending to about a column of small type, is headed as follows:

"A MAN ALMOST RAISED FROM THE DEAD!

His certificate certified to by his physician.
His certificate certified to by his neighbors.
His certificate certified to by the officers and members of his Lodge of I. O. of O. F."

Now does not this cast into the shade Molière's Sganarelle, in *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, of whom it is said that he cured a woman in an instant, after she had been regarded as dead for six hours, so that she immediately stood up and began to walk about as if nothing had been the matter with her.* It is really a melancholy sight to see the miserable persons this charlatan draws around him in this city once a week by his impudent and vulgar fabrications. That any person calling himself a man, or having any pretensions to decency or honesty, could permit himself to take their dollars from such people, under pretence of curing them, would seem incredible to us, much

* *Martine*—Comment! c'est un homme qui fait des miracles. Il y a six mois qu'une femme fut abandonnée de tous les autres médecins; on la tenoit morte il y avoit déjà six heures, et l'on se disposoit à l'ensevelir, lorsqu'on y fit venir de force l'homme dont nous parlons. Il lui mit, l'ayant vue, une petite goutte de je ne sais quoi dans la bouche; et dans le même instant, elle se leva de son lit et se mit aussitôt à se promener dans sa chambre comme si de rien n'eût été.—*Le Médecin Malgré Lui.* Acte I., scene v.

as we have investigated the subject of quackery and the conduct of its professors, had we not been eye-witnesses to the disgusting scene. The patients present on the occasion in question were exclusively poor, weak-minded, silly old women of the humblest class. We had been induced to visit the house by statements which had been made to us at different times; but the reality proved so much worse than any representation we had heard, that we could hardly suppress our indignation as the charlatan tried to exact all in his power from his wretched patients, almost forcing them to take large bottles of nostrums, the habitual use of which would be quite sufficient to account by itself for the feeble condition to which they were reduced, mentally as well as physically. Surely, there is sufficient honesty and philanthropy in the "Quaker City," to compel this person to stay at home, and turn his attention to some business for which he is better qualified by nature and education than he is for the practice of the healing art, if his fellow-citizens only knew the amount of injury he inflicts on his dupes.

There is, however, another Philadelphia quack, who, if possible, is still more impudent and unprincipled than he. The net of the latter is made large, or small, for every city, town, or village, according as the inhabitants are known to be ignorant and credulous, or otherwise. Those in the habit of reading the papers will understand from this that New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and St. Louis are highly complimented, especially the "Empire City," which is the metropolis not only of the United States in the business of quackery, but of the whole world.

About a century and a half ago London stood preëminent in this respect; but the system received blows from Addison and Steele, in the 'Spectator,' from which it has never recovered. Ever since it has been on the decline. Lord Brougham has done more by his indefatigable and successful efforts in favor of education to crush it than any other individual now living. Hence it is, for example, that the headquarters of the preparations too well known as "Holloway's Pills," "Holloway's Ointment,"* &c., &c., have recently had to be transferred to New York. It is notorious in Europe that these nostrums have killed more of her Majesty's subjects, in proportion to the extent to which they were used,

* We make an exception, by giving the name of the quack, in this case, only because he is not yet sufficiently known in this country to render an allusion to him sufficiently intelligible; whereas, upon the other hand, his pretensions are so much like those of several of our own quacks that extracts from his "Essays" would show nothing, except their source were indicated.

than war, famine, and all diseases put together. That is, they killed more of the ignorant and credulous classes who were persuaded to use them, than did all other calamities. We speak of their effects in the past, because their true character has been so fully proved in recent years, that the most illiterate have no longer any faith in them. True, they are still advertised throughout the British Islands; but not one package of them is sold at present in England, Ireland, or Scotland, for every fifty sold five years ago. These facts may enable even "the people" to appreciate the favor conferred upon us by the transfer of the Holloway headquarters to New York, so that it is now proclaimed from the new capital—the old capital being reduced to the condition of a dependency in the realm of quackery—that

"None are genuine unless the words 'Holloway, New York and London,' are discernible as a watermark in every leaf of the book of directions around each box; the same may be plainly seen by holding the leaf to the light. A handsome reward will be given to any one rendering such information as may lead to the detection of any party or parties counterfeiting the medicines or vending the same, knowing them to be spurious."

Another remarkable fact in connection with these marvellous preparations is that, in proportion as their worthlessness or deleterious character has been found out at home, their healing and life-prolonging properties have multiplied in this country. Formerly they used, indeed, to cure a large number of diseases; but now there is no limit to their virtues. One would suppose, from the large number of persons we had already who could cure all diseases, that we were in no particular need for the labors of others in the same field; but it seems, after all, that this was not the case. There were still wanting, we are told, "*The Great Ambassadors of Health to all Mankind.*" But let us hear "the Professor:"—

"The want of a sterling medicine to meet the ills and necessities of the suffering portions of humanity, and one entirely free from mineral and other deleterious particles, was *severely felt*, till this *all-powerful medicine was ushered into the world;* Holloway's invaluable Pills have become the household remedy of all nations. Their attribute is to prevent as well as cure; they attack the radix or root of the complaint, and thus, by removing the hidden cause of the disease, reinvigorate and restore the drooping energies of the system, assisting nature in her task of vital and functionary reformation."

What a combination of modesty, truthfulness, learning, honesty and disinterestedness does this brief paragraph exhibit! What unspeakable gratitude we should feel, although we are made partakers of the inestimable blessings enume-

rated in the document before us only in common with "all mankind."

But we have digressed too far from our Philadelphia sage. He will excuse us, however, when we assure him that we have been led to do so by the somewhat remarkable coincidence of his removing his headquarters to New York just at the same time that we were favored with the transfer of the Holloway headquarters. If it is asked, how has it happened that there has been no diminution in the weekly or monthly bills of mortality since our city has been thus honored, but, on the contrary, that there has been a considerable increase, it will be somewhat difficult to explain away the anomaly; but, fortunately for the parties concerned, those who patronize them are not apt to propose many questions which cannot be easily answered. If they do ask a question on an occasion, they will be satisfied with an answer which has no more bearing upon it than a proposition in Euclid has on the incarnations of Vishnu. It is sufficient for them to see statements like the following in large letters in the newspapers, surrounded by a good deal more of the same sort—especially in the "religious" papers:—

"For Weakness arising from Habits of Dissipation, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Wakefulness, Pain in the Back, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Flushings of the Body, Dryness of Skin, Eruptions on the Face, Pallid Countenance.

These symptoms, if allowed to go on, which *this medicine invariably removes, soon follows Fatuity, Epileptic Fits, in one of which the patient may expire.* Who can say that they are not frequently followed by those 'direful diseases,' 'Insanity and Consumption!' Many are aware of the cause of their suffering.

The records of the Insane Asylums, and the melancholy deaths by consumption, bear ample witness to the truth of the assertion. The constitution once affected with organic weakness, requires the aid of medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which —— —— invariably does."

When the people see such as this accompanied with "testimonials," and find the inventor, discoverer, &c., occupying a fine store in Broadway, while his bottles, displayed at the door, exhibit every hue of the rainbow, they take all the rest on trust; the mountebank proceeds in his murderous career and flourishes; thus re-enacting in a new and scarcely less revolting form the scene of the Paris revolutionary mob trampling Christianity under foot, and setting up a nude and vulgar courtesan to be worshipped, instead of the Creator of the universe.

But this is not the only way the individual under consideration outrages public decency. He too gets up books—

the most obscene and disgusting of their class. These consist chiefly of "testimonials," which if true would show that hardly any such thing exists as female virtue. "Ladies" write to Mr. Quack from all parts of the country, describing to him all the symptoms of diseases which a woman of any delicacy could not even allude to. As a specimen, we quote an extract from one of the least objectionable of the many letters from "ladies" in the book referred to:

"DEAR SIR: I am very happy to inform you that the medicine you sent has entirely cured me, and please accept my gratitude. You will remember that I informed you in a former letter that it was a disease of a private nature, which I contracted whilst I was imprudent enough to allow my desires to control me. The pain and inflammation soon subsided, and the discharge gradually so, and I am now as well as ever. If you think I ought to take some Extract Sarsaparilla, I have enclosed you $5.00, and you can send me 6 bottles of it; or, if it is not necessary, return the money by bearer."

When "beautiful young ladies," married ladies, and ladies "engaged" to be married are represented as writing to Mr. Quack not only in this style, but in one many degrees worse, we must either believe that female morality is at a very low ebb indeed, or otherwise that the quack is a base libeller of the sex. Need we ask which is most likely to be true? It is sufficient to observe that none but the lowest and most ignorant class would believe such vile statements. The latter, however, would believe them; and it is for no better the book, or its fabricated "testimonials," are intended. Yet we have seen scores of copies of this very book thrust into the ladies' as well as the gentlemen's parlors, in first-class hotels in every city we have visited within the last six months. It is in vain the landlords and their clerks would vie with each other in their efforts to push the filthy things aside; a new supply would be scattered about immediately. But as Mr. Quack has become rich, though it be by swindling the credulous and ignorant out of their money, and at the same time destroying their health instead of improving it, his feelings must not be hurt, assuming such a thing to be possible; and accordingly the iniquitous and demoralizing system goes on from month to month and from year to year.

We have now neither time nor space to review the quacks of Boston, although it would not be difficult to do so, for, as we have already observed, there are not many of them. We do not make this distinction because we prefer Boston to New York or Philadelphia; we have no such preference; we make it simply because we think it is well-founded, and because we like to do justice to all. We do not hesitate to believe that Boston is thus comparatively free from the blighting influence

of quackery, because its population is in general more intelligent and thoughtful than that of New York or Philadelphia. At the same time we do not hold those of the two latter cities who are intelligent and influential responsible for the conduct of the quacks, for there are reasons beyond their control why New York and Philadelphia must contain a larger proportion of illiterate people than Boston. At the same time we cannot say that we hold them blameless. They could do much by their advice to prevent those of the credulous with whom they have any relations from being imposed upon by the sharks under consideration; they could also influence the legislature to enact laws that would keep them under proper restrictions as they are in most countries in Europe; although intelligence is undoubtedly the best weapon wherewith to combat the hydra of quackery.

But one word for the Boston quacks before we close. We have not specimens of the performances of more than two or three, for several of those residing in Boston do so only as the agents or "partners" of the more enterprising members of the brotherhood in this city—generally their brothers or cousins, for it seems that quackery runs in the blood somewhat like the scrofula and certain other diseases which they pretend to cure with such remarkable facility. But we must not forget the enterprising manufacturer of the "Great Medical Discovery," although after all he is not a Boston, but Roxbury quack. Nay, when we come to a close examination, we cannot identify as such more than one Bostonian; but this one is as unscrupulous and mean, and as vulgar, withal, as any member of the tribe anywhere, of whose character we have any knowledge. He too calls himself an author; that is, he publishes some rhapsodies in the newspapers (chiefly on Consumption) which he styles "Essays," "Letters," &c., but for the insertion of which he has to pay at advertisement rates. To indemnify himself for this, however, he occasionally publishes the lucubrations of other quacks as his own, so as to avoid the expense of a penny-a-liner when business is dull.

As for the Roxbury gentleman, his nostrums are got up chiefly, if not exclusively for exportation. Wherever on this continent those twin sisters, Ignorance and Credulity, prevail most, there the "Great Medical Discovery" is sure to be sent in the largest quantities. Thus we have now before us a book of his containing seventy closely-printed octavo pages, which is addressed exclusively to those Spanish American States in which least attention has been paid to education, the Doctor having had it translated into Spanish for

that purpose. Those aware of what quacks have the effrontery to say in the vernacular tongue can easily understand how much they improve in addressing foreigners in their own language, where the chances of detection are diminished five hundred per cent. It will not seem strange then that there are few men or women of any distinction in Massachusetts who do not figure in this book as bestowing the most enthusiastic praise on the great "Medical Discovery." As in most similar cases, the clergy are fully represented. Thus one very appreciative document is introduced as follows: "Carte del Reverendo Bryan M———e, Dirigida al edictor del Heraldo de Zion," (Letter of Rev. Bryan M———e, addressed to the Zion Herald). Another equally enthusiastic is from Don E. H. D———e, &c. After proving how effectually and infallibly the "Medical Discovery" can cure numerous diseases common to men and women, after they have set all other remedies at defiance, the manufacturer proceeds to show that it is equally efficacious in curing all maladies peculiar to women. The señoras and señoritas are assured on the word of a quack that let their infirmities be what they may the "*Descubrimiento Médico*" will be sure to cure them. He tells them that the astonishing cures it has effected in numerous cases of that kind, and which has forced him to the conclusion that it is a specific for all female diseases, he attributes to the tonic and purifying virtues of his elixir, which invigorate and fertilize the organism, and at the same time purify the blood, expelling from it all bad humors.*

Although our subject is far from being exhausted, we must conclude for the present. We have a large pile of quack "Essays," "Treatises," "Books," &c., before us, of which we have not been able to turn over a single leaf. We must ask their authors to excuse us for the present, assuring them that it is our intention they shall not be forgotten. Nor are we so chary of our time and labor, but that we may again pay our addresses to those we have so imperfectly noticed on the present occasion. But we hope they will improve their morals in the meantime; or that increased intelligence among our people will compel them to do so; for really, there is not

* Esto lo atribuyo á las virtudes tónicas y depurativas que contiene mi *Descubrimiento Médico*, las cuales hacen que se vigorice y fortalezca el organismo al mismo tiempo que se purifica la sangre, arrojan do fuera todas los malos humores.

Se comprenderá mejor esta teoria cuando se considere que las enfermedades esclusivas de las mujeres provienen de falta de tono y vitalidad en fibra muscular, lo que hace que preponderen los malos humores.

Me ocuparé solamente de acquellas enfermedades mas comunes, tales como *Flores Blancas, Ulceras en el cuello de la Matriz, Irregularidad en la menstruacion, caida de la madre, y cáncer del Utero.*

one of them—let them think what they may—against whom we entertain the slightest feeling of personal malice. It is our honest opinion that the whole tribe are cheats and swindlers; and what we think on any subject in which the public has an interest we shall not be deterred from publishing as long as it is our business to conduct a *Review*.

Art. VII.—1. *Opera Omnia* (*The Complete Works*) of John Kepler. Edited by Ch. Frisch. Stuttgard. 1860.

2. *Johann Kepler's Deben und Wirken nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet von G. L. C. Freiherm v. Breitschwert.* (*The Life and Labors of* John Kepler, *written from recently discovered Manuscripts.* By Baron Von Breitschwert.) Octavo. Stuttgard. 1859.

3. *Notices Biographiques.* 2 vols. Par M. Arago. Paris. 1859.

4. *Traité d'Astronomie.* Par M. Biot. Paris. 1851.

Most intelligent readers have a vague idea that there has been a great astronomer whose name was Kepler; but further than this very little is known at the present day of one of the most illustrious scientific men of ancient or modern times. This is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact, that altogether independently of his great discoveries there is much in the life of Kepler that is both interesting and instructive. Although the annals of biography scarcely present a milder or more amiable man in all the relations of life, it is equally difficult to meet with one who had to suffer more painful mortifications and privations in his efforts to advance the cause of science and at the same time secure a livelihood. We have proofs of this throughout his writings; but rarely in the form of complaints; for no one was less inclined to repine even when his prospects were most gloomy and he had most reason to reproach those who from their position and influence ought to have been his best friends. All his biographers agree in telling us that he was ill-fated in this respect from his childhood; although it was not until recently that the circumstances of his early life were made public.

In order to appreciate what he has accomplished it is necessary to understand what obstacles he had to contend with even from his cradle; we will refer to these all the more cheerfully because they afford a new illustration of what perseverance in the pursuit of knowledge and attempts to turn

that knowledge to good account can effect against the most formidable opposition. Kepler was born in December, 1571, at the village of Magstatt, three miles from the town of Weil of which his grandfather was burgomaster. His father, Heinrich, claimed to be of noble birth, yet he married Catharine Guldermann, the daughter of a village inn-keeper, who brought him a fortune of 3,000 guilders, but which seems to have been her only recommendation, for she could neither read nor write; she had but little pretensions to beauty, and still less to amiability of disposition or sweetness of temper. They were only seven months married when the future astronomer was born; and he was scarcely a month old when his father enlisted in the corps which were then being raised in Wurtemberg for the army of the Duke of Alba, in the Netherlands.

There is some dispute as to the cause of his leaving his wife and child so soon. The war in which he engaged was, it is true, a religious, or rather, a sectarian war; but he was a Protestant and it was on the Catholic side he enlisted. This would sufficiently prove that religious enthusiasm was not his motive. It is alleged upon the other hand that his sole object in leaving home was to get rid of the constant reproaches of his wife, who scarcely allowed a day to pass without finding some pretext or other to quarrel with him. This view of the case seems to receive some confirmation from the fact that several weeks had passed before Catharine had any idea of the course he had adopted. No sooner did she learn where he was, however, than she made arrangements to follow him, leaving her child in care of her parents. She succeeded in convincing her husband that she was deeply penitent and would never quarrel with him again. Although he had serious misgivings on this point, he left the army in 1575 and returned with her to Weil. He was now in comfortable circumstances, but he became surety for a friend who, becoming bankrupt, deprived him of nearly all he had. His wife induced him then to become an inn-keeper, assuring him that her knowledge of the business would leave little doubt of their success. Accordingly young John was withdrawn from school, and they rented a third or fourth class inn somewhere in Baden. For a time they seemed to do very well; but then either they began to fail or Catharine began to forget her promises of gentleness and amiability, for Heinrich enlisted once more. This time he entered the Austrian service to fight against the Turks, and was never heard of afterwards.

During these unhappy vicissitudes John was entirely neglected. Until he was twelve years old he had no other op-

portunities than those of a waiter, or errand boy, at a country inn (garçon de cabaret). Of these, however, he availed himself to the fullest extent. Whatever guest gave him a book to read from which he could gain any information was sure to be well attended. It is proper to remark here that John had two brothers, Christopher and Henry, and one sister Margaret. Christopher learned the trade of a tin founder. For a time he worked at his trade; then he became a soldier like his father. After an absence of four years he returned and settled at Leomberg and combined with his trade the duty of acting as drill sergeant to the local militia. He had the character of an honest, but ignorant and rude man, nor was his brother Henry superior to him in any respect, but rather the reverse. It was otherwise however with their sister Margaret, who was as gentle and affectionate as they were coarse and boorish.

It is hardly to be wondered at, from the facts we have already stated, that Christopher and Henry were the favorites of their mother, who was much more ready to give John blows than caresses; although it was he, not they, who needed the latter. He was badly able to bear unkind treatment; and we have the testimony of several of his biographers that his health suffered accordingly. "Sa mère, d'un caractère," says M. Hoefer, "dur et tracassier rendait l'enfant très malheureux." In another place he speaks of the effects of her treatment. "A treize ans, le pauvre enfant faillit succomber à une grave maladie." His only consolation at this time was the kindness of his sister Margaret, who tried to be all that was good to him which his mother was not. She married a Protestant curate, who soon grew tired of supporting his brother-in-law, while the latter did nothing but read and study. After a short time he sent him to work in the fields; but he soon found that he was too feeble to undergo the fatigue. "What is to be done?" asked the brother-in-law, "for I am too poor to maintain you." "Alas! send me to school somewhere!" was the reply. This request was not made in vain. The clergyman exercised all the influence he possessed, and finally succeeded in entering him at the University of Tübingen, in 1589, at the expense of the state. The mere fact of his having been received at this learned institution would show by itself that in spite of the many difficulties he had to contend with he had already acquired considerable familiarity with mathematics as well as the learned languages, and thus it was that the illustrious Kepler was enabled to lay the groundwork of that scientific knowledge

by means of which he subsequently gained the proud title of "Celestial Law Giver," (*Legislateur du Ciel.*)

Even the great discoveries which have rendered his name immortal scarcely do more honor to Kepler than the kind and generous treatment which he gave his mother in return for her habitual cruelty to him. While both her favorites neglected her as she grew old, the great astronomer laid aside those labors which he prosecuted with most zeal and avidity, in order to console and aid her in her sickness, or any other trouble that oppressed her. All his biographers testify that he was in the habit of sharing his scanty salary with her when she was in need. But his filial devotion was rendered still more conspicuous when, to the disgrace of the age in which he lived, he saw her publicly arraigned as a witch. It seems almost incredible that even children would make such charges against any human being as were made against the mother of Kepler, but which some have regarded as a just retribution for her former inhumanity. The indictment of the Assize Court of Weil accused her, among other things, "of having been instructed in the magic art by an aunt who had been burned as a sorceress; of having had frequent interviews with the devil; of being unable to shed tears; of having caused the hogs of the neighborhood on which she performed her nocturnal journeys to die; of being unable to look at any one to whom she spoke straight in the face; of having employed a grave-digger to furnish her the skull of her husband in order to make a goblet of it for her son." Absurd as these charges were, she was found guilty upon them, and sentenced to be burned alive. It occupied a considerable porportion of Kepler's time for five years to save his aged mother from so cruel and barbarous a death. More than once he applied in person on her behalf to the authorities, doing all in his power to convince them of her innocence. Finally he went from Linz to Stuttgard, to intercede with the Duke of Wurtemberg, in person. The latter was disposed to comply with the wishes of so great a man as Kepler, but he assured him that all he could do was to commute the sentence. Instead of being burned as ordered by the judges, her punishment was now to consist of being terrified by the public executioner, who was instructed to show her all the instruments of torture in turn, and explain their action on both body and mind. The object of this was to make her confess. She persistently refused to do so, however; after having been thus persecuted for more than five years, she was at last discharged, but died soon after.

So great was the prevailing ignorance at this time that no

inconsiderable portion of the public regarded the great discoveries of Kepler as, not the results of scientific research, or astronomical calculations, but those of magical incantations, and intercourse with the devil. In undertaking to save his mother, he was well aware that he should awaken a feeling of this kind against himself; but he refused to allow any selfish motive to prevent him from performing what he regarded as a sacred duty.* And old and weak-minded as his mother was at this time, she had understanding enough to feel deeply affected by his conduct as contrasted with that of his brothers. Among the last words she ever spoke were these: "I wish that all mothers would take warning by my case, and never show any preference to one child over another until they see good reason to do so. Above all, none should be harsh, but kind to the one that's anxious for knowledge."†

We have made this digression without regard to time, in order to show, at a glance, that far from evincing any resentment towards his mother for her cruel and unnatural treatment of him, no son could have been kinder to his mother no matter how she had treated him. Now we return to Tübingen, although only for a moment. It was at this institution he formed the acquaintance of Mästlin, his future friend, who was professor of mathematics in the College and celebrated throughout Germany for his superior learning and philosophical investigations. It was to him Kepler opened his mind in all his troubles for ever after; and it is to the honor of the professor that his sympathy and friendship were never wanting to his former pupil. Kepler had not been one month under his tuition when he told him that perseverance was all he required to render himself illustrious, and it is worthy of remark that nearly all the other professors set but a very low estimate on his talents. It was not alone as an instructor that Mästlin served Kepler; he served him still more by recommending him to others, for his recommendation had great weight, especially in regard to mathematics and philosophy. The Lutheran theologians who had then charge of the University of Tübingen, required that the students should be instructed

* It is worthy of remark, that while he was defending his mother from this charge, and the feeling against him in Austria was such that he had to give up his situation as Court Astronomer and leave, he was offered the professorship of mathematics at Bologna, in the Papal States. This would seem to prove that the opposition he experienced from the Catholics was merely the result of local prejudices and ignorance; although some of his biographers denounce it in strong terms as if it had been ordered by the Church. "De retour à Lentz," says F. Hoefer, "où il avait pour enemis tous les prêtres catholiques, Kepler fut traité non plus seulement d'hérétique, mais de fils de sorcière. La vie lui étant rendue insupportable il quitta l'Autriche."

† Biot, Traité d'Astronomie, p. 167.

in the Ptolemaic astronomy. The professor was bound to obey on pain of losing his situation; but believing that the Copernican system was the true one, he availed himself of every opportunity to instil its leading principles into the minds of his students. It was not necessary for him to take any pains with Kepler for this purpose; it was enough for the latter to have got a glimpse of the works of Copernicus; but we are assured by Baron von Breitschwert, in one of the works at the head of this article, that it was the same professor who converted Galileo, during a visit which he made that illustrious astronomer while travelling through Italy.

Kepler tells us also that it was Mästlin who taught him to be liberal towards all who differed with him in opinion in religion, politics or science; and we find evidence of this liberality pervading all his writings. As an illustrative instance we may note in passing, the course he pursued in the great controversy of the time, in reference to the introduction or non-introduction of the Gregorian calendar. In this Mästlin took a part which, at first sight, would seem to be unworthy of a scientific man. That is, while believing in the superiority of the Gregorian calendar, he undertook to write against it, his object being to secure his position, which he would be pretty sure to lose did he recommend anything emanating from the Pope. He had the example of Appian before him as a warning against this. Accordingly he denounced the new calendar with much apparent bitterness: but all his arguments were directed against some minor defects. Kepler, who understood him perfectly, while the Lutheran theologians were entirely satisfied with his zeal, wrote to him as follows: "What is the one-half of Germany at? How long will it remain separate from the other half of the empire, and from the whole continent of Europe? For these one hundred and fifty years astronomy has been calling for the improvement of the calendar. Shall we forbid it? How long shall we wait? Mayhap till a *Deus ex machina* enlightens the evangelic rulers. Various amendments have been proposed, still that which the Pope has introduced is the best. But, even if one should discover a better, it cannot be brought into use without causing some disorder after this has once been in operation. It is sufficient for the next centuries; we will not make ourselves uneasy about the more distant ones. Uniformity in the computation of time is one of the ornaments of the political state. I think we have proved sufficiently to the Pope that we can keep to the old time for our festivals; it were time now to correct what he has corrected. We shall not always enjoy the mildness and lenity of an Emperor Rudolf. The

evangelic princes inquire of their mathematicians; the Emperor puts forth a merely political edict; so it is not the Pope's bull, but the advice of his mathematicians which he sanctions. *It is a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire.*"

Kepler did not confine himself to urging the adoption of the reformed calendar in private letters to his friends; but openly made it the basis of his own calculations. Thus, for example, his first duty on receiving the appointment of teacher of mathematics at the Gymnasium of Grâtz, was to draw up the Styrian calendar for 1594. He was well aware of the bitter feeling entertained throughout Germany against the innovation; nor did he overlook the fact that its adoption on his part might be injurious to all his prospects in life. Indeed, he could scarcely have entertained a doubt in regard to this; for the academic senate of the institution in which he was educated had already presented its celebrated Memorial on the subject to Duke Louis. We extract a passage from this, partly because it is a curious document in itself, and partly because it serves to explain the position in which Kepler was placed in the sight of the party who were then the most powerful in Germany:

"A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows, that, in reformations of this kind, he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laudably and well-pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church.

"As the emperor holds the Pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar into his hereditary dominions, and sent it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves, like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty knows how to recollect itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that their accommodating themselves to this work will give the highest satisfaction. But the new calendar has *manifestedly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a cruel, devouring bear-wolf.* If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist?—and what concord is there between Christ and Belial? Should he succeed, through the imperial authority, in *fastening his calendar about our necks*, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horn that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God. The Pope hereby grasps also at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days farther back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsun-

tide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James's Day. These are merely the pretexts of people *who stroke the fox-tail of the Pope*, and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church. We will not let him slip in again through his representative, the Pope."

This it will be admitted was a formidable document, seeing that it expressed the views of the large majority of the Protestant gentry not only of Wurtemberg, but of all Germany; but Kepler had more reason to fear it than any of his contemporaries, because, be it remembered, it emanated from the very same body who had decreed that he was unfit to be a minister of the Lutheran church, because he refused to believe in the omnipresence of Christ's body, which was then a leading doctrine at Tübingen. All did not prevent him, however, from advocating what he regarded as true and favorable to science; for we find him, in 1613, before the German Diet of Ratisbon, explaining the character of the new calendar, and strongly urging on that body its adoption. He had no doubt that such a course would injure his prospects. Nor was he mistaken; the Protestant divines were so much incensed against him, that when appointed by the influence of his friends to a professorship in the Gymnasium at Grâtz, as already observed, the Lutheran chaplain refused to admit him to the communion, on the ground of his not assenting to the physical ubiquity of Christ. He felt so sensible of the vindictive feeling thus evinced towards him, that he appealed to the Consistory of Wurtemberg. But far from giving him any satisfaction, this learned and pious body sent him word that one like him, who would attempt to introduce into Germany that Popish invention called the Gregorian calendar, could be no better than a wolf in sheep's clothing. He may, therefore, if so disposed, attend to his mathematics, but he must not presume to meddle with the Holy Scriptures. It was in allusion to these circumstances that he wrote to the Mayor of Baden, in 1614, as follows: "The evil which oppresses Germany arises chiefly from the pride of some divines, who would rather *rule* than teach. Certain doctors, who have been called to the office of teaching, wishing to be bishops, seek in their untimely zeal to turn everything upside down, and mislead their princes to overhasty steps. The spirit of unity and mutual love is wanting."

He was not to be deterred, however, from vindicating the truth of science; for he adduced new proofs in his *Prodromus* in favor of the Copernican system, and as soon as the work was ready he presented a copy of it to the senate of Tübingen, but he had wisely taken the precaution of securing the favor of the Prince. Fortunately, there was not one

among the learned members of the senate capable of giving any intelligent opinion of the "Prodromus," accompanied with suitable explanations, but the author's friend Mästlin. To the latter, therefore, the task had to be committed of examining it, and reporting upon it. As we can only make room for a brief extract from the report, it is necessary to remark here that in speaking of the "spheres" in the following passage, the Professor has reference to the analogies discovered by Kepler between the five regular bodies which may be inscribed in a sphere and the spaces between the planets: "The matter is so new that it has never yet come into the mind of any one, and so ingeniously developed that it is well deserving of being made known to the learned. Who ever yet conceived the thought, or ventured to attempt to prove *à priori* the number, the order, and the magnitude of the celestial spheres, and to draw forth the cause as it were from the secret counsels of God? This has Kepler undertaken, and happily accomplished. He is the first who has conceived that the distances of the planets from each other are determined by the five regular bodies. By this all appears in such suitable order and perfect connection, that *the smallest alteration could not be made without causing the downfall of the whole.* Kepler has shown himself to be one of the most learned and acute of men."

All the arguments in the "Prodromus" are in favor of the Copernican system; but Mästlin, knowing what offence this would give, carefully abstained from making any allusion to it. In adopting this precaution he was doubtless influenced by the suggestions of the author who wrote to him on the subject as follows: "What is to be done? I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatim* and be silent in public, *that we may not die of hunger.* I will make you no enemies on my account. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty I represented my discovery to the rector of the university as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a still greater charge against it than he could have made its novelty." The misfortune of Kepler was that while he had nothing to depend on for his support but his salary as professor, all sects were alike opposed to the new doctrine, no matter how much they differed with and detested each other. Both Calvinists and Catholics, as well as Lutherans, had before their eyes the text which told them that the earth stood still; and now Kepler came forward to maintain that Pythagoras and Copernicus were right in saying that it moved.

Wishing, however, to ascertain how much opposition he might expect from the Church of Rome, he wrote as follows to John Pistorius, an eminent theologian who had recently resigned a professorship in order to join the Catholic Church: "You will bear me witness, on that great day, that I never had any personal hatred against the pope and the priests, but only zeal for God and his institutions, while I remain in that freedom in which God caused me to be born. *Among the vanities of this world I reckon the spirit of persecution which prevails in every religious party*—the idea that each of them has, that their cause is the cause of God—they alone possess a right to happiness—the presumption of the theologians that they have the right to interpret Scripture, and that one must blindly believe them, even when their interpretations run contrary to reason—finally, the temerity with which they damn all those who make use of their evangelic liberty." Kepler subsequently told his friends that he was thus plain and frank in writing to Pistorius partly because he had but recently known him as a Protestant, and partly because he had an idea that converts soon know more about the feeling of the Church on any disputed point than those born and brought up within its pale. At all events the neophyte gave him little satisfaction. "You are an excellent mathematician," wrote Pistorius in reply, "but a bad theologian; pray excuse me, therefore, if I decline to discuss these matters with you."

While he was thus doubtful as to the destiny that awaited himself and his works, Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who had hitherto been a minor, became of age and took the reins into his own hands. Kepler tells us that although the Duke was a zealous Catholic, it did not appear that he had any disposition to interfere with the Protestants in the exercise of their faith; but that the Protestant divines signalized his coming to the throne by hurling more irritating invectives than ever at the Catholics from their pulpits, at the same time issuing prints representing the pope as anti-Christ in female clothing. This brought matters to a crisis. Ferdinand declaring that the Protestants had broke the peace, ordered them to leave within fourteen days. Failing to comply with this order, a decree was promulgated on the 17th of September directing the police to force them if they did not voluntarily leave the town before sunset. Kepler was among the number of those who had to leave thus suddenly, but he informs us himself that he was but two weeks absent when he received a letter from the Duke's Premier, a Jesuit, inviting him to return, and assuring him that neither the Duke

nor his ministry had any disposition to be otherwise than kind and indulgent to a man at once so learned and so liberal in his sentiments as Kepler. Feeling satisfied that the premier was sincere, as he says he afterwards proved himself to have been, he did not hesitate to return.

In order to present both sides of the question, it is proper to say that the Protestants account for the favor thus shown to Kepler by telling us that the Jesuits who were about Ferdinand were exceedingly anxious to win over to the Church one who they had sagacity enough to see was destined to fill the world with his fame. It is added that they thought the question of sufficient importance to justify their asking permission from the Pope to encourage him in his teachings, even when they could not regard them as altogether orthodox. We are further informed that the Holy See not only assented to this, but gave them a general permission by which they might authorize eminent persons to live in the open profession of heresy, provided they were privately reconciled to the Church —at least so favorable to its teachings that they would make no serious effort to undermine them. It is not for us to say whether this is true or false; but one thing is certain, if the object of the Jesuits was to convert Kepler, they did not succeed in doing so. Indeed, the truth seems to be that they were far too shrewd to suppose for a moment that there would be any use in attempting to induce a man like Kepler to swerve from the faith in which he had been born and educated, especially as they were so familiar with his views on transubstantiation and other fundamental dogmas of the Church—views so widely known that he could not disavow them without stultifying himself. Be this as it may, Kepler received an annuity from the state; he was told by the Premier that the object of the Duke in giving it to him was to enable him to devote his whole time to his astronomical researches; and there is a passage in one of his own letters to Mästlin which seems to corroborate that statement. Not liking to remain for various reasons, he writes to his friend, requesting that he would secure him some more agreeable position. "My salary," he says, "is paid to me more out of pity than for any good that is expected from me. Should I have any chance of a situation if I were to go to Tübingen?" This is sufficiently explicit. In the same letter we have evidence that those who accused him of concealing the faults of the Church of Rome, while he exposed those of the Lutherans and Calvinists, did him injustice. "I believe," he says, "I am not unworthy of a place in the faculty of philosophy; but it appears I have enemies who oppose me." He then proceeds to

speak of the conduct of the ducal government as follows: "The citizens here are accused of high treason, in order that there may be a pretext for robbing them. Whosoever reads Luther's Bible is guilty of treason and loses his goods."

True, there are those who think that these remarks were made much more with the intention that they should produce some favorable effect on the senate of the University of Tübingen, than through any feelings of bitterness or resentment towards the Catholics; and the reason they assign is a pretty cogent one, namely, that Kepler was too generous and liberal-minded to return evil for good—the latter consisting in the undisputed fact that hitherto "he was indebted to the Catholics alone for the means of living."* But if his motive was to awaken the sympathy of the Tübingen senate, so that they might give him a position in the College, as they could have done at any time, it was no use. They did not make the slightest effort to serve him, always excepting his friend Cästlin; Hafeneffer was also disposed to serve him, but was too much afraid of his theological views. It was the latter, be it remembered, who was deputed to write to him, after he had published his "Prodromus," to warn him against any process of reasoning that might conflict with the teaching of the Bible, especially as it was interpreted by the divines of the Lutheran church. "God forbid," said he, "that you should endeavor to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scripture. I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the church undisturbed." This, no doubt, was well meant; but it did not enable Kepler to procure the necessaries of life for his family.

At this time his circumstances were by no means easy: nor did his prospects for the future seem much more encouraging. Meantime, his great work was making much more progress, in gaining him fame and honor, than his most sanguine hopes had led him to expect. Nearly the same mail brought him letters of congratulation from the two most illustrious of his contemporaries, namely Galileo and Tycho Brahe. "I congratulate myself," wrote the renowned Florentine, "in having found in you an associate in the search after truth, to which I am attached. Though Copernicus has acquired everlasting fame, yet he appears naught to an infinite crowd—so great is the number of the ignorant." But Tycho Brahe did not confine himself to praising the new work and its author; he happened to be in a position which enabled him to offer the latter a situation of which he was then in need. The Danish

* Breitschwert's *Life and Labors of Kepler*, p. 97.

astronomer expressed an earnest wish that he would join him at Prague, whither he was about to remove, and do for his system what he had so effectually done for that of Copernicus, from which it differed but little. But what afforded most pleasure to Kepler was the intimation that he could, not only have the use of the imperial observatory with all its instruments—the best then in Europe—but also that he could avail himself of Tycho's own observations, which extended over a course of twenty-five years. In order to be able to form an adequate idea of the estimate set by Kepler on the latter privilege, it is necessary to bear in mind that he had always been too poor to procure suitable instruments. Those by the means of which he had made his most important discoveries thus far were of the rudest kind, as may be seen from his own graphic description of them, written some time previously, when he had little hope of being able to procure better soon: "They are," he says, "out of the same workshop from which the huts of our first parents came. I am content with a very simple instrument, which does not err more than half a degree either way; and even if I were not content with it, I must still do without a more choice one. I will describe it. Ye friends who may see it, do not laugh. As I had no other materials than wood, and all kinds of wood swell, I prepared an instrument whose sides must be kept in equal condition by their length, that is to say, a right-angled triangle of 6, 8 and 10 feet. I hung this triangle up by its right angle, and let fall from it a thread with a plummet (*perpendikel*), divided the 10-foot side into the smallest parts, and stuck small quills (*pinnulæ*) in one of the sides about the right angle. I let the triangle hang freely by the cord by which it is suspended, and by a small weight kept it steady till the star is seen through the holes of the quills (*pinnulæ foramina*). This is my whole apparatus. I can easily wish for more accurate instruments, but I know not how and by what means they are to be got. With the aid of a mason and a Praxiteles, I could construct exceedingly neat and useful ones. For observing the sun, one cannot wish for anything better than an aperture in the top of a tower and a shadowed place beneath it; for when the round sun-beam falls obliquely on a plane it forms an ellipse, from whose long and short diameters I will deduce more than with the aid of all the quadrants, astrolabes, &c., in the world."

Tycho soon proved that he was sincere in his wish to have Kepler near him. In one of his first interviews with the Emperor Rudolf, he represented to him that the task of improving Copernicus's Astronomical Tables, which his Majesty

had committed to him, would be accomplished not only much quicker but much better if he would allow him to invite Kepler to spend some years at the observatory. The Emperor cheerfully consented, and Kepler was immediately sent for. This was the best offer he ever received, and he joyfully accepted it accordingly. "This was a providential occurrence for me," says Kepler. "I repaired to Bohemia at the beginning of the year 1600, in the hope of being able to learn to correct the eccentricities of the planets. Observing that Tycho made use of a mixed system (which made Mercury and Venus revolve round the sun, while making the same planets, with all the others, revolve round the earth), I asked permission of him to let me pursue my own ideas. Providence would also have it so that Mars was the planet to which his observations were chiefly directed at the time. All my attention was given to the same star; for I had long felt that it was only by becoming familiarly acquainted with the movements of Mars that one could attain to the secrets of astronomy (*ex Martis motibus omnino necesse est nos in cognitionem astronomiæ arcanorum venire aut ea perpetuo nescire.*)"* There were various reasons for the importance thus attached to the movements of Mars, one or two of which it may be well to allude to in passing. In the first place it deviated more from the circular form in its orbit than any other planet then known; the others deviated so little as to render it extremely difficult to prove that their orbits were not really circular. Besides, its orbit was the nearest to that of the earth (that is of those then known). The earth is quite near Mars when it passes between it and the sun in the *oppositions*, whereas it is three times as far in the *conjunctions*, when it is the sun that passes between it and Mars.†

Whether it was that Kepler was of too sanguine a temperament, or, like many other great geniuses, was too sensitive or too much prone to discontent, certain it is that he soon became much dissatisfied both with Tycho Brahe and his observatory. The former he found to be proud, overbearing, and but little disposed to be communicative in regard to the results of his observations and experiments, while he regarded the latter as better suited for the astrological fancies of the Emperor than for the legitimate purposes of astronomy. Accordingly we soon find him renewing his former request to his friend Mästlin, to whom he relates his experience as follows, after a residence of only a few months in Prague: "I have

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* *Astronomèa Nova seu Comment. de Motibus stellæ Martis*, p. 53.

† Biot, *Traité d'Astronomie*, tome iv., p. 431.

found everything uncertain here. Tycho is a man with whom no one can live without exposing himself to the greatest insults. The appointments are brilliant, but one can hardly squeeze out one half of them. I am thinking of taking to medicine, perhaps then you would give me some small situation? I could never have believed that joy would increase in proportion as persecution augmented. Hence we may see how easily it is to die for religion: I mix the sweet with the bitter. A few months ago I wrote on the action of light; I also observed the last eclipse of the sun."

It would seem that Mästlin began to regard him as somewhat whimsical, for he did not reply for more than a month, and finally when his reply came, it was anything but encouraging. Kepler became more and more discontented daily; in short, he made no effort to conceal the fact that, let his destiny be what it might, he and Tycho could never get on together. His wife fully participated in this feeling; indeed there are some biographers who hold her responsible for the whole difficulty. Be this as it may, while Kepler was paying a visit to his friends in Styria, she was so incensed at having to apply to Tycho day after day for a part of her husband's salary to enable her to procure the necessaries of life, that she induced him to write a letter to the Danish astronomer which was full of reproaches. It does not appear that Tycho evinced much if any resentment at having his motives impugned in this way; indeed he seems to have treated him with nearly as much indulgence as Locke did Sir Isaac Newton, when the latter accused the former of seeking to embroil him with women. "I understand Kepler's disposition," said Tycho; "in his gloomy moods, he is rather inclined to be irascible; but he is generous and kind hearted with all."* When Kepler found that after all Tycho did not evince any disposition to quarrel with him, he did not hesitate to apologise, expressing his regret that he was betrayed into the use of harsh language under the impression that his wife had been unkindly treated in his absence. But before Tycho had time to take any notice of the reproaches of Kepler, the latter wrote again to his friend Mästlin as follows: "I cannot express to thee how melancholy thy letter has made me; I know not if I shall ever recover; they fear that my tertian may end in a consumption. My wife too is sick, and I feel as much for her as for myself. I stand in need of consolation. I earnestly pray thee if there should be any place vacant in your university, to get it for me. Believe me, that several Styrian nobles

* Breitschwert's Kepler's *Leben und Wirken*, p. 221.

would come to Tübingen if I were there. I cannot recollect what it was that induced me to write to thee some time ago what thou speakest of (*i. e.* his becoming a physician); I pray thee send me back that letter. Every observation made at the Imperial Observatory is a confutation of the Tychonic and a confirmation of the Copernican system. The more Tycho is annoyed at it the more rejoiced am I; he thinks an error of a few minutes should be excused in his system."

His friend had little more than time to reply to this, when Tycho Brahe died (October 24, 1601), and he was appointed to succeed him. However much he disliked the haughtiness of the deceased philosopher, he could not but regard him as his benefactor; and accordingly he mourned his death as an affectionate child would that of an indulgent parent.* Had he evinced any other feeling, he would have been unworthy of the glorious fame to which he attained; although it was only now that he really commenced his career as a discoverer. Before we attempt to give any account, however, of his great discoveries, we will take a brief glance at his character as a husband, a father, and a member of the social circle. In 1596 Kepler began to pay his addresses to Barbara Muller, the daughter of one of the proudest of the Protestant nobles of Styria. The lady fully inherited the pride of her ancestors, so that she could not think of wedding Kepler until he, too, should prove that he was of noble extraction. It would have been much easier for him to make an important astronomical discovery than this, since the most distinguished member of the family before his own time was his grandfather, the burgomaster of Weil. But he had no alternative but either to prove that he was of "noble blood," or for ever renounce all pretensions to the hand of the beautiful Barbara. Although the authorities of Wurtemberg were disposed to be as accommodating as possible in so delicate a matter, it took him some six months to procure the necessary documents, and in the meantime the lady was very near changing her mind and giving her hand to one whose noble extraction was more easily established.

She married Kepler, however, in 1595. Although only twenty-three years of age, the great astronomer was her third husband. The first had died suddenly, and she had divorced the second. Neither himself nor his friends have much to say of this marriage; but they make occasional allusions

* Nevertheless, one of his French biographers, speaks of the death of Tycho as a happy event. "Heureusement," he says, "Tycho vint à mourir le 24 Octobre; Kepler fut aussitôt nommé astronome de l'empereur Rodolph avec 1,500 de traitement et établit sa residence a Linz."

which would seem to imply that the fair Barbara was by no means remarkable for the gentleness of her disposition. M. Hoefer confines himself to the remark that this marriage was not a happy one (cette union ne fut guère heureuse). This, however, may have no better foundation than the fact that she was the cause of the reproachful letter addressed by her husband to Tycho. Be this as it may, it does not seem that she was much regretted when she died, although she left her husband several children. She was scarcely six months dead when Kepler wrote to a friend, to say that he had no less than eleven fair maidens proposed for his acceptance. He then proceeds to describe the perfections and charms of each, awarding the palm of superiority, however, to Susanna Rettinger, whom he married. The letter concludes with the assurance that his chief, if not his sole, object in marrying the second time was to give a mother to his orphans. But Susanna added seven children to the five left by Barbara.

It is worthy of remark, that all the children of the second wife died young, and only two of those by the first wife—a son and a daughter—attained the age of maturity. He had taken care to have both thoroughly educated. His son, Louis, was a physician; but he cultivated poetry and philosophy with no inconsiderable success. Animated by the example of his noble father, he wrote several works in the Latin language; but they were chiefly on medicine, and none of them attracted much attention. Louis lived to be fifty-three years old; but he was the last of the race—the Kepler family was extinct in the next generation; so that there is now no descendant of the illustrious Kepler more than there is of Newton, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Cervantes, Corneille, or, in short, of any of those who, by their transcendent genius, have rendered their names imperishable.

It only remains for us now to give a brief sketch of Kepler's discoveries. The reader is already aware of his studious habits and of the profoundness of his researches. He was satisfied with no theory, however ancient or venerable, without testing its truth. His first work, the *Mysterium Cosmographicum*, was published in 1596, when he was twenty-five years old, and it immediately secured him a high rank among the astronomers of the day, at the same time gaining him the friendship of men like Tycho Brahe and Galileo. The latter fact alone would show that it was a great work. In little more than one year after the death of the former he became satisfied that all previous astronomers had erred in ascribing circular orbits and uniform motions to the planets; that, in point of fact, their orbits were elliptical; that the motion of

each is really unequable, and varies in such a manner that "a ray supposed to be always drawn from the planet to the sun describes equal areas in equal times."

On the death of Tycho he wished to have an opportunity of comparing the observations of that eminent astronomer with his own; accordingly he applied for them, but Tycho's heirs refused to allow him the privilege. He then applied to the Emperor, but his majesty had been previously tampered with, so that he was led to believe he only wanted them for "useless speculations," and that if he got them "he would continue in the same idle course, instead of improving the Astronomical Tables, the business for which he had originally been employed." It is inferred from this that Tycho was displeased with Kepler at his death, on account of the circumstances already alluded to, and that the heirs merely acted on what they regarded as the wishes of the deceased. At all events, their opposition to Kepler did not end soon; for Tycho was five years dead, when they induced the Emperor to demand an account from his successor of what he had been doing all that time. The person chosen to arraign Kepler in this way was Longomontanus, the astronomer, who was a pupil and disciple of Tycho's.

From the errand upon which he came one could not expect that he had a very friendly feeling towards Kepler; but even enemies that are generous are apt to be courteous if they are gentlemen. But we can judge best in regard to the case in question by the reply made by Kepler, which is also interesting as giving the views of that great man in relation to the relative value of different kinds of study, and showing what he had been doing during the period named. "I will answer you as a friend," said the author of the Prodromus; "I acknowledge that I have occupied myself for the last five years (more than the half of which, however, I was obliged to spend in solicitations at court) chiefly with physical speculations. For I believe that astronomy and physics are so closely connected together that the one cannot be perfected without the other. Hypotheses which are not founded in nature please me not. You call these speculations '*the dung-pits of Augeas.*' Fair words, doubtless! *You make merry at my oval orbits of the planets.* I can set against these certain notions of the ancients which have been revived by Tycho, and which are a hundred times more absurd."*

This shows that Kepler was not so mild, but that he had the spirit and manliness to defend himself even at the risk of

* Biot.

losing his chief means of support. Longomontanus and those who supported him were now sure that Kepler would be dismissed; but whatever were the faults of the Emperor, he was a lover of justice as well as an admirer of science and of courage; and, accordingly, instead of doing his astronomer any harm on account of the reply we have quoted, he ordered that all Tycho's papers should be confided to his care. He cheerfully admits himself that these aided him greatly. Soon after he commenced his *Astronomia Nova*, the work which contained his two great discoveries of the elliptical orbits of the planets, and of their describing equal areas in equal times, and which was published in 1609.

But what is most remarkable in the works of Kepler is the near approach which they make to the discovery of gravitation. That he did discover that principle, so far as it relates to the planets, is beyond question. The glory of Newton really consists, not in being the first discoverer of the law of gravity, but in being the first to apply that law to all bodies whatever. Nor did Kepler confine himself to indicating the influence produced by the sun on the movements and velocities of the planets, and the influence of those bodies on each other. "Examples abound," he says, "to show the analogies of the celestial with terrestrial phenomena. All is simple in the variety of natural operations. Thus in the running stream the simple movement is the tendency which the water has towards the centre of the earth, but as the passage is not direct, the course of the water is disturbed; it follows all the sinuosities of the earth and its movement becomes complicated in appearance by foreign and adventitious causes."* He shows in the same work that the velocities of the planets are constantly varying according to their distances from the sun; being accelerated as they approach that body, and diminished as they recede from it. But if there are any who doubt that the principle of gravity was well understood by Kepler, let them read the chapters in *De Mot. Stel. Martis*, entitled *Virtutem quæ planatem movet in circulum attenuari cum discessu a fonte*—that is, from page 160 to page 201; but there is this difficulty—we are not aware that there is any English translation of these chapters.

Both Mr. Maclaurin and Dr. Hutton have been too precious of the fame of Newton to direct any attention to these facts. The former, indeed, admits in his "Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," that "to Kepler we owe the discovery of the true figure of the earth, and the proportions of the motions

* *De Motis Stellæ Martis*, cap. xxxviii., p. 185.

of the solar system." This, much as it is, could not be denied; but having made that admission, the writer proceeds to disparage the general character of Kepler as an astronomer. "This astronomer," he says, "had a particular passion for finding analogies and harmonies in nature, after the manner of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, &c." Actuated by a similar feeling, Bailly tells us that "Kepler, from his veneration for Pythagoras and Plato has plunged into musical ratios, and blended them with the movements, distances and eccentricities of the planets in his visionary analogies; they contain not one single true ratio, or resemblance; in a crowd of ideas there is not a single truth."

Kepler, like most other great men, had his whimsicalities and odd notions. Many of his theories are undoubtedly visionary, but there is scarcely one of them which did not lead the way to fact and truth. It was a favorite observation of his own that we not only pardon Columbus and the Portuguese navigators for relating their errors—the former, in the discovery of America, and the latter in the circumnavigation of Africa—but we should be deprived of much instruction and satisfaction if those errors were omitted. Why should we not apply the same rule to him, especially as his errors are perhaps not so much errors after all; a fact which we may take occasion to show before we close. First it was thought a very odd fancy on the part of Kepler, to think that the sun, although the centre of the planetary system, while it so powerfully influenced the movements of the planets, was constantly in motion itself, *i. e.*, revolving on its axis. When he was asked to explain so absurd a theory, he compared the sun to an orator, who, placed in the centre of a circular group, could address all in turn only by turning himself.* By the two great discoveries already mentioned, known as "Kepler's Laws," the great astronomer only exhibited the individual movements of the planets in their respective orbits, without establishing any analogy between them as a whole. Since he was twenty years old he felt convinced that such an analogy existed, and accordingly he was constantly assuming new hypotheses which might enable him to arrive at the truth. In his *Mysterium Cosmographicum* we find several of these hypotheses; but his observations had not then been sufficiently extensive. For twenty-two years afterwards he never abandoned the idea; finally, after twenty-eight years of laborious research—during which time he reviewed again and again calculations that cost

* Finge ergo oratorem aliquem in magno cœtu hominum sese in orbem ciugentium faciem suam, seu una corpus, convertere semel, &c.—*De Mot. St. Mart.*, cap. xxxv., p. 175.

him months of hard labor, he proved beyond all doubt that *the squares of the periodic times of the planets are to each other as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun.* Be it remembered that great as this law is, he had conceived its existence twenty-eight years previously. Hence the force and truth of the remark of Biot, who, in alluding to Kepler's transit-instrument, a description of which we have quoted in the author's own words, uses the following language: "Three pieces of wood set in a triangle were the magic instruments with which Kepler drew down from the muse Urania secrets unknown to all antiquity, and on which the whole of modern astronomy rests." No wonder that the author was more delighted than he ever had been before at this discovery, for it was worth all the rest; it was as it were the key-stone of the sublime arch which he had formed. He accordingly marked the date carefully (May 15, 1618). "At last! at last!" he exclaimed, "I have the double proportion of the periodical times to the proportion of the orbs."*

These three laws form the bases of all astronomical discoveries since made, not excepting those of Newton. They are admirably explained in the *Harmonices Mundi*, published at Linz the following year; and at the same time they were made the subjects of lectures by the most learned men in Europe. Even the illustrious Galileo had lectured on Kepler's system at Pavia, before the third law, the greatest of all, had been discovered; and the same great man was the first to confirm that system by the discoveries of Jupiter's satellites, the ring of Saturn and the phases of Venus. Only two of Kepler's laws had been discovered when Galileo wrote to the author as follows: "Thou art almost the only person that gives credit to my assertions. When I wanted to show the professors of the Gymnasium at Florence the four satellites of Jupiter with my telescope they would not look at either them or the telescope. . . . . How thou wouldst have laughed if thou hadst heard how the first among them strove in presence of the Duke, to pull the new planets down from Heaven, now with logical arguments, now with magical incantations." Another work of Kepler's which is but little known is entitled *Ad Vitelleonem, Paralipomena, quibus Astronomiæ pars optica traditur, &c.* This treats principally on optics, and it is the fountain from which all our modern writers on the laws of refraction and undulation, including Descartes, have drawn

* Tandem, tandem! gemina proportio temporum periodicorum ad proportionem orbium venit:

Sera quidem respexit inertem;
Respexit tamen, et longo post tempora venit.

their inspiration. In the same work Kepler ascribes weight to the atmosphere; and he was the first to do so, although it is Torricelli who has the credit of having made the discovery, the same as it is Descartes who has the credit of having discovered the laws of refraction. "Be assured," says Kepler, "that I am not at all ignorant of the fact that in maintaining that the air has always had weight I shall incur the ill will of the physicists, but the contemplation of all nature confirms me in my idea."* Kepler was also the first to find the difference of longitude between two places by observations on solar eclipses. "This means is more difficult," says M. Arago, "but much more exact than that deduced from the eclipses of the moon."† In his *Epitome Astronomiæ Copernicæ*, in two quarto volumes, he discusses the Copernican system in all its features, putting his arguments in the form of a dialogue. Among the questions to which he devotes most attention in the *Epitome* are, the rotation of the sun on its axis, the solar spots, and the solar atmosphere—all new in his time. But the limits of our article will not permit us to give any further account of the discoveries and works of Kepler. We will devote the brief space now left to the "errors" alluded to by Bailly and others, and see in what do they consist.

In the first place it is true that Kepler has paid some attention to astrology; but we have the most satisfactory evidence that he did so only because it was his duty to do so as court astronomer. If the Emperor ordered him to make a prediction founded on any unusual appearance in the heavens, he had to obey. But he often positively refused even his nearest relatives. "I pray you, my friend," said he, "do not condemn me to calculations, but give me time for *philosophical speculations*, my only delight." To another friend he writes as follows: "You err with a great number of learned men when you suppose that the course of events flows from heaven; it sends us nothing but light." He thought astrology a harmless thing in the hands of the honest and virtuous; but nowhere in his writings does he recognize it as a science. He regarded it as holding the same relation to astronomy which alchemy does to chemistry—meaning that one serves as an incentive to the study of the other. Hence it is that he says: "Ye overwise philosophers, ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know you not that she must

* Non ignoro, ne credas me physicorum reprehensionem incursurum qui ærem et hic antea gravem seu ponderosum esse statuam: at me sic docuit totius naturæ contemplatio.—*Paralip, in Vitell.* p. 128.

† Ce moyen est plus difficile mais beaucoup plus exact que celui qu' on deduit des eclipses da lune.—*Œuvres d'Arago*, Tome iii. (Notices Biographiques) p. 225.

sometimes support her mother by her charms? How many would be in a condition to devote themselves to astronomy if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens?" We are told by the detractors of Kepler that he regarded the earth as an animal. It is true that he often spoke as if this were his belief; nay, as if he believed that all the planets and the sun also were endowed with life. In this opinion, even if really entertained, Kepler was by no means peculiar. Vossius tells us that the wisest of all antiquity believed the earth to be either an animal or a part of the great animal we call the universe.* Bale gives the opinions of several learned men on the same subject, and then adds his own, which is: that it is not so easy to refute the view of Kepler as might be supposed, for how can we be sure, he remarks, that the earth is not animated, any more for example, than a louse can tell whether we are animated ourselves. The vermin contents itself with what it can suck from the surface of our body; it does not know that we think; it can form no idea of the internal machinery by which we are moved. Can we make any more certain discoveries on the question as to whether the earth thinks, &c.?†

Now that we have mentioned the worst errors of Kepler, we would ask are they such as would justify any scientific man in attempting to diminish the glory of the discoverer of "Kepler's Laws?" We are sure that there is not one of our readers who will not say, NO. We can only add that the great astronomer died as he lived, in making efforts to procure the necessaries of life. He had to make frequent fruitless journeys from Linz to Prague to solicit the arrears of his salary; during one of these journeys he contracted a severe malady, of which he died after a lingering illness at the age of fifty-nine years: not however until he had written an epitaph in his favorite language (the Latin), which the curious and intelligent traveller will find in the Church of St. Peter at Ratisbon, and of which the following is a translation: "I have measured the heavens; I now measure the shades of the earth. The intellect is celestial; here only the shadow of the body reposes."

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* Vossius, de Origine et Progressu Idololatriæ. Lib. ii. cap. lxii., p. 641.

† Un pou se contente de se nourrir de ce qui'l succe à la surface de nos corps; il ne sait point si nous pensons; il ne peut pas même découvrir les ressorts internes qui nous meuvent, &c.—*Dictionnaire de Bayle.* Art. Kepler.

ART. VIII.—*Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life, with a complete Bibliography of the Subject.* By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. 8vo. pp. 913. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 1864.

ALTHOUGH the question of a Future Life is amply and ably discussed in this volume, it is proper to say, that in making the following observations we by no means confine ourselves to the views and theories of its author; it being much more our object to present our readers an essay on the same subject than to review the book, we have drawn our facts and illustrations from various sources, but we shall not be the less willing on this account to give a fair and liberal estimate, before we close, of a work which is evidently the fruit of extensive research, patient and thoughtful industry, and accomplished scholarship.

There are many who doubt the fall of man, many who deny it, many who doubt or deny the existence of Satan or of Hell: but none can doubt or deny the fact of death, and there are none to whom it does not come home with a supreme and personal interest; and in the fact of death is involved the mystery of a Future Life. Even to those who believe, the interest of the fall is remote and vague: but the fact of death, though ever certain, is ever startling, ever impressive; and believe, doubt, or deny, the soul's immortality—the doctrine of a future life has still a hold on human consciousness, which cannot be broken by the logic of scepticism or the science of materialism. The interest of the subject is therefore at once individual and universal.

If the readers of Mr. Alger's book miss variety, they must be hard to please. They have myth, marvel, story, legend, speculation, description, picture, poetry, science, philosophy, theology, and all brought to bear on one great fact; the common destiny of all the race, and one great idea which lies at the centre of all the supreme hopes and fears of man. Our attention is first directed to the human soul itself—this sublime and mysterious entity—that ever reveals itself and ever hides itself, that defies all explanation; that scorns all the searchings of science. This wonderful thing of undiscovered and undiscoverable life, to whose consciousness the universe exists, and without which consciousness—so far as this region of being is concerned—there would be no existence, but instead of a peopled earth and a glorious kosmos, blank nothingness. It is to the conscious soul that all things *are;* it is to the reasonable soul that all things reveal the law and order of their being; it judges all, and yet is judged of none. How did it originate? Why is it here? Whence did the soul come? Whither does

it go? What has become of it—when the heart is still and the hands are stiff; when the eye can see the light no more, and the ear is alike deaf to laughter or lamentation?

Some striking observations occur in this portion of the volume on the nature and meaning of death, on the grounds for believing in the soul's survival, and on theories concerning its destination. Next we have interpreted to us the dim vision of a future in the gross instinct of the savage. We are carried, then, to the oak forests of Gaul or Britain, and we listen to the low and mystic voices of the Druids in their midnight meetings; or we find ourselves in the wilds of Scandinavia, and we hear the exultant yells of drunken Jutes or Danes, as they swallow down their mead or beer, with the hope that they will quaff immortal drink in the cloudy Valhalla, in the presence of Odin, and to the glory of the mighty Thor. We call up next the long dead Etruscans, and we question them amongst their tombs as to what they thought when on this side of them on the great mystery beyond. They cannot speak, and they have left nothing that we can read: but these shadows of the past point us to pictures on their urns, and to symbols on their monuments, which tell us that they cherished this life and believed in another. We, then, transport ourselves to Egypt, muse by the banks of the Nile, wander amidst gigantic and gloomy structures, and feel that man is old and hath looked on many changes. We pace through the vast spaces of palaces and temples, but if we call on those who built them, no voice from the dead will break the silence that surrounds us: from the palace-banquet or the temple-worship there comes back no echo to disturb the solemn stillness. Yet, if we look down into the mummy-pit and examine learnedly the pictured, sculptured, and storied tomb, we shall be informed that these people not only trusted in the immortality of the soul, but also did their utmost to confer immortality on the body. And so the author leads us into the wild and legendary poetry and philosophy of India; into the symbolic rites and worship, the profound doctrines and abstract systems of Persia; into teachings of Hebrew tradition, legislation, worship, and prophesy; into the mazes of Rabbinical invention, ingenuity, fable, poetry, and speculation; into the classical materialism of Greece, and the political machinery of Rome; into the voluptuous dreaming or the fanatic threatening of Mohammed; and having guided us over the whole space of antiquity, he stops with us to survey the field. He then goes through the New Testament, distinguishing the doctrine, or modification of doctrine, of each separate writer, and unfolding in an especial manner the doctrine of Christ himself.

Our author maintains that the doctrine of a Future Life was taught in the ancient Mysteries in connection with a pure morality, and he strenuously vindicates those venerable institutions from the charges which some have brought against them of being ministries to gross or vicious passions. The doctrine of a future life in its relation to that of the transmigration of souls, is the subject of a chapter which is the result of much research. The doctrine of future punishment and the idea of a hell gives occasion to a very acute critical and philosophical discussion. The chapter on theoretic modes of salvation comprises the essence of all systems of orthodox theology. The recognition of friends in a future life is a question which connects itself with all our deepest feelings and affections. It is the emotional element in the idea of immortality, and is not so much a deduction of logic as an anticipation of instinct and of faith. Sever it from the idea of immortality—*that* idea would then be emptied of its living humanity; it would be little more than a metaphysical abstraction, void of power or reality—and to many a soul it would stand only for endless and immeasurable desolation.

The history of the doctrine of a future life must, in a great measure, be the history of man's inner nature, and of all the several activities and expressions of that nature. The religious element in man—whether as instinct, sentiment, or idea; whether as philosophy or faith; or whether as all these in their concrete unity—is radical and essential to humanity; therefore it is innate, perpetual, universal. As thus radical, essential, innate, it is an inherent power in every faculty of man; as it is perpetual, it is involved in all the successive grades and changes through which man passes; as it is universal, it is as wide as the human species, as well in all its contemporaneous as in all its successive conditions. Now, as the religious sentiment is the central force of man's inner nature, the belief in a future life is the soul and spirit of that force. Take away this belief from the religious consciousness, and what remains that we can consider as worthy of the epithet *religious?* Take away this belief from consciousness, then, we are hardly too bold in saying that the religious sentiment must go with it; for, if our consciousness could be thoroughly disconnected from belief in a future life, it would be disconnected from the sense of permanent, individual relation to the mysterious, the eternal and the infinite; and this sense is essential to the simplest existence of the religious nature. We are positive and dogmatic in making these assertions—for experience justifies them,—and after logic has done its utmost against them, the instinct which

they embody will be as strong as ever. Thus the history of the doctrine of a future life is largely the history of Religion, and the history of religion is largely the history of man.

It is the history of man's most peculiar instinct. Other animals are better secured than man for the continuance of the species, and the protection of the individual, at least so far as natural means are concerned; but when all other animals are at their highest, man is still at his lowest. *Their* highest instincts lead them no further than physical fear, antagonism, and affection; *his* lowest lead him to social communion and supernatural reverence. This last is his peculiar instinct; and it is an impassable and immeasurable gulf between the human consciousness and any attainable degree of brute intelligence. The lowest man projects his consciousness beyond his sensual appetites and enjoyments; the highest brutes are confined to them. And thence the individual brute has no mental care for life, or no thoughtful fear of death. Yet the human mother will not defend her baby with more energy than a bear will defend her cub, or show more anguish over the lifeless body; but the brute soon forgets the pain, while the human mother carries the image of her baby in her heart; and if her soul has any of the grander beliefs, she hopes to meet it in heaven, angelically transformed. The belief passes from instinct into intellect. There is always in thought an infinite Beyond. Immortality seems to be asserted in every general proposition. In the verb *To be*, alone, the human intellect has condensed its consciousness of the Past, the Present, and the Future. And this is embodied in every affirmation: the *copula* is the soul of the sentence, and even the negative implies the positive.

There is no activity of thinking which admits or contemplates cessation or an end. Every natural endeavor of the mind is after truth; after truth as *that* which indicates a changeless order, and belongs to an immortal essence in the thinking subject. Every demonstration of science is an eternal truth, and seems to reveal a corresponding eternity as belonging to the intellect which conceives or unfolds it. Every enduring discovery, every practical invention, reveals some permanent law, and the mind's power to divine it. The activity which thence arises is ever in the direction of advancement, and negatives the possibility of extinction; yet more profoundly is the religious element, and in it the belief of a future life, the inspiration of conscience. We do not say that the sense of right and wrong depends on the direct recognition of a Supreme Power and an immortal soul; what we do say is, that all these pertain to the spiritual constitu-

tion of man;—by virtue of that constitution he is a moral being as well as a religious being, and conscience not less than faith intimates a future. The denier, who confines man's existence to the visible and the mortal, does however confirm the strongest argument for man's continuance in a living future when he admits the authority of conscience. The strong and stern father of the transcendental philosophy seemed to shut up man's soul within a hopeless subjectivity, through which no light could pierce from God or heaven; but he spared the moral sense; he discovered in conscience not only the foundation of morality and virtue, but also that of faith and hope; and the spiritual universe, which to the *pure* reason was merely a visionary dream, became to the *practical* reason an infinite reality. And this allusion to a vision and a dream leads us further to say, that the religious element is rooted as deeply in imagination as in any human faculty. So much is this the case, that many sceptics ascribe religion entirely to that faculty. Imagination, they say, is the creator of myths, fables, and illusions; the shaper of shadows; the exciter of supernatural hopes and fears, of spiritual transports and terrors; and these, according to their view, constitute religion. Not so: religion belongs to the whole man; and imagination, as one of man's most active faculties, is indeed an agency in religion, but only a single force among many forces, and with no more than its own share of power.

The history of the doctrine of a future state, as we have said, is, in a great measure, the history of religion; and the history of religion is, in a great measure, the history of man's inner nature, and of its several activities and expressions. We have been just considering the relation of this history to man's inner nature in some of the elementary constituents of that nature; we will further consider it in relation to some of those modes of activity and expression in which such elementary constituents are made manifest in objective reality.

The kind of history, therefore, to which our subject belongs, must concern itself with the religious instinct, sentiment, and idea, in all their forms of belief and ritual. Such a history must, for this reason, be extensively a history of the most primitive traditions, and of the earliest impulses of man, to express in worship, his terror or his reverence; a terror that abases, or a reverence that exalts him; he crouches or he adores. It is thus a history of the sublimest phases of man's nature, and also of the most humiliating. It is the history of all man's grandest aspirations, and likewise of all his lowest grovellings. It is the history of faith, as it has appeared at

every recorded stage of our race, and as it has been exemplified in all the characters that typify the most excellent spiritual qualities of the religious nature. It takes into view the changes which this faith outwardly undergoes, and the diversities of its manifestation, but it finds in them all an essential unity of principle and of life. But such a history is equally a history of idolatry—of idolatry in all its divisions, gradations, and institutions; from Fetichism, which finds a malignant demon in a shapeless stone, to Sabaism, which worships the heavens, but that cannot raise itself to the Supreme Ruler, which it believes is above them; or to classic Paganism, which despises the shapeless stone, yet bows down to sculptured marble, which, though of perfect form, is in itself as lifeless and as helpless as the rudest pebble which an African savage ever consecrated. And thus it is also with institutions: the history of religion takes account of them, in priesthood, ritual, or whatever else belongs to them; it reviews them all, from the naked monsters, who bewitch, torment, and terrify their brethren, who hold high festival in human butchery, or celebrate cannibal orgies around midnight fires; to the polished priesthood of Greece, with their graceful shows and pomp; or to the solemn-faced augurs of Rome, with their inviolable privileges and power; or to the Brahminical or Buddhistic hierarchies, with the inhumanly exclusive castes of the one, and the endless religious orders of the other. In like manner such a history is a history of all superstitions, whether of idolatry, or of modes of religion, not so called. It is not less the history of fanaticism, for fanaticism is simply the religious nature excited to the blind cruelty of passion. Fanaticism may embrace every element of the religious nature, separately or in combination: it may be an instinct, a sentiment, an idea; and be worst of all as an idea; or it may have, compactly and concretely, the vehemence of instinct, the enthusiasm of sentiment, the zeal of idea, all made one in a merciless and unsparing purpose of hatred and destruction. Fanaticism has had the same inhuman characteristics, by whatever modification of the religious nature it may have been inspired. It has always been irrational, intolerant, and murderous, whether as Jewish, Heathen, Mohammedan, or Christian: but most so as Christian. Most so, because with least excuse.

All philosophy is originally speculative, and has to find its data in subjective consciousness; and here it would at once come into union or into contest with religion. All speculative philosophy endeavors to establish some *one* absolute principle, which will explain the universe, and all that the

idea of the universe implies. This is the problem which speculative philosophy has set to itself, and at which it has been working from Thales to Hegel, and at which, in different modes, it will always continue to work. But this, speculatively, is also the problem of religion—and therefore no history of religion can exclude the history of philosophy. It may be said that Greek philosophy did not act on Greek religion. It may not for a long time have touched the gross idolatry of the multitude, but it did reach the more select minds, and in such minds often became a divine culture of aspiring desires and of sacred anticipations. At first, Greek philosophy looked outward, and was absorbed in contemplating the objective universe; but soon it was turned inward, and sought the essence of all reality in mind. We know how powerfully Anaxagoras acted in this direction on the minds of his great contemporaries; with what force Socrates demonstrated the inner realities of the spiritual and moral life; and how grandly Plato unfolded his ideas into the sublimest system of thought which human philosophy has ever been able to construct or to conceive. And this philosophy, so elevated as it seemed above the common mind, did ultimately pierce into it, and change it; distant as it seemed, from the vulgar mythology and worship, it yet acted with a hidden force, that undermined them;—and at last prepared the civilized world for the entrance of divine truth and for the day of brighter hopes; ay, and to this day the influence of Greek philosophy is felt in the teachings of Christendom, and the spirit of Plato lives in its creeds.

All Oriental philosophy—if a mixture of metaphysics and mysticisms can be called philosophy—was identical with religion; such was the Persian and the Indian. How easily and how early Christianity allied itself with philosophy, is a matter which requires only simple statement. It were strange if Christianity did not ally itself with philosophy. Christianity arose in the East, and so did philosophy; it were strange, indeed, if with this common nativity of soil, they did not mutually acknowledge kindred, and come into companionship lovingly together. Christianity has been blamed for admitting this companionship. It was unavoidable. There is in Christianity itself a profoundly speculative element; and this is proved by the fact that no other religion has ever so excited the intellectual faculty, or has had so many controversies. Many people say—"The Gospels, at least, are not abstract, but direct, practical, and plain." But those who say so overlook the intellectual element in the Gospels—and especially in the Gospel of John. In that Gospel alone are germs of the

most mystic and abstract transcendentalism. Take merely one expression: "This is eternal life—to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Now, life in its most simple form, is a mystery, to which no clue has yet been found. But here is eternal life adding to the mystery of simple life, the infinite mystery of eternity. Then again—the simplest knowledge is a recondite matter of dispute, as to its sources, nature, and evidence; the same may be observed respecting truth; but here besides knowledge and truth, we have presented to us—the supreme, the ultimate origin of life, of knowledge, and of truth. We have taken but one verse from the whole Gospel, and we regard it as of unfathomable intellectual depth; yet it is but one out of many. Others may find in it nothing that is abstruse; we find in it the matter of all philosophies, and the subjects of all Christian polemics and theologies. That Christianity has an element of subtlety, we discern in its ready assimilation with the most subtle philosophies. In this respect the Greek Church particularly showed that it inherited the Greek spirit. Accordingly, in the Greek Church it was that those nice distinctions of doctrine and dogma arose, which excited the keen disputations that characterised the early Christian centuries.

Nor is the history of religion less connected with ethics than with speculation. There are, indeed, principles of morality which are in themselves essential, which as such can claim to be of supreme and universal authority. But in certain conditions these are not only undeveloped and uneducated—but debased, darkened, and perverted instinct and passions assume their office and their name. The moral nature takes the mould of place and time, of circumstance and custom. Then submission to bewildering terror, to insane illusion, to grossest appetites, and to vilest and most cruel inhumanities, may be mistaken for praiseworthy obedience. So we have the Fetich conscience. Under the dictate of this conscience, a being that wears the shape of man can be all that we imagine of an incarnate demon. He can devastate, enslave, and murder without limit and without remorse; he can encrust altars with human gore; he can pluck out the palpitating heart of his yet breathing brother; he can unsluice the veins of thousands and thousands in memory of some cursed relative, until he has a lake on which he can sail in hellish sport. So, too, we have the superstitious conscience. Under the dictate of this, men can make themselves as well as others miserable, and think they do Supreme Powers service. They can be unnatural: deform their bodies, turn themselves into

idiots, excite themselves to madness; they can give themselves to be burned, crushed, or strangled; they can leave their aged parents to perish in helpless solitude, or to be devoured by wild beasts; they can even throw their own innocent offspring into the furnace of a burning idol or into the jaws of a hungry animal. They can be false. They can lie, deceive, betray; they can beguile the innocent stranger, allure the unsuspecting traveller—be plausible to put him off his guard, and be mild that they may safely murder. And all these men can be, not only without the sense of guilt or of wrong, but with a sense of merit and of righteousness; but so they could only be, by the evil influence which the religious element, when partial or corrupt, has on conscience and character.

We might have likewise addressed the fanatic conscience. It was unnecessary; it is enough briefly to state—that the fanatic conscience is capable of all that is worst in either the fetich or the superstitious. We have taken our examples from idolatrous conditions of life, but examples—if not similar in fact, similar in spirit—could also be found in other conditions. When man's inward nature is not counteracted by such influences as we have described, conscience cannot violate its primitive instinct or sentiment, or its best moral idea with impunity. Ethics will then be at least natural and social; they will recognise law, and decree justice; they will be civilized and human, and they will be so in the degree that the dignity of man is felt in his relation, not only to time but to eternity; not only to the visible and the finite, but to the invisible and the infinite; not only to earthly kindred, but to the heavenly creator. Only a pure and elevated religion can produce a pure and elevated conscience. A pure and elevated conscience must he enlightened, merciful and just; such is a truly Christianized conscience, in which the spirit of humanity is sanctified by the spirit of Christ. In this attainment man's grandest education is complete; in it faith and reason are made one by the sacred inspiration of trust in God as the perfection of all goodness and all truth; in it life is the emanation of an honest, loving, and heroic soul; in it conduct in motive, word, and deed is worthy of such a soul. In this stage of spiritual advancement, theology and philosophy reach their best results in the inculcation of enlightened and benign religion, and in training wise and upright character.

There is one most important sphere of life, with which religion is intimately connected, that we must not overlook, although our notice of it must be very brief; we allude to Art. Religion and art are necessarily connected in the very

nearest relations, since art may be called the offspring of religion. Religion is connected with art as art appears in letters. Divine hymns are among the earliest compositions, and poetry, the first methodical form of language, was esteemed the gift of the gods. A large portion of Greek literature was always regarded as religious—religious in spirit, intent and application. All the ancient Hebrew literature was directly religious; and to Christendom as well as to the House of Israel, it has ever been, and is, held as sacred Scripture. Jewish literature in all ages has been very largely religious, not in spirit merely, but also in subject. Most ancient writings in the East were religious; mythically, spiritually, or ethically. All studious searchers find it so in Egypt, Assyria, India, or Tartary. Hindoo letters, whether metaphysical or mythological—and such is the greater portion of Hindoo literature—have close relation to their religious ideas. Still more strictly is this the fact in reference to the Buddhists, whose books are principally made up of prayers, rituals, statements of doctrines, commentaries and legends. Mohammedanism is emphatically styled the religion of "the Book," and much of all that Mohammedans have written has found its inspiration in the Book or has had the Book for its subject. Christianity is also a religion of "the Book;" and the literature of which "the Book" has been, directly or indirectly, the occasion or the cause is fathomless and measureless. Now all these several literatures have taken life and form from each prevalent religion; life from the spirit of the religion, and form from its influence. So it is, when the literature seems not only remote from the religion, but even when it seems to take the side of satiric and bitter opposition. Lucian, while laughing at the gods of Greece, showed that his own genius belonged to Greece, and that it had been moulded by Grecian traditions and mythologies. So it is in all times and countries. Mind and culture cannot separate themselves from the intellectual, moral, and social conditions which religious ideas have so much power in shaping.

Religion is connected with art, as art appears in form. The first gross religious instinct of the savage is to give outward shape to something which he associates with love or fear, gratitude or terror; and to which his imagination adds the attribute of beneficent or dreadful power. More enlightened man shapes to himself material representations, which emblemize or typify qualities of divinities that he either ascribes to *one* supreme being or distributes among many coördinate or subordinate deities. Qualities of nature are also thus indicated, so as to signify either living functions or general

phenomena. Such representations consist mostly of animal likenesses, mixed or simple; or of human likenesses, simple or monstrous; monstrous as complications of humanity, or monstrous as complications of the human and the brutal. Here we have the origin of symbolic art, which, in its invention, must have preceded the grosser idolatries, and which probably some few minds never confounded with them. But the full import of the representations was probably never understood by the multitude, and at last it would be lost to the greater number even of the educated. The representations would not be regarded as mere emblems and types, but as things in themselves sacred. Art, perhaps, on this very account would improve. The artist would labor to impart the utmost sightliness and finish to the sacred object to which the people directly gave their reverence. Where mind and skill modify superstition, there will be a gradual disentangling of the human likeness from the animal; and where plastic imagination and love of beauty are added to mind and skill, the human likeness will be entirely emancipated from sculptured imprisonment in the brutal, and attain to the greatest that is possible of visible perfection. It is only at this point that we have complete art, art which entrances feeling and does not offend or shock intelligence. Where symbol satisfies there is no need of art, there is no desire for art, and of course there is neither the taste nor the genius which produces art. Where mere symbol remains in its original monstrosity, there is not only a total absence of art, but also when the primitive import has been lost, there ensues the most senseless and debasing of all idolatries; an idolatry which may be the more spiritually and morally destructive, because it may belong to a people that are otherwise highly civilized and intellectual. Yet more spiritually is religion connected with art in form and color, as in painting, than it is in mere form, as in sculpture; more spiritually still with art in measured sounds, as in music; very impressively also it was once connected with art in rhythmical motion, as in dancing, for dancing formed a part of many ancient worships, and does even now in a degraded condition belong to some kinds of idolatry; most comprehensively of all is religion connected with art in structure, as in architecture. This connection has remained the most enduring and the most permanent. Wherever religion in any way connects itself with art, there is a consecrated building, and consecrated buildings have ever been the most solid, the most impressive, the most cared for, and therefore the most lasting. Go through every land, and what structures will you meet that have stood the longest and are in

the best condition? Evidently religious ones. Human dwellings pass away almost as rapidly as human generations; even massive fortresses quickly moulder, and men at no distant date may look in vain for their fragments or foundations. There remains no trace of their existence. "Cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces leave not a wreck behind"—but the temple long survives in its strength and beauty; even in decay or ruin it is venerable with hoary time; in age and delapidation it still gives evidence of the majesty and pomp it wore while yet unbroken in its grandeur, and the seams and wrinkles which centuries have deepened do not obliterate the traces of its youthful and pristine splendor. Architecture is the art which religion can the least dispense with, and which religion under no condition opposes or rejects. It may oppose or reject statues, pictures, liturgies, even music, but wherever there is an organized worship there must be a consecrated building.

Religion is not only connected with these several varieties of art, but out of its feeling gives them life, and according to its idea gives them form. Consequently, we observe that the idolatry which originates in nature-worship, first adores the animal, and then its likeness; or it combines the human and the animal elements into a single image. Such combination almost universally prevailed in the idolatries of Egypt and Assyria. The more advanced mind of Greece deified the human, and thence classic art, in general, transcendently idealized the delineation or sculpture of the human form; and in only a very few instances intermingled it with the brutal. Greek genius *humanized* art; but Christian genius went beyond this, it *spiritualized* and sanctified art; beauty under its influence became the expression of beatitude. The human figure was divested of earthly grossness, and the human face shone with a lustre divinely pure. Music has had its most primitive inspiration from religion, and the nature of the inspiration must have determined the character of the music. The most barbarous people have always had in their solemn times incantations, chaunts, hymns, dirges, and according to their stage of progress, instruments, with more or less of skill to use them. The Egyptians appear to have been lovers of both vocal and instrumental music, and to have used music in many of their religious services, as well in those of lamentation as in those of praise and rejoicing. They had a great variety of instruments, and must have acquired considerable knowledge and skill in both the science and the art of music. The Jews probably improved on the Egyptians, not only because that during their captivity they could have had the

means of learning from and excelling them, but also because they had a simple and sublime religion, which the Egyptians had not. The temple worship must have had on special occasions a music supremely grand. The Greeks, instinctively and by culture, brought actively into life all the resources of humanity. They did not, of course, omit music. The highest ideal of the Greek mind was that of harmony, and so much was this the case, that Greeks gave the name of music to all intellectual and æsthetic studies. The Greeks, we may thence infer, were as much at home in music as they were in all other forms of art. But the popular religion was too sensuous to carry music into infinite spiritualities and impassioned aspirations. Only one religion has done so—the religion born from the soul of Jesus—and music, as a divine expression of all that man most powerfully feels in relation to the mysterious and the invisible, is peculiarly the creation of Christian genius.

In no art, however, more than in architecture can we trace the ethnic and historic modifications of religion. Take for instance Egyptian sacred structures and we see in them the character of the people, and the nature of their faith: in the solidity and durability of their religious and monumental buildings, we have evidence of their strong sense of immortality; but in their efforts to *materialize* the expression of it, we observe their want of spiritual discernment. We may also in those buildings recognize their desire for the vast by the scale upon which they built; and by the fact that they supposed the vast could be best realized in stone and marble bulk or hugeness, we observe how destitute they were as to ideas of the true sublime. In their confounding unity with uniformity, and not distinguishing between diversity and variety, we have clear proof of their mental literalness; and in the heaviness and gloom of their temples we are suggestively taught that they had little of spiritual faith or of cheerful hope. The Greeks lived in the visible and for it, and thence, from their native genius, and their love of beauty, their edifices dedicated to the gods were as perfect as mortal imagination could conceive, as mortal heart could wish, as delightful as mortal eye could look on. Greek temples are therefore "beautiful exceedingly," but like all that spontaneously came from the Greek mind, they indicate the perfection of the limited, the visible, and the pleasurable. The Christian cathedral is also "beautiful exceedingly," but it indicates the unlimited, the invisible, and the unsensual. The Christian idea animates the material structure—and as the Christian idea involves the mortal and the immortal, the structure has

its foundations deeply in the earth, but gradually tapers into unseen points upwards and vanishes amidst the immensity of the heavens. Nor is it alone in the grand cathedral that we feel the influence of the Christian spirit. We feel it in the barest Quaker meeting-house, for even where all ritual is laid aside, the idea of a sublime worship consecrates the space, and makes it holy. The most refined idolatry never had such an idea. This is an idea wherein extremes meet; it attracts to itself the richest garniture of the religious imagination; it also answers to the sternest simplicity of the most Puritanically religious intellect. "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." This is the idea which Christian architecture has to embody, whether in a pontiffical dome or a missionary chapel.

All that we have said of art in any form, and its relation to religion, may be said of art as it appears in letters. Religion and literature affect each other, and we can just as surely say, that England could no more have produced the plays of Æschylus than Greece could have produced those of Shakspeare. Dante and Milton were as certainly Christian writers as Homer and Virgil were Heathen ones; but all by their genius are human and immortal.

After all, every external argument must be subordinate to the spiritual one, and that from universal testimony is of value, because it proves an instinct in the human soul which gives it assurance of immortality. Universality is always the circumference of a subjective centre. In this matter we have at last to fall back upon the centre, and that is upon our consciousness and our conscience. Even miracles must be tested by these; and without these, miracles themselves would be in vain. It is because the outward report answers to the inward conviction, that the report is of any worth, or has any validity. It is because the moral sense seems to demand the continuance of the rational individual in the moral universe, that every indication that it does so continue has something like the impress of a divine authority. Besides, this subjective belief has a preciousness of which no logic to the contrary can deprive it. Suppose it merely an illusion, it is an illusion which gives the idea of infinitude to the consciousness of existence, and to the consciousness of all our relations to existence. Grant that one thinks to himself, "I am but the tenant for a moment of this passing time"—and how wretched and shadowy must all being seem to him—if thus he thinks sincerely. Grant that he thinks, he is only beginning life in this dim stage of mortality, and how differently then must duration seem to him and all that it contains? Consider the

ties of kindred, and all that the affections long after and desire! Consider the attachment to country, and all the noble passions which that attachment involves! Consider the love of knowledge, and the longing after an undying growth! Consider the devotion to truth, to virtue, and the anticipation of eternal progress! Consider the sublime anxiety for man, and the fever which burns in great souls, with the faith and hope that the weak and the wronged shall have hereafter their chances of compensation! Consider the follies, the miseries, the terrors, the tribulations, which make up the drama of public life upon the earth—and how every thoughtfully religious mind looks to futurity for the reparation of history! But let us look from the inward to the outward—and we shall still see the immensity of value which the sense of immortality gives to the sense of life. Look to the stars at night, look over the earth by day—and think how their glory would be diminished by the supposition that the living mirror in which they were reflected was but for a moment, and was in a moment to be broken! There is no landscape, no flower, no form or motion of beauty—nothing that pleases the vision of the eye, and again, nothing that delights the hearing of the ear—but has its highest power from the indwelling sense of immortality. Take this away, the dawn, the sunset, the song of birds, the bloom of fields, the solemn pomp of forests, the glory and the gloom of mountains, and the magic charm of art, would all lose their unexplainable significance and their potency of excitement. Exclude the consciousness of the immortal—the immortal in the individual—then, behold how mean and how little would all the universe become. But it cannot be excluded. That it cannot be, is shown to us by the most critical minds which appear in all history.

Not merely saints or ascetics have held to the doctrine of immortality, but the severest analysts, the shrewdest reasoners, and the hardest sceptics. It was not alone the saint in his raptures, or the martyr in his ecstasy of torture, who bore witness to this doctrine—it has been the confession of nearly all the strongest and the deepest thinkers. We need only mention the names of a few—Socrates, Plato, Pascal, Locke, Kant. As last, and as in some degree the most remarkable, we mention that of Goethe; because in Goethe were surprisingly combined the poet and the philosopher, the man of speculative acuteness and of practical activity, the man great alike in passion and in thought. Here is what Eckermann reports him to have said late in life upon the subject, in which profundity is mingled with playfulness: "I

could in no wise," he says, "dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and, indeed, could say with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead for this life even who have no hope of another." "Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon." . . . . "I met stupid women who plumed themselves on believing in immortality . . . and I was forced to bear with catechising on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased to be ushered into a future state after the close of this, only I hoped I should *there* meet none of those who had believed in it here. For, how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say—'Were we not right? Did we not foresee it? Has it not happened just as we said?'"

We agree in much the author says on the benevolence of death; but we think this is felt rather as to the manner and circumstances, than as to the fact. The manner is generally painless. To this Sir Benjamin Brodie testifies after having been present at thousands of death-beds. Very few suffer pain in the supreme moment. Then also death is sudden. However long and slowly it may be coming, it is at last instantaneous. There may be the consciousness that death is near, but probably never a certainty of the moment. In this point, if in no other, death resembles sleep; we feel drowsy, we know that we are going to sleep, but no one can tell the exact instant at which he goes to sleep. Moreover, death is gradual. Gradual in the individual—and this is no contradiction to its ultimate suddenness. The individual is born with the elements of mortality in his constitution, and these in his very growth are working for his decease. After a certain term death may literally be said to have begun, and, instead of being thirty minutes or thirty seconds, a man living out his normal and natural life, is thirty years or more in dying. Likewise death is gradual in the race. Life in its different stages is always present in the world. Not only is its continuance secured, but its continuance in a regular order. Infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, age, are all contemporaries, and they are all to each other livingly related. There is not only the general presence of life in the world, but there is a prevailing harmony in it of duration and of faculty. No man outruns his race incomprehensibly in the number of his days, or gets beyond it in the measure of his powers. There is no startling irregularity in the vitality of the human family; there is no uncertain or arbitrary distribution in it of functions or forces, and thus is provided for the unity of common

intelligence and sympathy. Without such an arrangement, we might safely assert, there could be no improvement, no morals, no history, no progress. This profound harmony of life, and this mysterious gradation of death, give a coherency to humanity which reduces its diversities to trifles. Life is thus not only always renewed, but renewed in due order, and death is as much as possible kept out of sight by the instincts of the family, by the customs of society, and even by the laws of the whole living world.

We believe, however, that conscious nature *does* shrink from the *fact* of death. We do not believe that the bravest and most believing man, in full health, does more than think of death with resignation. Such a man does not indeed often have death present to his thoughts; but give him his honest choice and he would choose perpetual life. His instructed reason would tell him that such would not be best in the present condition of our world, but his instincts would forestal his reason to the contrary. This revulsion against death is not from habit, or education, or conventionalism; it is radical and natural. Honor, faith and duty can conquer it; but science, logic or philosophy are worth little in the conflict. Nor is this feeling cowardly. On the contrary, it is the very test of heroism. To what account would be the boldness of the soldier or the heroism of the martyr if death was not a catastrophe of which men had instinctive dread? It is this fact which also renders death terrible as a punishment of crime. The culprits who deserve it are usually of the hard-nerved class; yet they tremble to endure that which, without remorse, they have inflicted. This dread of death is of great use in the economy of life, and it will be found at the bottom of our deepest feelings. Take, for one, our feeling of the sublime. This is really made up of our sense of mystery and of the infinite. Such sense we have profoundly in our idea of death. Take from us our sense of the solemnity, the awfulness of death, with it departs all our emotions of the tragic in life, literature and art.

But the direct and personal fear of death depends a good deal on physical and moral temperament. There are men who seem to care nothing for life, because they have never known it in its reflective experience, have never drunk its glorious draughts of study, thought and knowledge so as to be aware how glorious the privilege is that has been given them in the permission to live. It is no wonder if coarse-bodied and coarse-minded people hold life at a "pin's fee," but the thoughtful and the sensitive would yet beat them in

any crisis which demanded a sublime courage. Let the reflective and the imaginative sentimentalize, they will whine; call them to action, they will be invincible.

It is not the pleasantness alone of the present world which makes us naturally unwilling to quit it: we cling to it in spite of sorrows, trials, infirmities and pains. "To die, to sleep," saith the melancholy Hamlet,

> "No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
> The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
> That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep,
> To sleep! perchance to dream, ay there's the rub."

The wisest are constantly the fools of their instincts—and the instincts often make wise men from fools. In the knowledge of this wonderful play of nature, Shakspeare was one of the few great masters. Meditative minds, both religious and philosophical, speak much against the fear of death. Old Burton, in his way, gives us a whole chapter of moralizings on this point. The moralizings are very quaint, very musical, but nothing to the purpose. He quotes any number of authors. But can quotations from the grandest authors cure a tooth-ache? How much less can they cure the heart-ache! For the fear of death is not limited to danger to ourselves—it is even more poignant in respect to those in whom we live, and who, when they leave us, take with them portions of our life. When the bosom bleeds—will it heal the wound to tell you that the daughter for whom you weep, might have been, through her very beauty, your curse and your calamity? Or will it console you when you weep over your infant son stiffened in his cradle, with the smile of death upon his angelic face—that "he might have proved a thief, a rogue, a spendthrift—a disobedient vagabond, and vexed and galled thee more than all the world!" "It is a symptom of melancholy," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to be afraid of death, yet sometimes to desire it; this latter I have often discovered in myself, and think no man ever desired life as I have sometimes death. I honor any man that contemns it; nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honor those tattered and contemptible regiments that will die at the command of a sergeant." The sceptical Montaigne is as eloquent as the believing Sir Thomas Browne in this eloquence of the grave. "Of all the benefits," he says, "which virtue confers upon us, the contempt of death is one of the greatest." The Romans, he says, by reason that this poor syllable, "death," was observed to be so harsh to the ears of the people, and the sound so ominous, found out a way to

soften and spin it out by a periphrasis, and instead of pronouncing it bluntly, "Such a one is dead"—to say, "Such a one has lived," or, "Such a one has ceased to live." He then enumerates a number of cases to illustrate the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of calculating on it. In another place, he dwells impressively on the instances in which persons, and even whole collections of persons, have gladly rushed out of life. He says indeed truly and profoundly—"The day of your birth is one day's advance towards the grave." "There is nothing," he had already stoically said, "evil in life for him who rightly comprehends that the loss of life is no evil." But yet more impressively than all, he observes—"Every day travels towards death, the last only arrives at it." But who is he that cannot read under such moralizings, the natural repugnance to death? No one uses eloquence to urge a hungry man to his dinner. Festivals and sports need not to be defended against resisting dislike. They are attractive in themselves, and the instinctive love of the pleasurable will always secure to them rejoicing crowds. But only reason, faith, and sentiment—except pain and misery stupify thought or torture life—are sufficient against innate repugnance to death. We could have quoted passages in the tone of the few we have here presented, that might fill a large volume. All the philosophers and theologians abound in them—and Pascal, Jeremy Taylor, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and Baxter, would in themselves yield a goodly collection. The truth is, that in this matter, as in many others, the flesh is against the spirit, and it is only the higher mental and moral forces that reconcile humanity to its solemn and inevitable destiny.

We have gone into these reflections merely to show that the repugnance to death is a natural one, and that it holds, and ever must hold, its power independently of faith, reasoning, or reflection. But if this be so, what shall we think of social conditions in which life itself is represented as the most wretched of burdens? How miserable beyond all that we ordinarily conceive of misery, must those Oriental states of society have been, in which to get rid of personal consciousness was thought to be worth eternities of torture? Such beliefs are in themselves evidences of extreme unhappiness. The Hindoo Brahmin reserved the privilege of distant extinction to his own caste, and to that even, as he teaches, it comes only after the endurance of agonies through periods, the measurement of which mock even the transcendental calculus of modern astronomy. "Emancipation from all existence," says the 'Vishnu Purana,' "is the fulness of felicity." In plain words, to be rid of personal consciousness, is to be rid of that which

is continual torment. "To be or not to be?" is not with the Hindoo saint a question—but *not* to be is with him a passionate desire—and to gain that desirable consummation, after millenniums of affliction, is the utmost of his hopes. How delighted he would then be, could he be assured that when he breathed his last earthly sigh there was an absolute end of his pleasures and his pains. These beliefs, as coming out of India, are an awful revelation of the cheapness and pain of life, which must have been long in that region the general experience. There was fatigue of life there from the instability of society, and there was apathy of life in the general uniformity. Evidently these two apparently contradictory principles have for many ages ruled in India. Conquerors changed, but society did not, and men got tired of life, because it had neither variety nor security. The ascetic writers of Christian theology have given terribly sad pictures of human life. If these were brought together, they would seem as if they were the choral responses to Job's cursing the day of his birth. Catholic writers and Protestants are in this agreed—for if among the Catholics you can name men who give the gloomiest view of human nature, you can mention quite as many among the Protestants. But the saddest of these men are cheerful, when contrasted with Hindoo speculators on human destiny. "As long as man lives," says one of these, "he is immersed in afflictions. . . Where would man, scorched by the fires of the Sun of this world, look for felicity, were it not for the shade afforded by the tree of emancipation? Travelling the path of the world for many births, man attains only the weariness of bewilderment, and is smothered by the dust of imagination. When that dust is washed away by the bland water of real knowledge, then the weariness is removed. Then the internal man is at peace, and obtains supreme felicity."

Buddhism arose as a great protest against Brahminical exclusiveness. It was, in its way, a sort of Hindoo Christianity. It recognized human equality and human brotherhood, and it proclaimed the rights and duties of life, founded on these principles. Among the rights common to all, it admitted the right of all to the privilege of extinction. We know that our author contends, that this is not the meaning of the term *Nirwana*, and we admit that it may not have had this meaning to all minds; but, logically analysed or apprehended, it must mean extinction, and nothing less. Such abstract terms will always be interpreted variously by sentiment and imagination, but when tested by thought, they must be taken in their severest meaning. *Nirwana*, when

thus taken, as explained by our author, or any other writer that we have read, *does* mean extinction. A dreamy remnant of belief in consciousness is, no doubt, involved in the thoughts of nearly all who ever took it for the watch-word of their faith, but their most intelligible conviction must have been the desire for an absolute cessation of consciousness. It would not be possible, considering man's attachments to life, that his wish for its continuance should be entirely extinguished; but, so far as philosophy can explain it, *Nirwana* seems to mean the extinction of the individual. And Buddhism did not confine this boon to any caste. It proclaimed it freely to all. It was not for the Brahmins alone: it was for the lowest *pariah* that Brahmin ever branded with his curse. The poor wretches who dare not listen to the Vedas or the Shaster, had the glad tidings, that they, as well as the proudest of the priests, were not excluded from the ultimate blessing of annihilation. And this was a gospel to the oppressed, the careworn, miserable Oriental world. It was the gospel of the hopeless and the enslaved. It was very like that gospel of "content" and "resignation" which it used to be the fashion once to preach to the suffering and the Christian poor. But the Buddhist preachers were different from those Christian preachers; they believed in their doctrine, and they practised it. They were not of that class of ungracious pastors "who show the steep and thorny path to heaven, but take themselves the primrose path of dalliance." Sad as this gospel was, the multitudes embraced it; and the Brahminical potentates, who wished to keep extinction to themselves, chased away the Buddhistic radicals, who declared that is was attainable by all. But still ever comes back the thought as to the wretchedness of this Oriental world, to which final and eternal extinction was a hope, and in whose creed "the laws of mortality, misery, and mutability" were the leading articles. Buddhism, excommunicated by the Brahmins, has become the religion of more than a third of the human race. It is at the same time sensual and mystical. The sensual part of it is grossly idolatrous and answers, with imposing ceremonies and fables, to the cravings of the ignorant and the credulous. The mystical part has a hidden import which satisfies the more instructed and reflecting minds; and this part holds the secret, which every system of civilized Heathenism has contained—and that is, the secret of a pantheistic theory of the universe.

The barbarian or the savage shapes to his thoughts a barbarian or savage future. The full enjoyment, without injury, of his instincts, appetites, and passions, makes his heaven;

the opposite to them, his hell. Some of these notions are curious enough. "Shungie, a celebrated New Zealand king, said he had once eaten the left eye of a great chief, whom he had killed in battle, for the purpose of thus increasing the glory of his own eye when it should be transferred to the firmament." "Some (in the Sandwich Islands) thought spirits were destroyed in the realm of darkness; others, that they were eaten by a stronger race of spirits there; others still, that they survived there, subsisting upon lizards and butterflies." "The Kamtschadales send all their dead alike to a subterranean elysium, where they shall find again their wives, clothes, tools, huts, and where they shall fish and hunt. All is there as here, except that *there* are no fire-spouting mountains, no bogs, streams, inundations, and impassable snows; and neither hunting nor fishing is ever pursued in vain. This lower paradise is but a beautified Kamtschatka, freed from discommoding hardships and cleansed of tormenting Cossacks and Russians. They have no hell for the rectification of the present wrong relations of virtue and misery, vice and happiness. The only distinction they appear to make is that all who in Kamtschatka are poor, and have few small and weak dogs, shall there be rich, and be furnished with strong and fat dogs." "The Esquimaux betray the influence of their clime and habits in their ideas of the life to come, as plainly as the Kamtschadales do. The employments and enjoyments of their future state are rude and earthly. They say the soul descends through successive places of habitation, the first of which is full of pains and horrors. The good—that is the courageous and skilful, those who have endured severe hardships and mastered many seals—passing through this first residence, find that the other mansions regularly improve. They finally reach an abode of perfect satisfaction, far beneath the storms of the sea, where the sun is never obscured by night, and where reindeer wander in great droves beside waters that never congeal, and wherein the whale, the walrus, and the best sea-fowls always abound." The Jesuits recognised the fact that the idea of the future life is shaped by the experience of the present, and acted on it in their missions. They used, Cotton Mather says, to tell the Indians of New England that hell is *cold*. Mather abuses them for this as falsifiers of the truth. But were they such? They were not so as to intention. Rude men are affected through their senses and imagination. Men who knew life as the New England Indians did, in a long winter and a short summer, would not have been easily terrified as to the matter of *heat*. Their sense of extreme warmth it would be hard to reach, and the idea of con-

stant ignition, might be to them, not a threatening but a promise. An eternity through which they would never shiver, might seem to them the perfect blessedness of life. The pain therefore of which they had the severest experience in this life, was that which honest and thoughtful missionaries might hold forth as the most terrible penalty of the next.

This analogy of the world to come from the life which now is, does not alone belong to the faith of the barbarian or the savage. It belongs just as much to men of the highest civilized beliefs. They too shape their expectations according to their experience. The saint hopes to pray and praise. The sage hopes to meditate and think. The painter has wondrous visions that other spheres will reveal, and they are his dreams as he falls asleep into eternity. So there are surpassing forms to the sculptor's inward eye, and mighty structures, that rise with infinite sublimity on the genius of the architect. The poet must think of song—and the musician must anticipate harmony. That in us which we suppose will live, we fancy as the projection of *that* in us which *has* lived. This projection is more or less materialised. The doctors of the church have done much in this way. The poets have done more. Dante has described the other world as if he was a general visitant with a regular commission to see the condition of the universe. Milton in his materialism is more vast and visionary. But doctor, poet, thinker, enthusiast, and dreamer, seem to have been united in Swedenborg. He, more than any man, seems the most to have *materialised* the ideas of a future life. He gives distinct account of all its persons, places, doings. There are none of them strange to him. He is at home in all the spheres, and wherever he is, he meets intelligent guides and friendly companions. He chats agreeably with archangels, and not less so with disembodied Mrs. Grundys. He knows the mighty agents that live among the planets; but he is also pleasant, civil, and familiar, when he meets in his journeyings the gay old woman, who is going to sweep the cobwebs off from the sky. Without going into these details, Isaac Taylor has speculated on the physical theory of another life; but we think that with whatever eloquence he has done this, he has done it with not the least philosophical success. Believing as well as speculative minds have come to the conclusion, that experience here can afford no analogies for that of the hereafter. We must be content with our darkness, and trust that out of it we shall issue into light—into marvellous and eternal light. We may have the assurance of faith, we may have the strong prophesy of consciousness; but still as to our relation between the visible and the invisible, the Egyptian

sphinx must be our symbol—our animal nature holds us strongly to the earthly present, while with the visions of the soul, we look forward into the infinite and immortal future.

Now, a brief word as to the general characteristics of the book which has formed our text. We wish that all who undertake to instruct the public were as studious, industrious and patient as its author; then, indeed, our new books would be worth reading. They might still contain faults, and deserve censure on various grounds, but even their errors would be likely to set the reader to think, and thus contribute to that vivifying intellectual activity by which the greatest deeds are accomplished. That Mr. Alger has read much and well on the belief of a future life is everywhere evident in his book; indeed, the extent of his researches is such that, could it be estimated by any descriptive words, it would seem to border on the fabulous. To this we need hardly add that the work embraces an immense variety of curious and interesting facts.

But having thus fully recognized the intrinsic merits of the book, we think it no less our duty to criticise its defects; although we do the latter with sincere reluctance. In the first place, we are sorry that the author has not arranged his materials so as to render them more easily available than they are in their present form. Cognate theories and cognate facts, instead of being grouped, or placed as near each other as possible, are scattered about the book, and combined with other theories and facts which are strewn about in a similar manner. True, the index remedies this to a considerable extent; but it is too meagre. And here we are reminded of the very large proportion of the volume before us which is occupied by titles of works bearing more or less closely or remotely on the subject of a future life. The department in which we are thus presented with a "Catalogue of works relating to the Nature, Origin and Destiny of the Soul," extends to three hundred and thirty-five (335) octavo pages, in double column, and small type. But the Appendix is the work of another hand. As a long list of books, pamphlets, &c., we have no fault to find with it; but, in our opinion, Mr. Alger should not have admitted it into his book. Even the publications of the Spirit-Rappers are duly set forth in this enormous list, including their newspapers. Then all this is followed by an "Index of Authors and Anonymous Works," extending to over thirty closely printed pages, of three columns each. Nor was this deemed sufficient by the indefatigable compiler, for he gives us six pages more as an index of subjects; whereas, be it remembered, the index proper—that to Mr.

Alger's work—extends only to fourteen pages, double column. True, these long lists of books and pamphlets do no harm to the "History of a Future Life," although the large majority of them scarcely possess any value. Supposing that Mr. Alger would write a book a year hence on the human body, and that Mr. Ezra Abbot would at the same time get up a catalogue of the works written on the same subject in various languages, ancient and modern, who doubts that the latter would be many times larger than the former, if our compiler only proved himself half so diligent and industrious as he has in the present case. But to what extent is the value of Mr. Alger's very curious, interesting and able work enhanced by Mr. Abbot's appendix? In our opinion, it is but very slightly, if at all. And, in fact, had it been otherwise, it would not have been necessary for Mr. Abbot to have visited those various public and private libraries, and put himself to the further trouble of thanking and praising the librarians and owners thereof. If a long list had been needed, he had only to write to some friend or literary agent in Paris, and induce him to send him a copy of that part of the Index raisonné of the Imperial Library which relates to a future life. In this, indeed, he might not have found the weekly organs of the spirit-rappers, or many other papers of kindred character, whose titles are given *in extenso* in the catalogue before us; but we can assure him that there is no work on the subject which it would be worth while to consult which it does not contain. We have great respect for the science of bibliography, but here we are treated to an overdose.

But we have to return for a moment to Mr. Alger. We have no doubt that our author is very liberal in his feelings towards those who differ with him in opinion; but he makes frequent remarks which, if they do not imply the contrary, are, at all events, to be regarded as blemishes in a philosophical work—we allude to his disparaging comments on different Christian sects. In our opinion, such comments are entirely out of place in a work which is addressed, not to the members of any particular sect, but to all who either believe in a future life, or take an interest in the belief of others. In order to be fair, however, we must let Mr. Alger speak in his own words, although he has to be very brief, especially as in doing so he will also give our readers an idea of his style, which is sometimes rather ambitious and not very lucid. "The Unitarian," he says, "overlooking the objective justification, or offered redemption, *from the death-realm to the sky-home*, which—whether it be a truth or an error—is surely in the epistles, makes the subjective sanctification all in all.

The Calvinist, in his theory, *comparatively scorns* the subjective sanctification which Paul insists on as a necessity for entering the kingdom of God; and having *perverted the objective justification* from *its real historic meaning*, exaggerates it into the all in all."—(p. 284.) This, however, is complimentary, compared to the language in which Roman Catholics are spoken of in various parts of the book. We will note an instance or two. Thus, after speaking of certain Pagan rites and ceremonies, Mr. Alger observes: "The incredibleness of a doctrine is no obstacle to a popular belief in it. Whosoever thinks of the earnest reception of the dogma of transubstantiation—the conversion of a grain of wheat into the infinite God—by nearly three-quarters of Christendom at this moment, must permit the paradox to pass unchallenged." —(p. 205.) A page or two further on, our author remarks: "The Maronites, a sect of Catholic Christians in Syria, purchase of their priests a few yards of land in heaven to secure a residence there when they die."—(p. 209.) Again, "The rival mendicant orders, the Franciscans and the Dominicans, acquired great riches by the traffic in indulgences. They even had the impudence to affirm that the members of their orders were privileged above all other men in the next world."—(p. 418.) "Suffice it to say, the monks appeared at midnight in the cells of various persons, now impersonating devils, in horrid attire, breathing flames and brimstone, now claiming to be the souls of certain sufferers escaped from purgatory, and again pretending to be celebrated saints, with the Virgin Mary at their head," &c.—(p. 419.) Language of this kind is offensive to a large class of Christians; and we do not see that it is calculated to do good to any class. It seems to us that the doctrine of a future life could have been discussed quite as well as it is without giving offence to any sect. It is unworthy of Mr. Alger not to have remembered that some of the most illustrious, as well as most learned men the modern world has produced have been Catholics; and he should also have remembered that many statements have been made against monks, priests, &c., in regard to their conduct and belief which had no foundation in truth. But this is the worst we can say against the work before us; which, with all its faults, will amply repay perusal, and secure a permanent place and no inferior rank in the department of philosophical history.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Three Months in the Southern States: April—June, 1863. By LIEUT.-COL. FREMANTLE, Coldstream Guards. 12mo., pp. 309. New York: John Bradburn (successor to M. Doolady). 1864.

Col. Fremantle is not a graphic or elegant writer, nor can it be said that he is unprejudiced; yet he has managed to compress a good deal of interesting information into this volume. Although decidedly in favor of the South, he makes important revelations, some of which it would not be yet too late for our generals to avail themselves of. The book derives its chief attraction, however, from its gossiping sketches of men and things. The author tells us in his preface that he was first indifferent as to what side would win, and that if he had any bias his sympathies were in favor of the North, on account of southern slavery. But soon he was led to change his mind, by the gallantry, &c., of Southerners, "together with the unhappy contrast afforded by the foolish bullying conduct of the Northerners," &c. The remark we have quoted shows by itself what his feelings are. He tells us, however, that he "has not attempted to conceal any of the peculiarities or defects of the southern people;" and it must be admitted that this seems true in the main; at least he does not scruple to give his readers an insight into certain habits and customs which may be fairly ranked in the category of "defects." But it is his remarks on military affairs and those who take a prominent part in them that possess most nterest at the present moment, and we proceed accordingly to learn from them what we can. The diary form in which the book is written has many advantages; but it has at least one grave fault, especially in the present instance, *i. e.*, it is too fragmentary. The Colonel's narrative has as many turnings, crossings, haltings, &c., as the crooked, tortuous journey during which it was penned; at the same time we must do him the justice to say that there are but few passages in his book which the lovers of novelty and friends of free discussion would ask to expunge. However, we deem it our duty to warn the reader that the first fifty pages are decidedly the least attractive part of the book. Our author entertains a high opinion of General Magruder, of whom he speaks as follows:—

"After we had agreed to do this, I had a long and agreeable conversation with the General, who spoke of the Puritans with intense disgust, and of the first importation of them as '*that pestiferous crew of the Mayflower;*' but he is by no means rancorous against individual Yankees. He spoke very favorably of McClellan, whom he knew to be a gentleman, clever, and personally brave, though he might lack moral courage to face responsibility. Magruder had commanded the Confederate troops at Yorktown which opposed McClellan's advance. He told me the different dodges he had resorted to, to blind and deceive the latter as to his (Magruder's) strength; and he spoke of the intense relief and amusement with which he had at length seen McClellan with his magnificent army begin to break ground before

miserable earthworks, defended only by 8,000 men. Hooker was in his regiment, and was 'essentially a mean man and a liar.' Of Lee and Longstreet he spoke in terms of the highest admiration."—pp. 35, 36.

During his travels in Texas he met with Gen. Houston, but as the hero of San Jacinto has taken but little part in the war against the Union, he receives but little attention at the hands of the Colonel; this little, however, is to the point, and we quote accordingly:—

"In the cars I was introduced to General Samuel Houston, the founder of Texan independence. He told me he was born in Virginia seventy years ago, that he was United States Senator at thirty, and Governor of Tennessee at thirty-six. He emigrated into Texas in 1832; headed the revolt of Texas, and defeated the Mexicans at San Jacinto in 1836. He then became President of the Republic of Texas, which he annexed to the United States in 1845. As Governor of the State, in 1860, he had opposed the secession movement, and was *deposed*. Though evidently a remarkable and clever man, he is extremely egotistical and vain, and much disappointed at having to subside from his former grandeur. The town of Houston is named after him. In appearance he is a tall, handsome old man, much given to chewing tobacco, and blowing his nose with his fingers."—pp. 68, 69.

However much our author dislikes slavery, he has but little respect for negro valor; and it seems that those who know the negro best concur in this estimate. If we are to believe the Colonel, "the Yankees" are held in great detestation by the slaves:—

"12*th May* (Tuesday).—Shortly after daylight three negroes arrived from Harrisonburg, and they described the fight as still going on. They said they were 'dreadful skeered;' and one of them told me he would 'rather be a slave to his master all his life, than a white man and a soldier.'

During the morning some of the officers and soldiers left the boat, and determined to cut across country to Harrisonburg, but I would not abandon the scanty remains of my baggage until I was forced to do so.

During the morning twelve more negroes arrived from Harrisonburg. It appears that three hundred of them, the property of neighboring planters, had been engaged working on the fortifications, but they all with one accord bolted when the first shell was fired. Their only idea and hope at present seemed to be to get back to their masters. All spoke of the Yankees with great detestation, and expressed wishes to have nothing to do with such 'bad people.'"—pp. 92, 93.

Gen. Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, is esteemed as not the less a gentleman and a man of honor for having a large number of slaves. What a wonderful change British opinion has undergone in this respect since the present war commenced! Who forgets the time when slaveholder and gentleman were incompatible terms in the vocabulary of the English aristocracy? It seems that fighting agrees much better than preaching with the gallant and pious Polk:—

"Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, who commands the other *corps d'armée*, is a good-looking, gentlemanlike man, with all the manners and affability of a 'grand seigneur.' He is fifty-seven years of age—tall, upright, and looks much more the soldier than the clergyman. He is very rich; and I am told he owns seven hundred negroes. He is much beloved by the soldiers on account of his great personal courage and agreeable manners. I had already heard no end of anecdotes of him told me by my travelling companions, who always alluded to him with affection and admiration. In his clerical capacity I had always heard him spoken of with the greatest respect. When I was introduced to him he immediately invited me to come and stay at his headquarters at Shelbyville. He told me that he was educated at West Point, and was at that institution with the President, the two Johnstons, Lee, Magruder, &c., and that, after serving a short time in the artillery, he had entered the church."—pp. 139, 140.

The portrait we have of Gen. Bragg is anything but flattering. We can only make room for a fragment:—

"At 6.30 P. M., I called on General Bragg, the Commander-in-Chief. This officer is in appearance the least prepossessing of the Confederate Generals. He is very thin; he stoops, and has a sickly, cadaverous, haggard appearance, rather plain features, bushy black eyebrows which unite in a tuft on the top of his nose, and a stubby iron-grey beard: but his eyes are bright and piercing. He has the reputation of being a rigid disciplinarian, and of shooting freely for insubordination. I understand he is rather unpopular on this account, and also by reason of his occasional acerbity of manner. He was extremely civil to me, and gave me permission to visit the outposts, or any part of his army. He also promised to help me towards joining Morgan in Kentucky, and he expressed his regret that a boil on his hand would prevent him from accompanying me to the outposts."—p. 145.

But we find that the limits we had prescribed for this review have already been passed. We had marked sketches of Beauregard, Ewell, Longstreet, Lee, &c., and several passages embodying important facts or interesting views, but we can now only refer the reader to the work itself. We cannot conclude, however, without transcribing the author's account of the means by which the ranks of the southern army are kept so well filled, as all accounts show they are:—

"But this difficulty of recruiting the southern armies is not so great as is generally supposed. As I have already stated, no Confederate soldier is given his discharge from the army, however badly he may be wounded; but he is employed at such labor in the public service as he may be capable of performing, and his place in the ranks is taken by a sound man hitherto exempted. The slightly wounded are cured as quickly as possible, and are sent back at once to their regiments. *The women take care of this.* The number actually killed, or who die of their wounds, are the only total losses to the State, and these form but a small proportion of the enormous butcher's bills which seem at first so very appalling.

I myself remember, with General Polk's corps, a fine-looking man who had had both his hands blown off at the wrists by unskilful artillery practice in one of the early battles. A currycomb and brush were fitted into his stumps, and he was engaged in grooming artillery-horses with considerable skill. This man was called an hostler; and, as the war drags on, the number of these handless hostlers will increase. By degrees the clerks at the offices, the orderlies, the railway and post-office officials, and the stage-drivers, will be composed of maimed and mutilated soldiers. The number of exempted persons all over the South is still very large, and they can easily be exchanged for worn veterans. Besides this fund to draw upon, a calculation is made of the number of boys who arrive each year at the fighting age. These are all 'panting for the rifle,' but have been latterly wisely forbidden the ranks until they are fit to undergo the hardships of a military life. By these means, it is the opinion of the Confederates that they can keep their armies recruited up to their present strength for several years; and, if the worst comes to the worst, they can always fall back upon their negroes as the last resort; but I do not think they contemplate such a necessity as likely to arise for a considerable time."—pp. 306, 307.

This passage has been written much more for the people of the North than for the English; but if its design is to show Northerners that it is idle for them to hope that the South can be forced to submit for want of troops, the question may be asked, in reply: Could not the Federal Government have recourse to similar means to overpower the South? But it is not necessary; there are men enough in the North who are whole and in perfect health to preserve their country from dissolution. Were it otherwise, we should think it much more logical and more judicious as well as more humane, to withdraw at once from the contest. The fact that a belligerent is obliged to force those maimed and mutilated in his service to continue to perform the labor of strong and healthy men, affords *primâ facie* evi-

dence that his resources are pretty nearly exhausted. We have no disposition, however, to exult in so deplorable a state of things; on the contrary, it is a source of sincere and heartful regret to us that an enlightened and generous people should be so misguided as to persist at such fearful cost in a rebellion against a Government under which they had enjoyed the utmost prosperity, and whose mildness and liberality had rendered it famous throughout the world.

Daleth; or, the Homestead of the Nations. Egypt Illustrated. By Edward L. Clark. 8vo., pp. 289. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

We are always glad to see a work that reminds us of the greatness of the past; since there is no better cure for the inordinate vanity of the present, if, indeed, it can be said to be curable at all. This is particularly true of mementos which come in so beautiful and chaste a form as this truly elegant and tasteful volume, the paper, typography, and illustrations of which are models. Nor are the contents unworthy of the scrupulous care thus bestowed on the book; although the author modestly tells us in his preface that "his most ambitious hope has not ventured beyond the finding and grouping of scattered hints which may illustrate the works of others."

As we proceed to examine the work we cannot help wishing that he had formed a different resolution, for we have evidence throughout his pages that he would have succeeded in a much more elaborate attempt. To this observation we need hardly add that in our opinion the greatest fault of "Daleth" is that it reveals to us too little of what all would be the better for knowing; and yet we are presented a large amount that is curious and suggestive—perhaps a larger amount than the whole range of modern civilization could afford were it obliged to justify its champions in their boastings by exhibiting specimens of its fruits; for among the contents we have sketches of the Pyramids, Thebes, the Tombs of Thebes, Philæ, Heliopolis, &c.; and among the illustrations we have such as the statue of Rameses in Memnonian, Andro-Sphinx, Sphinx and Pyramid, Memphis, Isis and Osiris, Inner Court of Temple at Philæ, the Genii of Amenti, Gateway of Luxor from the North, Luxor from the South, &c.

Several of these illustrations are colored in a style which we do not often meet in American books. We have seldom seen better executed representations of the renowned Temple of Karnac and the scarcely less famous obelisk of Heliopolis. In commenting on the glory of the former, the author observes, "How does the wonder increase when we pass out beneath the gateways, beyond the majestic and solitary pylon of Ptolemy Euergetes, beyond that temple of Rameses IV., which is one of the ten side-chapels of Karnac, until the avenue of Sphinxes appears. Here was a royal street, half a hundred feet wide, adorned with

crouching Sphinxes having the head of a ram. They were seventeen feet long, with a human figure standing mace in hand before them, but are now headless. We may count nearly sixteen hundred."—(p. 208). To this we can only add that we hope the work will be extensively read; for we repeat that there is no study so well calculated to diminish the overweening self-importance of the present generation as that of the antiquities of nations like Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and India.

Biographical Sketch of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D., Archbishop of New York. With Portrait. 8vo. pp. 61. New York: Office of "Metropolitan Record." 1864.

The life and character of the illustrious Catholic Archbishop of New York has been so fully discussed since his decease, more than two months ago, that it were sufficient for us to allude, at this distant day, to the event of his death, and sincerely sympathize, as we do, in the regret of the generous and liberal of all denominations for departed greatness and worth. We must claim the privilege, however, of making an additional observation or two, even at the risk of repeating what has already been said, and is known to all; and the first idea that occurs to us is, that the citizens of New York have done themselves great honor by the profound respect which they have universally evinced for the memory of Archbishop Hughes.

Of all kinds of narrow-mindedness, that is the most reprehensible which would refuse to do justice to genuine merit because its possessor entertains religious views different from our own. Nothing is more illogical; nothing proves so clearly want of thought, or inability to exercise our reasoning faculties, since the least reflection would satisfy us that if our neighbor is wrong in his opinions—especially in his religious faith—he, not we, is responsible for it. We have no more right to blame, much less hate, one for differing from us in religion, than we have to blame him for having better or worse health than our own, a different style of features, or any other characteristic, natural or acquired. It is not Religion that prompts any such feeling, but Fanaticism, her illegitimate child. We are much pleased, therefore, to regard the recent manifestation of the public sentiment as a proof of improved enlightenment; for but few years have passed since religious prejudice and bigotry had a deplorable ascendency even in New York.

The pamphlet before us gives a more accurate and comprehensive sketch of the Archbishop's life than any other publication we have yet seen; and, accordingly, we refer to it all who desire to preserve a record of the principal details in a convenient form. It will be sufficient for us to observe here, in general terms, that he was born in Tyrone, in the North of Ireland, in 1798; that he emigrated to this country at an early age, with his father, who settled permanently in Pennsylvania, near

Chambersburg, where he purchased a small farm. Soon after we hear of the son as a student in the Theological Seminary of Mount St. Mary's, Emmittsburg, Md. That he was already recognized as a scholar is sufficiently evident from the fact that he defrayed the expenses of his theological education from the salary which he obtained as a teacher in other departments. It is but seldom that self-educated men fail to distinguish themselves in after life; and, accordingly, we find many predictions as to the future greatness of the young Irish student of Emmittsburg. Since he spent seven years in this institution in the two-fold capacity of teacher and pupil before he entered the Church, we might reasonably suppose, in the absence of any further evidence, that the late Archbishop was a learned man; but we have abundant proofs of the fact both in his writings and speeches. There are but few in this country who are not more or less familiar with his clear, vigorous, and trenchant style, for there are few subjects in which the Roman Catholics of this country have any interest which he has not discussed to a greater or less extent, and always with distinguished ability. Having enjoyed the privilege of listening to three or four of his discourses, at different times, we can bear testimony to the accuracy of the following estimate of him as a pulpit orator, which we extract from the pamphlet before us:

"As a preacher, the Archbishop was logical and argumentative rather than florid or impassioned. He was clear, calm and convincing—eloquent, not ornate; not the spurious eloquence of glittering words, but the genuine eloquence of original ideas; not emotional, yet affecting in no ordinary degree. His voice, clear, sonorous, musical, and tenderly sympathetic, found its way at once to the heart. And, while penning these lines, the writer almost imagines he hears the melodious tones echoing in his ears, and sees the keen yet kindly grey eyes overlooking the congregation from the pulpit of the Cathedral. We can recal, as it were but yesterday, the first time we heard the Archbishop preach, (and his was the first sermon we ever reported,) and closing our eyes, we see before us the imposing figure, clad in episcopal purple, the magnificently developed head covered with a velvet skull cap, from underneath which the scanty grey locks fell, shading the massive temple, and softening down the severe yet benignant features; the winning smile, the graceful action, the eagle face and the manly form. His graceful, appropriate action, and his exquisitely modulated voice, added not a little to the charms of his sermons. He was, in short, one of the first ecclesiastical orators of the age, and his sermons never fell on dull or inattentive ears."—p. 7.

Nothing need be added to this on the present occasion; but we would advise the young to profit by the example of Archbishop Hughes, in resolving to secure the benefits of a liberal education in spite of all adverse circumstances. It may be regarded as an axiom, that if one out of every hundred of those who despair of becoming educated, because their parents happen to be unable to defray their expenses, would determine, like the late illustrious Archbishop, to educate themselves, there would be vastly less ignorance, vice and misery in the world than there is, and thus, as the Roman poet expresses it, we should have daily proofs of the powerful effects of culture on the human mind:

"Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."

Impolicy of Building another Railroad between Washington and New York. Letter by S. M. FELTON, Esq., Prest. of P. W. & B. R. R. Co. Philadelphia. 1864.

It will be remembered that some efforts were made, early in January last, by a certain clique of speculators, to induce the Federal Government to build a new railroad between this city and Washington. For months previously the parties alluded to had been in the habit of paying daily visits to Wall street and other localities where money is supposed to be abundant. During the same period some three or four deputations were sent to Trenton and Newark, with the view of securing the good will of the New Jersey Legislature. For a time all seemed to promise well. Two or three leading capitalists permitted themselves to be so much influenced by fair speeches and fine promises that they signed their names, with the understanding that they would become stockholders to a large amount; for the leading theory was that the Government would entrust both the building and management of the road to those who had taken so much pains to establish it.

In the meantime, arrangements were made to influence public opinion against the existing road. It was thought that this could be best effected through the medium of Congress, and accordingly a western member was induced to deliver a sort of indignation speech against "the monopolies" —the object of going to the West for a champion rather than employing one nearer home being that the latter might be supposed to be actuated by some more selfish motive than patriotism, or the laudable desire of accommodating his constituents. But just as success began to appear almost certain, one of the capitalists, who had signed, learned that those who took most interest in the new scheme, were the very parties who had spent two years in using every influence they possessed, by fair and foul means, to secure the monopoly of a railroad through Broadway. On ascertaining this fact, the gentleman alluded to withdrew his name at once, and several others followed his example; the Government, also, soon took the hint, and we believe was led to abandon the project; so that, on the day the western member delivered his memorable oration against "the existing monopolies," the whole speculation had already proved a failure.

These few preliminary remarks are necessary to enable such as have not hitherto paid any attention to the subject to appreciate the facts so clearly and forcibly set forth in Mr. Felton's pamphlet. As we find the question ably and candidly discussed, and that it is one in which the public at large is more or less interested, since there are few of our citizens who do not intend to visit Washington sooner or later, we will extract a few passages from the brochure before us. This we do all the more cheerfully because it contains incidental allusions which shed considerable light on the effects of the war on various branches of the manufacturing industry

of the country. Thus we learn from the following paragraph that we have to get our rails from England:—

"The establishment of a double track between Philadelphia and Baltimore is already far advanced; twenty-seven miles of the second track have been completed; the permanent way has been graded for the additional distance of thirty miles, on which the rails will be laid as soon as they arrive from England, where they were purchased *on account of inability to procure them in this country*, and the work will be consummated with the utmost diligence."

In speaking of the demand for men for the army and navy and its effect on the working of railways, Mr. Felton makes some observations, the force and pertinence of which will be readily acknowledged:—

"Engine-drivers and machinists have entered the Government service, and their places have necessarily been supplied by men possessing less skill and experience. The loss of so many of these trained men and the substitution of less experienced employes have tended to derange railroad operations generally and interfered with their proper management.

The scarcity of raw materials, the demand for railway equipment and supplies, and the extensive employment of skilled labor by the Government, not only augment prices but induce the use of inferior materials and the employment of less skilful workmen in the manufacture of locomotives, cars, rails and equipments.

Such defective materials and workmanship have proved a prolific source of accidents and caused irregularity and confusion in the movements of trains, for which the railroad managers are personally censured, notwithstanding they strain every nerve and lavish money to overcome the difficulties incident to the disturbed condition of the country."—pp. 7, 8.

Mr. Felton is equally decided and successful in rebutting the charge of extortion, made against the New York and Washington road by the champions of the proposed rival line:—

"In a letter to me, dated 'War Department, April 25th, 1861,' the Secretary of War thus acknowledged the value of the services rendered in this emergency:—'I hasten to express my thanks for your energetic, patriotic and prompt conduct, in connection with Messrs. Thompson and Sanford, in pushing forward men and supplies for the defence of the Capital. Let me assure you that this Department has the highest appreciation of your meritorious conduct, and that the Government will assume, fully, the pecuniary responsibility which you have incurred.'

Instead of charging 'four times the usual rates for Government service,' as has been falsely alleged, this Company, in connection with the Camden and Amboy Railroad, voluntarily reduced the price of transportation for troops and supplies to two-thirds of their usual rates, notwithstanding the business of the Government was spasmodic and generally in one direction only, requiring empty trains one way and a large surplus of cars to be kept in readiness for the public service; so that in reality the business of the Government netted the Company little more than one-third the revenue which would have accrued from its usual business."—pp. 16, 17.

We can only make room for one extract more:—

"The present route between Washington and New York through Philadelphia and Baltimore is the most direct line practicable. It varies but little from an air line, and that only where such variation is necessary to retain the railroad on fast land and avoid running many miles in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay, through which a straight line between these two cities would pass, from a point considerably east of the Susquehannah river to a point west of Baltimore, a distance of more than forty miles, and would, therefore, be utterly impracticable. The nearest approach, consequently, to a straight line that can be attained is the existing route, passing through Philadelphia and Baltimore. Any route avoiding those cities would not only be longer than the present line, but would obtain a part only of the through business between Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and would prove unproductive to its proprietors if they were individuals, still more so if owned by the Government.

Independent of these considerations, there are other grave objections to the scheme for a rival railroad to be constructed by the Government. With the country

burdened with debt increasing at the rate of nearly two millions of dollars per day, and the industry and property of the citizens subjected to onerous taxation to sustain the national credit, it would be unwise policy for the Government to embark in a project of little or no practical utility, and involving an outlay exceeding fifty millions of dollars. *If the Government were in a condition to engage in the construction of railroads, the public interest would be better subserved by building the Pacific Railroad and lines traversing the now inaccessible regions of the West and Southwest, thereby opening immense tracts of fertile lands to settlers, and developing their resources to the advancement of the general welfare and prosperity, rather than by building rival railroads through populous districts already provided, by private enterprise, with facilities for intercommunication.*"—pp. 21–23.

We imagine that few unprejudiced persons will be disposed to question the truth and justice of these remarks. There are many well-meaning people who think that there is nothing worse than a monopoly, especially in the railroad business; and that anything calculated to destroy, or impair that monopoly, must necessarily do good. Experience proves, however, but too conclusively, that this is a great mistake. We could adduce many examples, but one or two will be sufficient for our present purpose. Thus, we have two railroads between this city and Albany; but who that has had any opportunity of judging would compare either to the Camden and Amboy line between this city and Philadelphia, or to the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore line? The contrast is really as great in all that concerns the comfort and convenience of the travelling public as if the different roads mentioned were situated in the most enlightened part of France and in the wilds of Russia, respectively. More than once we have been two hours late on the New York and Harlem line, and have had to suffer at the same time from cold and other inconvenience arising from mismanagement, or neglect, on the part of the Company's officers. The last time we were in Troy—not three months ago—we resolved on this account to return by the Hudson River line, but so precious were the officers of the Company's cars—all of the few they had on being densely crowded—that we were obliged to stand on one of the platforms outside, of a cold, frosty night, while going from Troy to Poughkeepsie, the only alternative being either to do that or cram ourselves into one of the baggage cars, the odor from which did not allow us to hesitate for a moment to brave the inclemency of the weather, and the danger of standing for hours on the platform of a car travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Then, there are several lines between this city and Boston. The New York and New Haven line is no monopoly, but if we were asked in what respect is it superior to the New York and Harlem, or to the Hudson River line, we should have considerable difficulty in answering. We fear we should say it is worse if possible than either.

These are no random statements, but facts which we could prove by several witnesses. Now, who could make similar charges, with any regard to justice against either the Camden and Amboy, or the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore line? We have been travelling over both ourselves at intervals, for more than ten years past, and we have never yet had to complain of cold, the want of a seat, or the lack of any

accommodation which a passenger had a right to expect. Others, it is true, may not have been equally fortunate; but if we are not much mistaken the general verdict of the travelling public would be pretty much the same as our own; nor do we think it will be otherwise in the future, under the auspices of such officers as S. M. Felton and Wm. H. Gatzmer.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve, and Easter Day. By Robert Browning. 16mo. pp. 412. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

We are glad to see Robert Browning so appropriately introduced to the American people. Hitherto he has not been so well known in this country as his merits claim. One reason of this is, that his late gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has to a great extent obscured his fame. This is rendered all the more strange, by the fact that scarcely any two poets, male or female, are more alike in their style of thought and expression than the authors of "Aurora Leigh" and "Sordello." The poetess is more read than the poet, and, upon the whole, she has a purer inspiration than he; although there are not a few whose opinions are to be received with deference that think the contrary. Be this as it may, Robert Browning is entitled to a respectable rank among the poets of our time. He is not as much read in England as Tennyson; but those who do read him—and the number is by no means inconsiderable—are the best competent to appreciate true merit. In other words, Tennyson is more read by the ladies, and by those of the other sex who have a preference for light literature; but those who, instead of being too indolent to think, or unequal to the effort for more than a few minutes at a time, like to exercise their thinking faculties, have a decided preference for Browning, notwithstanding those obscurities in most of his writings which have excited the ire of so many well meaning critics. Far be it from us to disparage the lyrical genius of Tennyson—nor do we deny that there is more melody and attractiveness in his verses than in those of Browning—but there is more passion, more intense earnestness, and more grandeur, not to say sublimity, in those of Browning.

We should not have said so, however, perhaps, had we based our opinions exclusively on the contents of the present volume; for the author is much more happy in his "Paracelsus," "Pippa Passes," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Blot on the Scutcheon," and "The Return of the Druses," than he is either in "Sordello" or "Strafford." This difference is so well known in England, that in two separate editions of Browning's works which we have seen, neither "Sordello" nor "Strafford" appeared at all. Thus, for example, neither is given in Chapman & Hall's edition, in two volumes, of 1849. Other American publishers would have given us the author's most attractive pieces first, but Ticknor & Fields think it best to give the most thoughtful and most elaborate, and depend on public taste

for the rest, and who will deny that they are right? Others, too, would have taken the best without recognizing any right on the part of the author, but in the present instance it is different, as we see from a note to the publishers, copied on the fly-leaf. "I take advantage," says Mr. Browning, "of the opportunity of the publication in the United States of my Poems, for printing which you have liberally remunerated me, to express my earnest desire that the power of publishing in America this and every subsequent work of mine may rest exclusively with your house." We do not copy this because it is anything new on the part of Ticknor & Fields to remunerate foreign authors, for it is their regular habit to do so; and need we say that they prosper at least as well as those who as habitually pursue the opposite course. Our only object is to endeavor to induce less scrupulous publishers, by the force of good example, to learn, even at the eleventh hour, to observe the Eighth Commandment.

The genius of Browning is preëminently dramatic; even his lyrics assume that form. It is the long monologues in "Sordello," and their abrupt transitions, which render it so difficult for an ordinary reader to understand it. He rarely, or never, makes those introductory observations so much relied upon by most modern poets of the second and third class, but enters at once *in medias res*, as if he took it for granted that the reader can anticipate his thoughts. Thus, for instance, "Sordello" opens as follows:

> "Who will, may hear Sordello's story told:
> His story?"

and then, after giving us some eight lines in a similar, incoherent style, he begins a new paragraph:

> "Appears
> Verona . . . Never, I should warn you first,
> Of my own choice had this, if not the worst
> Yet not the best expedient, served to tell
> A story I could body forth so well
> By making speak, myself kept out of view,
> The very man as he was wont to do,
> And leaving you to say the rest for him.
> Since, though I might be proud to see the dim
> Abysmal Past divide its hateful surge,
> Letting of all men this one man emerge
> Because it pleased me, yet, that moment past,
> I should delight in watching first to last
> His progress as you watch it, not a whit
> More in the secret than yourselves who sit
> Fresh-chapleted to listen."—pp. 3, 4.

Still, we must not take leave even of "Sordello" without extracting a passage which may be regarded as a tolerably fair specimen of the poem. Such, indeed, is not easily found; there is such endless variety in the "story," that it would require much more time than we can devote to a notice in this department of our journal to select a characteristic fragment. What makes the nearest approach to such, of anything we can

avail ourselves of just now, is that in the First Book, in which the poet proceeds to describe his hero :—

> "And first a simple sense of life engrossed
> Sordello in his drowsy Paradise;
> The day's adventures for the day suffice—
> Its constant tribute of perceptions strange,
> With sleep and stir in healthy interchange,
> Suffice, and leave him for the next at ease
> Like the great palmer-worm that strips the trees,
> Eats the life out of every luscious plant,
> And, when September finds them sere or scant,
> Puts forth two wondrous winglets, alters quite,
> And hies him after unforeseen delight.
> So fed Sordello, not a shard disheathed;
> As ever, round each new discovery, wreathed
> Luxuriantly the fancies infantine
> His admiration, bent on making fine
> Its novel friend at any risk, would fling
> In gay profusion forth: a ficklest king,
> Confessed those minions! Eager to dispense
> So much from his own stock of thought and sense
> As might enable each to stand alone
> And serve him for a fellow; with his own
> Joining the qualities that just before
> Had graced some older favorite."—pp. 25, 26.

We remember to have seen "Strafford" performed in London twenty years ago. It was well received—repeated several nights in succession to crowded houses; yet it can hardly be called a successful drama; its greatest fault on the stage is that exaggeration which, although less apparent to the reader, is still a prominent feature in the piece. It is otherwise, however, with "Christmas Eve," which we would gladly quote from for the benefit of those who may not see the book; but our rapidly diminishing space admonishes us that we must close abruptly, and at the same time we are reminded of one of those mystical passages in our author's "Return of the Druses," which are so much praised by his admirers, and with which we close these hurried remarks :—

> "The moon is carried off in purple fire,
> Day breaks at last!—Break, Glory, with the day,
> On Djalal's dread incarnate mystery,
> Now ready to assume its pristine shape
> Of Hakeem!—As the Khalif vanished erst,
> In what seemed death to uninstructed eyes.
> One red Mokattam's verge:—our Founder's flesh,
> As he resumes our Founder's function!"

Agnes Hilton; or, Practical Views of Catholicity. A Tale of Trials and Triumphs. By MARY I. HOFFMAN. 12mo., pp. 447. New York: P. O'Shea. 1864.

Our attention has been called to this work by a gentleman in whose taste and judgment we have entire confidence. His estimate of its merits had led us to anticipate much pleasure from its perusal; and now that we have carefully read it we feel it incumbent on us to say that, if we have

experienced any disappointment, it is that of finding it much better than we had expected. Although the recommendation of our friend satisfied us, as we have said, that it was well written, yet it is so rare to find a religious novel lively and attractive that we had still our misgivings as to the effect it would be likely to produce. Nor were our doubts entirely removed until we had read nearly half the book. We do not mean at the same time that "Agnes Hilton" is faultless, or that it makes any very near approach to perfection. This it were too much to expect from the first literary effort of a young lady. The faults are such as are inseparable from the productions of youth and inexperience; but they are by no means of a grave character. Indeed, the worst we could say of the work, were we even inclined to disparage it, is, that it contains some passages here and there that are rather ambitious in style, and too many repetitions of "pet phrases." But these form but a small proportion of the whole, and we have proofs everywhere in the rest of the book, that those defects are not to be attributed either to want of talent, or want of culture. In other words, it is sufficiently evident that the authoress can easily avoid such faults in any future efforts with which she may favor the public.

The plot of the story is simple, yet so skilfully constructed that it awakens our interest almost at the outset, and, what is more, it retains it to the end. Most of the characters are well delineated; those, for example, of Agnes, the heroine, Becky, Pauline Simpson, Father Joseph and Mark Clement are genuine transcripts from life, although sometimes their peculiarities seem exaggerated. But before making any further remarks we will give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself of Miss Hoffman's style. The following graphic and chaste sketch of the heroine is in agreeable contrast with the inflated caricatures so much relied upon by the manufacturers of sensation novels of the present day:—

"Her parents were wealthy, and she moved in society with a proud, lofty bearing that told of conscious superiority. Whether it belonged to her nature, or was the effect of the flattery and homage paid to her as a wealthy and beautiful heiress, it was impossible to say; but there was an imperiousness about her that strangely contrasted with her mother's gentle bearing, and her father's pleasant, unassuming manners. In the presence of male acquaintances she took but little pains to render herself agreeable, treating them with a coldness that forbade their too often intruding themselves upon her. She numbered but few in her list of intimate friends, but, with all her pride, these few were chosen, not because they offered adulation at her shrine, but because she saw in them qualities really commendable. Her mind was of a reflective cast; she cared not for the gay routine of pleasure. While others were toiling and wearing themselves out in the dissipations of fashionable life, she would be in her own room, poring over some favorite volume, engaged with her tapestry, practising some difficult piece, or, crayon in hand, trying to reproduce on paper some of the fanciful visions that flitted through her brain, or copying some of the gems she had carefully gathered together. Her portfolio was filled with these drawings, while the pencilling in her books proved her library was not for mere show. Her character would have been irreproachable had it not been for pride, which cast a shade over all the finer qualities of her heart, and made her tenacious of her own will, haughty, and exacting. Glancing round her elegantly furnished room, you saw hung on the walls pictures which spoke in eloquent language to the soul of the humble duties of a Christian. Turning to her books, you read the names of the works intended to raise the mind from the fleeting vanities of the world, and impress upon it the *great truth*, that without humility none can be pleasing to God." —pp. 5, 6.

The authoress is warmly attached to the Catholic Church, and she omits no opportunity to prove as best she can that all others who expect to be saved should entertain similar views. Nor can it be denied that she is an adroit logician. The ingenuity and cleverness with which she intertwines her arguments in favor of Catholicity with the thread of the story has often amused us, and at other times led us to exclaim: How eloquent a lady of talent and culture can be in favor of any cause which she conscientiously believes to be that of truth and justice! It would ill become us, however, as Protestants to be afraid of argument; we, whose chief pride and greatest boast it is that we are in favor of free discussion, in matters sacred as well as matters profane. At all events, it is no part of our business to concern ourselves with the theological opinions of our readers. Those, however, who are afraid that they might be converted by Miss Hoffman's book had better not read it; but to all who like a sprightly, fascinating story, in which the lights and shades of human life are happily blended, without caring much whether the author is Catholic or Protestant, we would unhesitatingly recommend "Agnes Hilton."

Lyrics of Loyalty. Arranged and edited by Frank Moore. New York: George P. Putnam. 1864.

We presume there are few, if any, of our readers who have not read more or less of the numerous effusions contained in this little volume. There are certainly none that take any interest in the great pending national struggle, who will not be pleased with many of the "Lyrics," and with not a few of those that have least pretensions to poetical merit. It would be too much to expect that in so large a variety, there should be poetry in all. Nay, the most sanguine should be satisfied to find true inspiration in one-tenth part; and we cheerfully admit that quite in this proportion the volume before us contains pieces which are fairly entitled to the character of poems. Considering the wide field from which the editor had to make his selections, in order to give an approximately correct idea of the popular sentiment throughout the loyal States in regard to the rebellion against the Union, it must be acknowledged that he has exhibited much taste and judgment, for, if he has in some instances inserted pieces which are destitute of all literary merit—which are in fact but indifferent prose in the form of doggerel verse—we must remember that even these help to give us an insight into the workings of the great public heart, though it be only as children and silly adults are said to tell the truth more readily than the mature and wise. A specimen or two of each kind will serve to illustrate our remarks, and at the same time to gratify or amuse the reader. Among the effusions calculated to excite most enthusiasm among the gallant and brave, is one by Phœbe Cary, entitled "Voice of the Northern Women." This, it will be seen, is both logical and poetical:

"Rouse, freemen, the foe has arisen,
His hosts are abroad on the plain;
And, under the stars of your banner,
Swear never to strike it again!

O, fathers, who sit with your children,
Would you leave them a land that is free?
Turn now from their tender caresses,
And put them away from your knee.

O, brothers, we played with in childhood,
On the hills where the clover bloomed sweet;
See to it, that never a traitor
Shall trample them under his feet.

O, lovers, awake to your duty
From visions that fancy has nursed;
Look not in the eyes that would keep you;
Our country has need of you first.

And we, whom your lives have made blessed,
Will pray for your souls in the fight;
That you may be strong to do battle
For Freedom, for God, and the Right.

We are daughters of men who were heroes;
We can smile as we bid you depart;
But never a coward or traitor
Shall have room for a place in our heart.

Then quit you like men in the conflict,
Who fight for their home and their land;
Smite deep, in the name of Jehovah,
And conquer, or die where you stand."—pp. 325–6.

The piece entitled "After the Battle," gives a graphic and startling picture of the miseries of war:

"The cannon's thunders ceased to swell—
The whistling shot and shrieking shell
No more with vengeful fury sped
Amid the mangled and the dead.

A sullen silence broods around—
For on that dark and bloody ground
The gallant champions of the Free,
Fought, bled, and died for Liberty!

Perchance a brother's fate was sealed,
Upon that solemn battle-field;
And, e'en while in the arms of Death,
A prayer for home—his latest breath!

Where raged the fury of the fray
Two warriors—side by side they lay—
All rent with many a ghastly wound,
Their life-blood bathed the crimson ground.

Fierce foes in life—the cannon's roar
Will rouse their bitter ire no more;
They perished in a dead embrace,
With eye to eye, and face to face.

The war-steed wanders o'er the plain,
Seeking amid the heaps of slain
The form of him whose hand would guide
His courser through the battle-tide.

The chieftain's sword, grasped in his hand,
Still seemed to beckon on his band;
He fell—while rose the joyous cry,
The mighty shout of victory.

Close by yon straggling mass of wall,
A youth was seen to reel and fall,
Where fiercest lead and iron rained—
His purple gore his colors stained.

With dying shout he partly rose,
And waved the banner at his foes;
Then strained it to his bloody breast,
Smiled a glad smile and sunk to rest.

O, piteous sight! Yet Freedom gave
A Hero's shroud, a Martyr's grave
To the loved ones, whose blood shall rise,
To Heaven, a holy sacrifice.

Their noble deeds of valor done,
A Patriot's name, immortal, won!
And on our hearts will e'er remain
The memory of the gallant slain.

A nation's tears will greet the dead,
Whose blood for Freedom's cause was shed;
Her blessings greet the brave, who passed
Safe from the fury of the blast."
—pp. 35–7.

It is worthy of remark that the best effusions are those that bear no name; it is not strange, however, since it is mediocrity and the different degrees below it that are always fondest of display. The following anonymous piece is simple and unpretending, but tender and musical:

"The whip-poor-will is calling
From its perch on the splintered limb,
And the plaintive notes are echoing
Through the aisles of the forest dim:
The slanting threads of starlight
Are silvering shrub and tree,
And the spot where the loved are sleeping,
In the woods of Tennessee.

The leaves are gently rustling,
But they're stained with a tinge of red—
For they proved to many a soldier,
Their last and lonely bed.
As they prayed in mortal agony
To God to set them free,
Death touched them with his finger,
In the woods of Tennessee.

In the list of the killed and wounded,
Ah, me! alas! we saw
The name of our noble brother,
Who went to the Southern war.
He fell in the tide of battle
On the banks of the old 'Hatchie,'
And rests 'neath the wild grape arbors
In the woods of Tennessee.

There's many still forms lying
In their forgotten graves,
On the green slope of the hill-sides
Along Potomac's waves;
But the memory will be ever sweet
Of him so dear to me,
On his country's altar offered,
In the woods of Tennessee."—pp. 17–18.

We must give one more specimen of the good kind—the best of all. We take the more pleasure in doing so, because it reminds us so charmingly that the author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," is not only as patriotic, but also as melodious now, as he was forty years ago:

THE UNION—RIGHT OR WRONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I.

"In Freedom's name our blades we draw,
She arms us for the fight!
For country, government, and law,
For Liberty and Right.
The Union must—shall be preserved,
Our flag still o'er us fly!
That cause our hearts and hands has nerved,
And we will do or die.

CHORUS.

Then come, ye hardy volunteers,
Around our standard throng,
And pledge man's hope of coming years—
The Union—right or wrong!
The Union—right or wrong—inspires
The burden of our song;
It was the glory of our sires—
The Union—right or wrong!

II.

It is the duty of us all
To check rebellion's sway;
To rally at the nation's call,
And we that voice obey!
Then like a band of brothers go,
A hostile league to break,
To rout a spoil-encumber'd foe,
And what is ours, retake.

CHORUS.

So come, ye hardy volunteers,
Around our standard throng,
And pledge man's hope of coming years—
The Union—right or wrong!
The Union—right or wrong—inspires
The burden of our song;
It was the glory of our sires—
The Union—right or wrong!"—pp. 169-70.

Specimens of the opposite kind are, as already intimated, sufficiently numerous: when more than eighty persons, ambitious to be regarded as poets, give their names in full in connection with their productions, we must be prepared for a good deal of foolish matter in the shape of verse. We are sorry to be obliged to include our friend A. D. F. Randolph in the category of the silly ones; but as advice sometimes does good even when most unwelcome and unpalatable, we venture to suggest that writing poetry is not the forte of Mr. R. One may be very skilful and highly successful in manufacturing baby-books at from five to fifteen cents a piece; and still be a wretched poet. We will condemn no one, however, without a hearing, or without enabling the reader to judge for himself. It will be admitted that a soldier may have the utmost respect and love for his mother, and at the same time be more influenced by his "lady love" in the hour of battle than by her. A spirited mother would herself despise the son who would thus cling as it were to her apron strings on the battle-field, as if he were not yet done with the breast-milk or paregoric. No poet worthy of the name has ever been guilty of outraging nature so much as to make his hero whine for his mother rather than sigh for his mistress, either while combating the foeman or suffering from his wounds. But let us hear Mr. Randolph. We cannot make room for his whole "Color Sergeant," a veritable curiosity as it is; but a stanza or two will give a sufficient idea of its character:

"And if he was true to his mother,
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger away?
He knew while afar he was straying,
He felt *in the thick of the fight,*
That at home his poor mother was praying,
For him and the cause of the Right!"—p. 292.

This would be no compliment to any soldier; on the contrary, it would be suggestive of anything rather than bravery. Then in the next stanza, the Sergeant is made to say, in italics:

"*When he died he was praying for you!*"

But we will give the concluding lines of another stanza:

> "When he asked, *through his tears, should he linger*
> From duty, I answered him, Nay:
> And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
> The ring I am wearing to-day."

In the first place, the hero cries like a woman, and seems only to want an excuse to stay at home with mamma, and like a woman he smiles the next moment, and at the same time places a ring on his mother's finger! Thus our friend Randolph is highly amusing without meaning anything of the kind; and if we had sufficient space, we could show several other instances in which the editor has taken care that if the "rhyme" is bad, and the "reason" still worse, while there is no poetry, the very absurdities and *gaucheries* of the writers justify him in printing their "lyrics." We are glad to see, therefore, from the preface, that we are soon to have a Second and a Third series, the former to embrace the songs of the soldiers and ballads of the rebellion, the latter the personal and political ballads of the war.

The Works of Francis Bacon; Collected and Edited, By James Spedding, M.A., Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A., and Douglas Denon Heath. Vols. VIII. and IX. Boston: Taggard & Thompson. 1864.

We have so often expressed our admiration of this model edition during the last three years while it has been passing through the press, that we need only say now that one volume more will complete it. As the enterprise had but just commenced when the southern rebellion broke out, it was generally predicted two years ago that it would have to be abandoned, or at least, postponed until the restoration of peace. But the men who took it in hands do not belong to the timid or desponding class. For a while, indeed, the prospect seemed a gloomy one; those best capable of appreciating works of enduring value like those of Bacon, had little disposition to buy them at a time when a feeling of sadness and uncertainty pervaded the nation. During this period the publishers must have lost much more than they gained; but they had an abiding confidence both in the stability of the Government and in the recuperative energy of their countrymen. This encouraged them to proceed through evil report and good report; and we are glad to learn that they have been rewarded by complete success.

The two volumes now before us contain the Great Instauration, the New Organon, the Dignity and Advancement of Learning, Natural and Experimental History, &c., &c. We see it announced that as soon as the next volume is issued the price will be raised; nor can any one wonder at the fact; indeed the wonder is that it was not raised a year ago, when paper rose nearly fifty per cent.; not to mention the various other materials and appliances necessary for so magnificent an edition, which rose nearly at an equal ratio. Doubtless many will be glad to know that if they send their subscriptions to the publishers before the last volume

has been issued, they will only have to pay the old price. In short, there is not a line in any form known to have emanated from Bacon's pen which is not to be found in its proper place in this truly elegant edition.

Letters to a Lady. By WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, with an Introduction by CHARLES GODFREY LEYLAND. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 1864.

A very agreeable, interesting volume, gotten up in tasteful style. Of the character of the "Letters," it is sufficient to say that they are such as might be expected from so profound a thinker, so warm-hearted a man, and so great an admirer of the gentler sex. There can be no doubt that the author entertained a stronger sentiment for his correspondent than mere friendship. "I now learn for the first time," says Humboldt, "how much deeper an impression I made on you than I ever imagined."—(p. 12.) With singular inconsistency, he observes in the same letter—"Confess that I passed from your thoughts almost as soon as I passed from your presence."—(p. 13.) The book will be particularly interesting to the ladies, to whom we would respectfully recommend it.

THEOLOGY.

Five Years of Prayer, with the Answers. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, Author of "Power of Prayer," &c., &c. 12mo., pp. 375. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1864.

It has puzzled us not a little to decide as to the category in which we should place this book. While we yield to none in our respect for the clergy as a body, we confess that had it fallen into our hands in time, we should have had some idea of reviewing it in the article in another part of this number, entitled "Our Quack Doctors and their Performances." This might have been a grievous error on our part, possibly a sacrilege of a very aggravated type, although our judgment alone would have been at fault. As it is, we notice the book under the head of "Theology," allowing the reader the privilege of supplying any prefix he may think proper.

We certainly have no ill-will towards the author. So far as we are aware, the Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime is a very worthy, good-natured divine. Indeed, further than that we hear he is one of the editors of a religious paper, entitled "The New York Observer." We know nothing of the gentleman more than what he is pleased to reveal to us himself. But if we take him at his own estimate we must admit that he is one of the most wonderful men of the nineteenth century. We had supposed the age of miracles had passed, or at least that they were confined in modern times to the spirit-rappers, and to the ingenious and modest gentlemen who discover elixirs, by means of which they can cure all manner of diseases, and lengthen human life to an almost indefinite

extent for a small consideration. But this was all a mistake on our part. It seems that miracles are performed almost daily in the Fulton Street Church, in this city; ay, and no trifling miracles, but such as might be said to rival the greatest of those performed even in the times of the Apostles and the early Fathers of the Church.

Let those who doubt this be patient for a minute or two. Our author announces his present volume by entertaining us with a long eulogy on a former volume of his own:—

"Five years ago," he says, "the 'Power of Prayer' was published. It was *hailed with wonderful interest* in this country and abroad. It was republished in England and Scotland, widely circulated in Wales and Ireland," &c.

The effect even of Mahomet's Koran was insignificant and commonplace compared with that of the Rev. Dr. Prime's book. Of this we have proof in a hundred forms:—

"In many places," says our author, "in this and foreign countries, *public meetings were held and chapters read from it*, to quicken the desire and faith of Christians . . . . In a large number of villages and rural congregations revivals of religion followed the reading of these remarkable facts."—p. 7.

We are pained to think how suggestive this is of "the three last bottles" of Dr. Bolus and their miraculous effects. But we have not yet come to the genuine miracles. The latter are arranged under different heads, and make quite a formidable catalogue. In Chapter II., entitled "Special Answers to Prayers," we are introduced to the miracles as follows: "We transcribe below a record of numerous cases which have occurred within these last few years, *many of them within our own observation and knowledge*, and which have been noted down from time to time."—(p. 15.) Here follows a long series of statements which require an amount of faith almost sufficient to remove mountains. In short, everything prayed for was granted, no matter how desperate the case was. We will here note a few instances in passing, only asking the reader to bear in mind that the Fulton Street Church was the sanctuary whence the miraculous prayers ascended: A widow lady who finds her son a hopeless, incorrigible sinner, comes and implores that he be prayed for at the holy place; her request is generously complied with, and at the same instant the sinner becomes a saint. We are told that:—

"He rode into the yard and sprang from his horse and ran towards her (his mother). She exclaimed, 'Tell me what is the matter.' 'Mother,' said the boy, 'I have found the Saviour!' 'How long ago is it, my son, since you began to be anxious about religion?' 'Only about two weeks ago.' 'There! there!' said his mother, 'that was just the time when we began to pray for you, and when I sent to the Fulton street Prayer-meeting asking them to help me pray for you.'"—p. 15.

A pastor on his death-bed has nothing to disturb his holy thoughts but the apprehension that twenty-five leading men of his parishioners who were unconverted would have uncomfortable quarters in the next world. We quote the result:—

"I asked the moderator if I might, through him, ask the brother about these twenty-five men, for we all knew about the case. The clergyman heard my inquiry,

and for some time was unable to speak. Then, with the tears flowing down his cheeks, he said: '*Brethren, every one of those twenty-five men has been converted.*'" —p. 17.

Further on a young man of eighteen causes prayers to be offered up for his wicked and sinful father, and the conversion of the latter ensues *ex more*. In the volume before us the conclusion of the process is described as follows:—

"Almost immediately after sending that request for prayer I received a letter from my father. It was not a letter of four or five lines, but it was a full sheet. It told me that he was in great distress about his soul, and implored me to tell him what he should do to be saved. I am here to-day to tell you that my father is saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."—p. 20.

The conversion of a large number of Catholics is prayed for, and there has not been a failure in a single instance. A German, "*of good education and great intelligence*," happens to enter the Fulton Street Church. "He said that before he came to this country he *had never seen a Protestant and knew not what Protestantism was.*"—(p. 139.) How consistent the two statements are with each other! But this is not all:—

"To show you" (says the German of 'good education and great intelligence') "how little I knew, I need only say that I was actually afraid of Protestants. I trembled at the name. We came, a whole family, to this country *under such delusion as that.* I had heard that there was such a book as the Bible, though I had never seen one."—pp. 136–7.

It is sufficient for us to add that he was prayed for like the rest, and with the same miraculous result. Further on we are told that—

"A Roman Catholic woman was brought before the meeting as a subject of prayer. She was represented as being in great anguish of mind, under the conviction that she was a sinner in the sight of God. The gentleman speaking with her asked if she had ever been into the Fulton street Prayer-meeting. 'No,' she said, she never had so much as heard there was such a meeting."—p. 144.

But she had been prayed for a few days previously in Fulton street, and the rest came in due course. Nor is it alone in New York that the miraculous effects of the Fulton street prayers have been thus felt—in short, they have been felt throughout the world. Thus, for example, the Fulton Street Church offers up a prayer to-day for the benefit of the good, or rather the bad, people of Bombay; and the next mail from India brings letters to "The New York Observer," in which the world is informed that Fulton street praying is as effectual in Bombay as it is in New York or Jersey City.

Now, if all those statements of our author, or any of them be correct, why were not Jefferson Davis and every member of his rebel Cabinet converted more than two years ago? nay, why have not all the rebel States been prayed back into the Union? If the Almighty attends so promptly to all other prayers offered up from the Fulton Street Church, why should he make an exception in favor of the rebels? Is it because they, too, have divines whose prayers are as effectual as those of the Fulton street divines? If the conversion of the rebels would be too large a miracle, why not pray at least for the capture of Charleston, or Rich-

mond, or even both? A prayer that would have such virtue off in Bombay ought surely to have some effect so near home as the rebel capital. Are we correct in this view of the case, or are the Rev. Doctor's miracles like Barnum's Feejee mermaids?

Heaven our Home. We have no Saviour but Jesus, and no Home but Heaven. By the author of "Meet for Heaven." 16mo., pp. 310. Boston: Robert Brothers. 1864.

There is a good deal of novelty in this volume; and it is written in a brilliant, attractive style. Books of this character will be read let their theories be what they may. We do not think the present volume will do any harm to orthodox Christians capable of exercising their reasoning faculties; although it seems to us to be decidedly Mahometan in its views of heaven. Mahomet was so accommodating as to give his followers just the sort of heaven they wanted; they liked the society of beautiful, dark-eyed girls, and accordingly the wily prophet invented the Houris. If the author of the volume before us had introduced blue-eyed damsels into his heaven, and made them as beautiful as the damsels of Mahomet, the resemblance would have been complete. But we will let him give us an idea in his own words of what his heaven is. "We are," he says in his preface, "*social beings.* A heaven from which *saint-friendship* and *social intercourse*, among those who are in glory, are excluded, *is* not and *cannot* be a suitable abode for us, who have received from God's own plastic hand those *social affections* which we are to possess for ever. A *social* heaven is accordingly the *leading* idea which I have endeavored to embody and illustrate in the following treatise."

The italics are not ours but the author's. Thus he tells us that we need a particular kind of heaven, and he proceeds to get up one for us which he thinks can hardly fail to meet our approbation. He mentions several others who constructed heavens of their own, including Richard Baxter, St. Paul and St. John; but all were more or less defective. The heaven of our author, and no other, is perfect. In this alone all the modern improvements are to be found! As to friends recognizing each other in heaven, he thinks the fact as clear as daylight, and he brings forward "eight proofs" to establish it beyond all cavil. He also proves, at least to his own satisfaction, that those in heaven feel a lively interest in those they have left behind them on earth. But so far as we have seen, and we have read the book pretty carefully, our author has forgotten to give us any account of the sort of intercourse maintained on the fire and brimstone side of the great gulf. If he can describe the former place, why not the latter? One of the strongest of the "eight proofs" adduced to show that mortals recognize each other in heaven, is that man was created a social being. If this proves recognition in one place, why not in another? But the book must be read in order to be appreciated. It is one of a series of three, the titles of the others respectively

being, "Meet for Heaven" and "Life in Heaven." We have not had time to read more than the one whose title stands at the head of these remarks; but this we would cheerfully recommend to those who like novelties in an attractive form, and do not much care whether the author is orthodox or heterodox.

The Origin and Compilation of the Prayer Book, with an Appendix containing various Historical Facts and Documents connected with our Liturgy. By Rev. W. H. ODENHEIMER, D.D. 18mo., pp. 127. New York: Gen. Prot. Epis. Sunday School Union. 1864.

This little volume is much more interesting than its title would imply, although there is no intelligent person who is not aware that the "Book of Common Prayer" embraces the happiest efforts of the most eminent divines, including those of the early Fathers of the Church. The extracts from the works of the latter given in the Appendix, are particularly interesting as historical fragments, altogether independently of their religious character. In the same part of the book we have extracts from the canons of the Councils of Nice and Ephesus, and from various other ancient records which are accessible only to the industrious and investigating few. In short, it is a work which, small and unpretending as it is, the most intelligent cannot read without adding to their stock of interesting facts.

1. *The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage.* By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. 12mo., pp. 600.
2. *The Throne of David, from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom,* &c. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. 12mo. pp. 603.
3. *The Prince of the House of David; or, Three Years in the Holy City,* &c. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. pp. 472. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864.

Those of which the above are new and improved editions are undoubtedly curious books; they are written much more in the style of romance than that of grave and authentic history; and this is the chief reason we can assign, after a pretty careful examination of their contents, for their remarkable popularity among a large class of our people. The first is dedicated "To the Men of Israel, Sons of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, kindred of Moses, the great Lawgiver," &c.; the second to "the American Hebrews;" and the third to "the Daughters of Israel, the countrywomen of Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

To us they seem very much like the historical novels of Bulwer, with the exception that Mr. Ingraham's style is not quite so chaste or classic as that of the author of "The Caxtons," although it is proper to add that we mean no desparagement of the volumes before us by the comparison; for, in our opinion one who undertakes to illustrate sacred history has as

good a right to avail himself of the powers of his imagination to embellish his facts and render them attractive to the class of readers to which he addresses himself, as the illustrator of profane history, provided he takes care that his statements are substantially true. We have the authority of Christ himself for this, who frequently avails himself of parables as the best means of rendering his divine precepts intelligible to the Hebrew masses.

The three volumes are written in the epistolary style, the correspondents being personages no less distinguished and classic than Sesostris and his mother, Queen Epiphia, Remises (Moses) Arbaces the Ambassador to Belus, king of Assyria, &c. The Letters are neither so well written, nor so amusing as Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes*, or those of Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World;" but the former are intended for a different class of minds. The hundreds of thousands throughout the great West who read the "Pillar of Fire," "Throne of David," and the "Prince of the House of David" with avidity, and regard the author as one of the greatest geniuses of the age—especially when illustrated as are the present editions—would have little appreciation for the keen irony and sarcastic wit of Montesquieu, or the quaint and subtle humor of Goldsmith. It is not the less true, however, that all who take an interest in the history of the Bible, or in the antiquities of Egypt and Assyria, should read Mr. Ingraham's works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annual Reports of Insurance Companies; Insurance Papers; Pamphlets on Insurance, &c. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Hartford. 1864.

There is much to be learned from these various sources; but they require close and careful examination. It is no popular error that figures will tell the truth if intelligently questioned; at least they will make the nearest approach to it of any other artificial means of expression which the human mind has yet discovered. Hence the mystic power attributed by the ancients to the simple numerals; and it is only those who have no knowledge of their properties that smile at the idea. Those who doubt this have only to learn, if they can, how it is calculated to a very small fraction how many life policy-holders will die in a given number of years, and consequently what will be the amount of gain or loss during the same period on the part of the Company that issued them.

Few are aware of the complicated formulas necessary for this purpose. There are, indeed, tables that enable persons of ordinary attainments in mathematics to make all the necessary calculations for the purposes of life insurance, but those tables have been constructed by the most eminent mathematicians and from the labors of the most illustrious astronomers. The celebrated Kepler found it as difficult to reduce what is called the doctrine of chance to an analytical system as to discover the Laws of the

universe which bear his name. He tells us himself that he required more abstruse and more elaborate calculations for the former than for the latter Laplace also had more trouble with his calculations on the same doctrine than with any of his great astronomical discoveries, and it is the former which form the chief basis of the present system of life insurance. No other works are so much relied upon for discovering the present value of insurance policies, and of payments in annuities as his *Théorie Analatique des probabilités*, and his *Essai philosophique sur les probabilités.*

If those desiring to insure their lives were acquainted with these works, and with one or two English works, such as Baily's "Doctrine of Life Annuities and Assurances," and Moivre's "Doctrine of Chance," they would be able, for example, to estimate the value of statements like those put forward periodically in various forms by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. True it is not to be expected that all wishing to provide for their wives and families should be capable of examining the fundamental principals of life insurance; but if the government will not take the matter in hand, associations like the Chamber of Commerce should keep competent mathematicians in their service whose duty it would be to call their attention to any attempt on the part of an insurance company, or other corporation, to impose on public credulity by making false representations as to the average duration of life among its policyholders, &c. Mathematicians are employed for this purpose in almost every country in Europe, and why should they not in this? The Board of Underwriters would do well to consider the question. We beg leave to direct the suggestion to its Secretary, Mr. Ellwood Walter, whose experience, intelligence, and sense of right render him peculiarly qualified to inaugurate so important a reform.

Until some such means are adopted the semblance will be taken for the reality, even by those who ought to know better; and if a journalist undertakes to put his readers on their guard, a pack of insurance donkeys are employed at five dollars a piece to bray after him with all their might, in the hope that he would be so frightened as to keep silent in future. In general the plan succeeds quite well; it is but rarely that parties are found who are willing to brave that sort of attack, entirely harmless though it be in reality, especially when they are presented some inducement to "let the Company alone." This connivance on the part of those who ought to be true to their judicial pretensions force private individuals to take the law into their own hands; and inflict castigations on the offenders by means of pamphlets, circulars, handbills, &c.

Several of these have been sent to our office from time to time; and we have one now before us which will serve as a specimen. It is printed in double column on a large quarto sheet, dated January 1, 1864, and entitled, "A few Remarks to those who have been misled by the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York." It is now nearly two years since we first took the liberty of criticising some of the curious statements

of this Company, and we have done so on several occasions since, especially those in regard to the miraculous effects of its policies in conferring longevity on their holders; nor did we overlook its modest comparisons of itself with other companies. The author of the paper now before us, who has evidently studied his subject, and is well acquainted with the business of underwriting, fully corroborates our views. That the writer is fully in earnest may easily be inferred from the following prefatory observations:—

"It has been a great wonder to thousands of insurers and insured, why the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, F. S. Winston, President, has been allowed so long to publish such flagrant misstatements, and arrogate to itself a position that is so palpably untenable as regards comparison between itself and other companies. Yet the reason to the initiated is obvious, viz: the money of the Company, and the unscrupulousness of some of its managers, have subsidized the press and gagged every person, either by fair or foul means, that dared to uncover its deformities to the community."

He does not confine himself to general assertions, but proceeds to disprove statement after statement. We can only make room for one specimen of the manner in which the subject is handled, and in doing so we select what we think embodies the less serious charges:

"Another falsehood it advertises, viz.: 'Its dividends are larger than those of any other Life Insurance Company in the United States.' This is another sweeping statement that cannot be maintained with facts. There are several other companies that exceed it annually, for the names of which the reader can look at the Massachusetts or New York state reports, as we do not propose to puff any company in this circular, only show wherein the Mutual Life systematically falsifies and slanders by attempted comparison with its betters. The Mutual Life only make dividends once in 5 years, at which time the additions are made to policies, while some companies, after the first 3 or 5 years, make annual dividends in cash, which said cash can be used towards the reduction of annual premiums, or can be used to get a paid up policy, which added to the amount insured, realize to the insurer a much larger amount than can be possibly attained by taking the *bonus* of 5 years from the Mutual Life. (Let the reader figure this out from actual calculation, and he will be surprised at the result in favor of the insured, as against the calculations of the Mutual Life Insurance Company.)"

We have suggested more than once to Mr. Winston that although his peculiar mode of doing business may be successful for a while, it will not stand the test of time. The public is slow in discovering truth when it is shrouded in bombastic "statements," which are protected from criticism by fortifications of "green-backs;" but it is pretty sure to succeed in the long run, and then woe to the party that had imposed on it so long.

Even at the eleventh hour the President of the Mutual would do well to discard miracles, and depend on plain facts like his neighbors; like those, for example, of the New York Life, or the Equitable Life, who, although they do not make as much noise as he, or pretend that their policy-holders have a longer lease of their lives than others, are as successful as perhaps it is always safe to be, since there are some whose success makes them giddy, if not silly, as well as overbearing, even though it be rather apparent than real; rather spurious than genuine. We do not indeed think that the officers of either of the two latter companies could be led by any amount of success to forget that they are gentlemen, or that prosperity and wealth have their duties as well as their rights.

In glancing at the last Annual Report of the New York Life, we find that it issued 4,675 new policies during the year 1863, insuring to the amount of $11,339,234 45. In 1862, the premium receipts of the same company were $759,567 58. This was regarded as a very large amount, and so it was; but the corresponding receipts for 1863 amounted to $1,016,460 32, which indicates a steadily increasing prosperity. But it is the Company's large reserved funds which inspire most confidence, and afford the surest guarantee of fair dealing; and we see that its present assets amount to $2,653,537 92. The Equitable Life Assurance Society is purely mutual; and is one of the best managed and most prosperous of all our companies. Its assets amount to half a million dollars, and we perceive that it realized an income of three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars during the year 1863. For a company that is now only in the fifth year of its existence—having been originated in 1859—this is a large sum, and would afford sufficient evidence by itself, not only that it is well established and popular, but that it is doing a prosperous business.

We are sorry that we cannot give any better account of the Washington Life than we did some months ago; although we hope it will be able to struggle on in spite of adverse circumstances until the war is over; then human life will not be so uncertain as it is at present; and the learned actuary will be able to make more correct calculations as to profits than he can at present. Although there have been but few railroad accidents resulting in breaking human limbs since the North American Life had its charter amended, its prospects of success are still rather gloomy. No company makes finer promises. Its policy-holders may commit suicide, fight duels, change both their residence and occupation, make any mistake they like about their health or their pedigree—all will be right after seven years. For our own part, we confess we should entertain serious doubts in going to fight a duel to-morrow, after having been insured, let us suppose, seven years in a certain basement in William street, whether, if we were killed, the party for whose benefit we had insured would ever get the amount of the policy.

The United States Life Insurance has done excellent work during the past year. Its assets exceed a million ($1,052,011 35), and it has no losses due and unpaid; no claims in dispute. During the past year it paid $55,000, claims by death; and received $252,456 42 for policies. The Knickerbocker Life begins to exhibit renewed vitality. Its directors have made a most judicious arrangement in having Mr. John A. Nichols appointed general agent. The familiarity of this gentleman with the business of underwriting in all its features, his general intelligence, and, perhaps above all, his conciliatory manners, render him particularly qualified to secure the success of any life company possessing sufficient resources for a large extension of its business.

The Guardian Life is rather lagging. Dr. Peckham, the President, is, we believe, a good physician—one who has cured a large number of pa-

tients in his time—but we fear that he will not be equally successful in curing the Guardian Life of certain chronic ailments under which it labors. The thirteenth annual report of the Manhattan Life is encouraging to its policy-holders and friends. Its assets amount to $1,548,849 22. During the past year it paid $153,654 27, on claims by death, on policies and bonus, and on annuities. No other company, we believe, incurs so little expense in proportion to its capital. Some think that it carries its parsimonious ideas a little too far; since a company that wishes to do a large business can rarely succeed on the penny-wise policy. It is but justice to its officers to say, however, that it is in a prosperous condition. The Ætna Life, of Hartford, is causing some uneasiness to its friends; but we hope their worst fears will not be realized. No functionary could have better intentions, we are certain, than its worthy President; but he labors under the disadvantage of not being sufficiently familiar with underwriting. It is otherwise with the President of the New England Mutual Life, and his company is flourishing accordingly.

The business of marine insurance has proved quite profitable during the past year to those having the necessary resources, enterprise, and intelligence to conduct it on a large scale. Thus it is, for example, that the Columbian Marine Insurance Company exhibits assets, in its last report, amounting to not less than $3,252,256 76. The earned premium for 1863 is $2,362,842 02, which is an increase on the earned premium of 1862 of more than a million and a half ($1,637,455 63). It seems that the profits to be divided among the stockholders, after reserving ample funds for unadjusted claims, amount to $695,974 52. In short, a company that closes its sixth fiscal year with assets greater by two millions than it had at the beginning of it, and whose total dividend to stockholders for the same year is nearly, if not quite, 26 per cent., may well be regarded as an example of wonderful success.

The Mercantile Marine Insurance Company exhibits in its last report a total of premiums for the year amounting to $1,354,003 59; total assets January 1, 1864, $1,482,307 55. But in order to show the progress that has been made during the year, it is necessary to observe that an addition of $44,074 49 has been made to the assets of 1862, and an addition of premiums amounting to $97,879 70. The same Company has resolved to pay an interest of six per cent. on the outstanding certificates of profits; it has declared a dividend of five per cent., payable in cash, and an additional dividend of twelve per cent., to be paid in scrip, on the net earned premiums. It would be superfluous to say that a company having such a record as this is eminently prosperous. We should be pleased to give a similar account of another marine company bearing nearly the same name; (the Commercial Mutual, of William street;) but the facts preclude us from doing so. We should, therefore, perhaps, say nothing on the subject; but we are informed that the Commercial is sometimes mistaken for the Mercantile by country merchants, who have not time to make the neces-

sary inquiries, although we can hardly suppose that any one would mistake Mr. Drake Smith for Mr. Ellwood Walter. According to the Commercial's own account, in its last annual statement, (June 30, 1863,) its total of cash in banks was only $70,001 80, and its total assets $971,442 44. Even if every penny of this were forthcoming, it would not insure many ships, after paying incidental expenses, including rent of office, &c. At least such is the opinion that seems to be pretty generally entertained; and it is not in our power, however well inclined, to show that it is erroneous.

The Sun Mutual makes but slight progress if any. Its less pretentious but more energetic and enterprising neighbors on the same street nearer Broadway—such as the Mercantile Mutual and the Columbian Marine—are rapidly eclipsing it. This would not be the case, we are assured, were it not that the President of the solar corporation is too much occupied in politics and too anxious to be a prominent member of various societies to find much time for the business of underwriting. Even when at his post, he is somewhat querulous and slightly rude. This also may have something to do with those spots on the sun which have grown so large lately that they may be seen almost with the naked eye, while all the light which in connection with the eclipsing bodies alluded to they allow us to enjoy, may be readily mistaken for *moonshine*. The Washington Marine Insurance Company of Pine street reports premiums for the past year amounting to $438,685 75, a net profit of $80,887 26, and assets to the amount of $476,437 18. It has resolved to pay three dividends; seven per cent. interest to scripholders, three per cent. in cash to the stockholders, and twenty per cent. to the policy-holders, free of government tax, on the net earned premiums for the year. It seems that the Neptune Insurance Company has ceased to exist—disease, chronic inanition. If we had time we should write an elegy, and try to console its policy-holders; but fortunately they are not numerous; it will therefore be sufficient to say, *sic transit*, &c.

The Report of the Washington Insurance Company exhibits a net surplus, after making due provision for liabilities and reinsurance, of $131,441, together with several other evidences of prosperity and success. The cash received for premiums during the past year amounted to $177,000; the aggregate income from all sources during the same period being not less than $210,594 87. Not only this record, but the whole history of the Company, is highly creditable to the energy, intelligence and enterprising spirit of the President, and his active and accomplished assistants. The Continental seems to lag still; but we trust its energies will revive as the spring merges into summer. Its cash balance in office, January 12, 1864, is reported to have been $87 76—an amount which would hardly pay the office rent for one month. Nor is the amount represented as in bank very large for an insurance company—namely, $66,808 10. Need we say that one large fire would exhaust this? The Security Fire has been very silent of late, but not the less active on this account. It has made application in

due form to the Legislature for permission to increase its capital from $500,000 to $5,000,000. This is not the only strong company which President Walker has contributed largely to build up. The American Exchange Fire Insurance still labors under some difficulties. It has been in existence only since 1859. Mr. Brown, the President, undoubtedly means well; but underwriting is not his forte.

The Hope Fire Insurance has done quite well during the past year, as may be seen from the facts that it has paid $18,000 in dividends to its stockholders, and made an addition to its surplus of $49,203 61, after paying all expenses. The last statement of the Excelsior Fire Insurance shows that in compliance with the requisition of the State Superintendent, one hundred thousand dollars has been paid in cash by the stockholders, and securely invested. The total assets of the Company amounted to $263,456 02, on the 1st of January last; while the total liabilities were only $24,000, including reinsurance.

The Vice-President of one of the most respectable companies in the city has called our attention to the present condition of the Home Fire Insurance Company of New York, assuring us that we were mistaken in some criticisms we made upon it in a recent number of our journal. As we have no disposition to be otherwise than fair and just towards the Home, or any other Company, and have full confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the gentleman alluded to, we cheerfully note the facts to which he has called our attention, and as cheerfully admit that, so far as we know, they are to be regarded as evidences of remarkable prosperity. In doing so, however, we would not be understood to relinquish to the slightest extent our right as journalists to make such criticisms, at any future time, on that Company's operations as the public interest might seem to require. We have never made any pretensions to infallibility; although our invariable rule and habit is to examine, investigate and inquire, as much as possible, before making any statement affecting the reputation or status of any party. Even then we scrupulously confine ourselves to such circumstances as the public have a right to know; in other words, however liable we may be to mistake in our criticisms, we have never meddled with any one's private character, and we trust never will. We felt we had a right to criticise the President of the Home, in his public capacity, and we did so accordingly. Now we are not the less willing on this account to do him full justice. The most prominent and important facts in relation to the Home Insurance are these:—It has increased its capital within a brief period from $500,000 to $2,000,000; and it exhibits a total of assets amounting to $3,286,270 33. Nor is this any merely nominal or doubtful amount. Nearly a million of it ($875,680) is ready money; $700,000 of it is United States stock, &c. We believe that the truth of these representations cannot be disputed; and we are also assured that no company is more prompt in its payment of losses, or more anxious to avoid litigation.

The Phœnix Fire Insurance Company of Hartford has experienced a loss by the recent death of its President, Mr. Simeon L. Loomis. His former secretary, Mr. Henry Kellogg, succeeds him, but lacks his talent, intelligence and judgment. The new President is a fourth-rate man, whose *modus operandi* is too suggestive of wooden nutmegs; although in his own estimation he is one of the most accomplished underwriters now living. Alas! then for both the stock and policy-holders of the Phœnix. If under the auspices of so intelligent and judicious a President as Mr. Loomis the Phœnix has had such a hard struggle for life, that its capital had to be branded as "impaired" to the extent of 14.44 per cent. in 1862 by our State Superintendent,* it will be something miraculous if it saves many now, or even itself, from ruin. But the New England Fire Insurance of the same city has different prospects before it. We have already given our estimate of this well-established and energetic Company; and its last annual statement fully corroborates our views as to its prosperity.

Abstract of the Semi-Annual Report of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled. New York. 1864.

We take great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the benevolent objects and labors of this Society. We know, from our own observation, that it has permanently relieved several poor persons who had been utterly helpless, although it is not yet quite a year in existence. The following extract from the Semi-Annual Report affords cheering evidence of the progress of the good work:

"Whole number of cases treated, 343, of which 30 were in-door, and 313 out-door patients. Relieved, 295; under treatment, 48.

The diseases were as follows: Ruptures, 143, lateral curvature (hump-back), spinal and hip diseases, 45; deformed limbs, 39; paralysis, 33; varicosed or enlarged veins of the legs, 21; prolapsus uteri and ani, 19; weak ankles, weak knees, bow-legs, white swelling and knock-knee, 16; club feet, 15; varicocele, hydrocele, and relaxed abdomen, 12."

One of the rules of the Society is, that each contributor of five dollars and upwards becomes a member, and is entitled to recommend out-door patients. There ought to be many such, since the Society is entirely dependent on the contributions of the benevolent, and on its receipts from those who can afford to pay. We trust we need hardly inform our readers that were we not satisfied that there is no charlatanism connected with it in any form, we would be the last to recommend it; but there are several members of the Board of Managers, any one of whose names would be a sufficient guarantee against all false pretensions.

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* See N. Y. Ins. Rep. for 1862, p. xxi.

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